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OCTOBER 18, 1941

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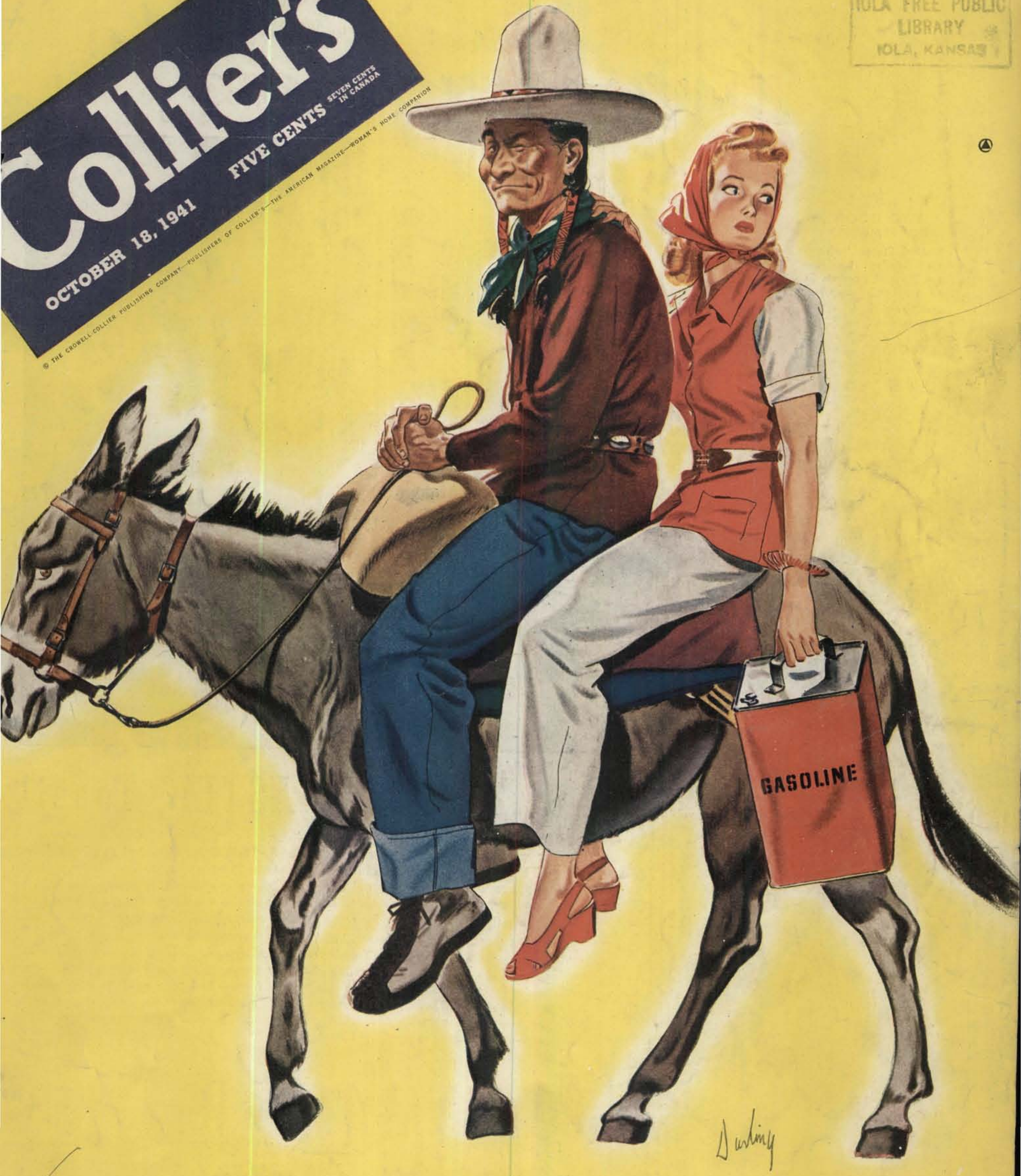

RUSSIAN WOMEN AT WAR

Radioed by Alice

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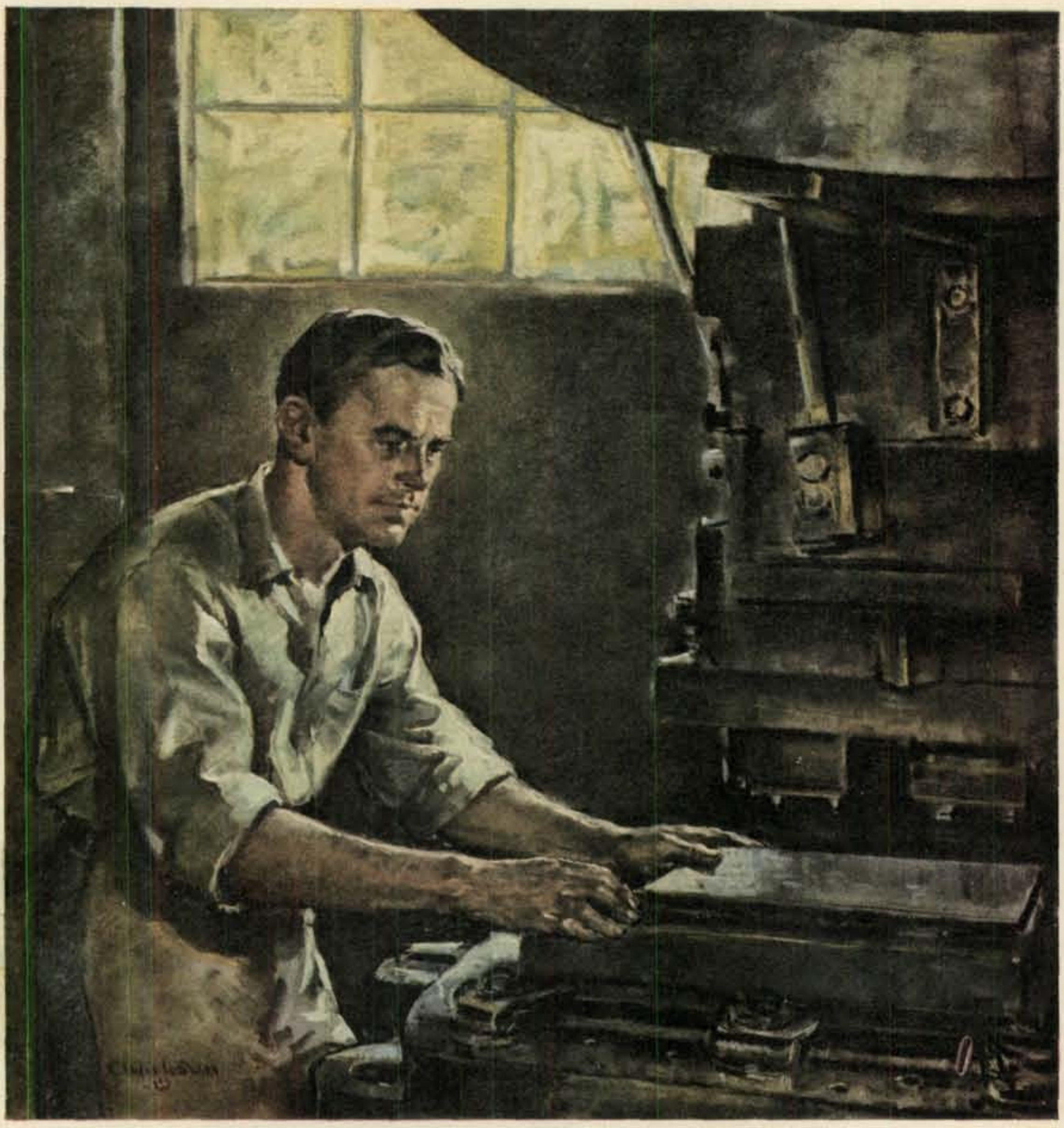

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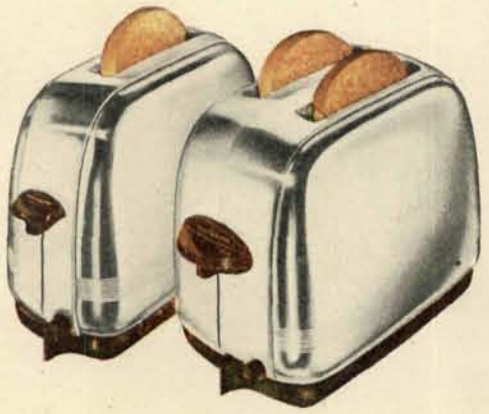

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Ernest Hemingway
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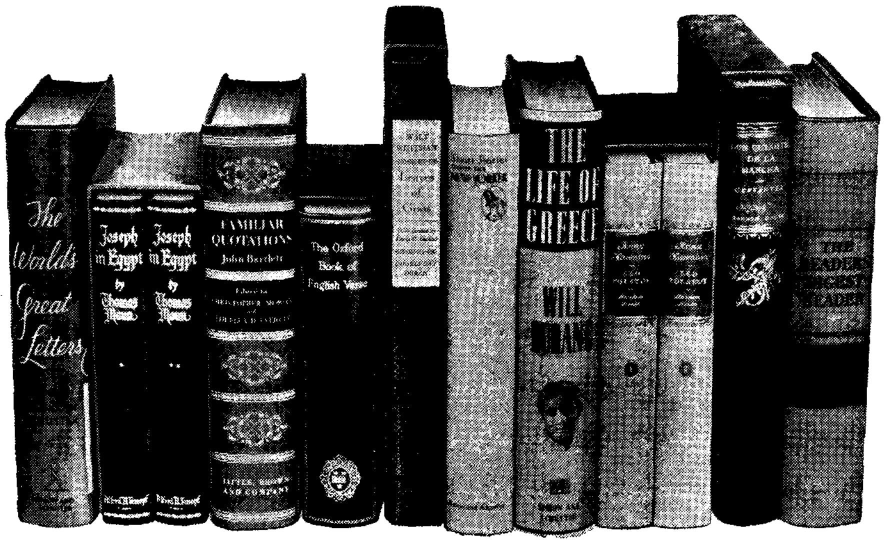
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THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 18, 1941

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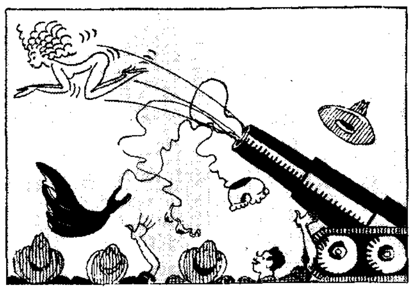
COVER GILBERT DARLING

ANY WEEK

AS USUAL there will be a Roundup in Enid, Oklahoma, this fall. And if Mr. Perry R. Stark, General Manager of the Enid Roundup, has his way it's going to be worth going to some lengths to see. We've just had a letter from Mr. Stark who, in turn, has just read Ted Shane's article about Miss Margie Hart, the Poor Man's Garbo. "I read your article on Miss Margie Hart, the Poor Man's Garbo, and we are wondering if Miss Margie Hart is open for an engagement in the Enid Fall Roundup. At this roundup I put on a act where a girl is shot from a gun. It is quite safe although the last two girls we've had complained of slight headaches although Miss Margie Hart need not be afraid as we will look after her good if she gets a headache.

"In this shooting act the girl is shot from the gun which is 18 inches and calls for a thin girl into a tank of water except in some dry sections where water is scarce and we use a net, both perfectly safe. What we would plan for Miss Margie Hart is for her to enter the gun fully clothed and come out naked and fly through the air naked into a tank and climb out and we would have a man there or a woman rather to wrap a towel around her so she would be in the naked only a few seconds. . . . We would be willing to guarantee Miss Margie Hart $20 a week and a part of the proceeds from the act which is a sensation in Oklahoma owing to both water and nude women being scarce. I would add that the gun is fired by compressed air which we make ourself on the fairground and only a small charge of 40 per cent Giant powder about five pounds for smoke effect.



"We will have hooks put in the cannon and attach them to Miss Margie Hart's clothing when she enters the cannon so she will not have to pull a zipper like on the burlesque stage. Everything will be made easy for her. P. S. . . . Sometimes if we are near a river or lake we use them instead of the tank which leaks some for the girl in the cannon to be shot into. Can Miss Margie Hart swim good?"

WE SPOKE to Miss Hart about it. She is thinking it over. She's a little fearful about the hooks but is inclined to entrust herself entirely to Mr. Stark, who once was gored by a Brahma bull and lived to eat the animal, steak by steak.

RECENTLY we met a lady who has joined all the organizations which demand that America plunge into the war forthwith, shooting from both hips, making up for lost time. Come to think of it, we have never met a more militant person, man or woman. She told us that she had written several letters to English friends apologizing for America's nonparticipation in the actual shooting. But what interested us even more is what she had to say about an open meeting in her town. It was held under the auspices of one of her immediate-entry organizations. To show the noninterventionist elements in her town their error they were invited. They didn't behave themselves very well. "I have never known such rowdies," she said. "Before we adjourned they had started three fist fights and the language they used in replying to our carefully phrased arguments would not bear repeating. I am convinced that the majority of the noninterventionists are ignorant roughnecks incapable of understanding anything short of violence."

IT IS clear to us that these antiwar roughnecks would not be influenced by a sign seen by Mr. Max Smiggle of Spokane, Washington. This sign, hanging over the bar of a California tavern, read: "Notice to all customers. No fighting in this place this week. Our bouncer on vacation." Nor would they be swayed by Miss Florence Bandewagger of Dallas, Texas, who urges all patriotic women to adopt her method of encouraging men to fight the good fight. "Every time I meet a new young man," says Miss Bandewagger, "I ask him whether he is willing to step into uniform when the time comes. If he says yes and seems sincere I give him my friendship. If he says yes and does not seem sincere, I remain aloof. If he says no sincerely I try to reason with him. If he says no and is without principles, I not only warn him to never speak to me again but also post his name in the girls' club I belong to. Any girl seen with such a young man is expelled from the club. Some of the girls have tried to excuse themselves by saying it is confusing, but we feel they are not sincere. Wouldn't you?"

WHAT this magazine has done to keep its readers informed of what's going on in Europe, Asia, Africa and their flaming fringes is deeply appreciated by Mr. Alton Bury Hollowfield of Reno, Nevada. "But," goes on Mr. Hollowfield, "you don't go far enough. For example, why not have a couple of American correspondents too. A couple of good men roaming around the United States, the forgotten country, ought to pick up a lot of stories that would interest us forgotten men—Americans." Fortunately we can accommodate Mr. Hollowfield instantly. A dignified Yankee friend of Mr. Owen Draper of Montgomery, Alabama, was visiting him, meeting with at least one adventure which demonstrates that in certain localities at least, the United States is still American. Unaware of local traffic regulations, the dignified Yankee did not try like the natives to beat the traffic light across the street. Instead he waited until the light was clear. Then as he stepped into the street with measured tread he was overwhelmed to hear himself addressed in ringing tones from a loud-speaker hanging over the intersection. "If the gentleman in the frock coat, who properly waited for the light to change, will pause another moment he will be given a ticket to the Paramount Theater." Whereat a traffic cop rewarded him for his observance of the rules, bowing low as he gave him the theater ticket.

AND when Jim Marshall, who is at this moment trudging up and down the United States doing exactly what Mr. Hollowfield suggests, returns to this office he will be suitably rewarded. We have just received a letter and a bronze medal for Mr. Marshall. The letter, from Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, reads: "I take great pleasure in forwarding herewith the Navy Expeditionary Medal which Congress has given me authority to confer upon you in commemoration of the services rendered by you to the survivors of the United States Ship Panay upon the occasion of its bombing and loss on December 12, 1937."

ACTUALLY we've just heard from Mr. Marshall. While having a few bites in a restaurant in Ouray, Colorado, Mr. Marshall beheld a lady and her son, about fifteen years old, enter and prepare themselves for a bit of food. The lady produced a vanity case and began to do her face. Also she handed her son a comb. The lad stood up and began to tidy himself. Said she sharply: "Sit down, Albert. How many times do I have to tell you not to stand up while combing your hair at the table?"

WE ALWAYS do. . . . W. D.

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HER GAME
is
better
than ever...

but she's seldom asked to play

Those weekly "get-togethers" really meant something to her. They were such fun! But then the invitations grew scarcer . . . and scarcer. She doesn't know what the trouble is . . . but she seldom plays, now.

Yet if she hadn't been so careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth: Offensive breath) she might well be on her way to a bridge game tonight.

What to Do About It

To combat this double offense, why not use the delightful double precaution so many wise and popular women depend on. For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

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WING TALK

WILLIAM T. HOFF

The Fowler flap projects for take-off and landing, retracts in flight

ON THE airport are three twin-engine monoplanes. One of the planes is equipped with two-blade propellers; the propellers of the second have three blades and those of the third have four blades.

The engines on the ship with the two-blade airscrews, as the British call them, are of relatively low horsepower, maybe around 400. The two blades are sufficient to absorb that power. But in Airplane Number Two, the engines are around 1,100 horsepower each, and a two-blade prop would have to be longer, in which event there wouldn't be a satisfactory clearance between the tips and the ground. So a third blade is attached, and the knives are kept down in length.

The third airplane has engines of about 1,800 horsepower. A three-blade prop would work on these but, because they must be still longer, the matter of ground clearance again comes up. So a fourth blade is added, and the increased horsepower is utilized.

A two-blade prop would work on the three- and four-blade ships if the planes were built high enough off the ground. But that calls for a stork-leg landing gear which in turn must be retracted into the wings, fuselage or engine nacelles. That would reopen all over again the comfortably settled matter of retractable landing gear and cause no end of nail-biting by the engineers. What then are we going to do when we get three- and four-thousand horsepower engines? Counter-rotating propellers and six-blade propellers are being tested, but nothing more can be said about them now.

WHEN engines were of low horsepower, and airplane brakes were being toyed with, and controllable-pitch propellers were just around the corner, and monoplanes were not too highly thought of, planes were very slow as we know speed in the air today. Large wings, while having lots of lift and giving a short take-off and low landing speed, also have a lot of drag in the air and cut down speed in flight. The boys used to wish it were possible to have a single wing without struts and wires, a wing big enough to land the plane safely without brakes (because they didn't have brakes anyway). They also wanted a wing big enough to get the plane off without running a long way on the ground. Then once in the air they could turn a crank and telescope a good section of the outer part of the wing inwardly and presto, they'd have a racer with all the safety and take-off and landing characteristics of a slow plane.

The boys never quite got what they hoped for but Mr. Harlan Davey Fowler, consulting aeronautical engineer, had the same general idea and has successfully worked it out in the Lockheed twin-engine transports and bombers. Instead of telescoping the wing-tip area and reducing the span of the wing from tip to tip he has provided for the extension of the chord of the wing (the distance from the leading edge backward to the trailing edge), for take-off and landing, and for its retraction in flight.

Going under the name of Fowler flaps, the device is primarily to reduce the landing speed of the ship. It works like this: When the pilot is about to take off, particularly with a heavy load, he presses a button, the flaps slide back on tracks and, presto, the pilot has a large wing area. In the air, he presses another button, the flap retracts back snugly into the wing and, presto, again, the plane has a smaller wing area, less air drag and flies faster. For landing, down go the flaps on their tracks and the big wing slows up the plane. The pilot not only has his cake, but he eats it too.

THAT vertical ridge that rises out of the back of the Boeing Stratoliner, the DC-3 and other highly streamlined types of aircraft, and blends in so beautifully with the rudder, goes under the official name of dorsal fin, which is found on some of our very best fish. Its purpose is to insure a continuous smooth flow of air from the fuselage to the tail surfaces.

IN THE secondary stage of the Civilian Pilot Training Program, students have to execute a variety of maneuvers—stunts. The C.A.A. inspectors know this highly exhilarating phase of the course can give some terrific beatings to the airplanes, in some instances greater punishment than the ships can stand. So the inspectors have personally tested such ships with instruments which measure the forces exerted on the aircraft by the maneuvers at various speeds. Then they have posted a warning notice in the cockpit ("placarded it" is the aviation term) against, for example, entering a snap roll at more than a specified number of miles per hour

(Continued on page 31)

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KANSAS CITY, MO.
702 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
401 RKO Hillstreet Bldg.
MIAMI
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MILWAUKEE
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1801 Canal Bldg.
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SCHICK INCORPORATED *The New* **SCHICK** SUPER SLICK **SHAVER**

HOW AND HOW NOT TO TAME HAIR

No matter how wild and unruly your hair may be, DON'T douse it . . . because dousing with water or anything else makes it look slicked down . . . unnatural. Instead, comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for good-looking, natural-looking hair.

DON'T JUST TAME YOUR HAIR

...FIGHT DRY SCALP, TOO

POSSIBLY you have Dry Scalp right now. It often goes undetected until it causes itchiness . . . showers of loose dandruff on your shoulders . . . abnormal loss of hair. There is real and effective help in a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . a quick and simple way to check Dry Scalp . . . to keep the hair neat and good-looking all day long. Just try these two easy steps:

(1) EVERY MORNING, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair.

(2) EVERY WEEK before shampooing, massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. The special properties of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic make it ideal for fighting Dry Scalp. Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today, and see a real improvement in the looks of your hair.

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HAIR
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'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

40¢ and 70¢

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking. Try it!

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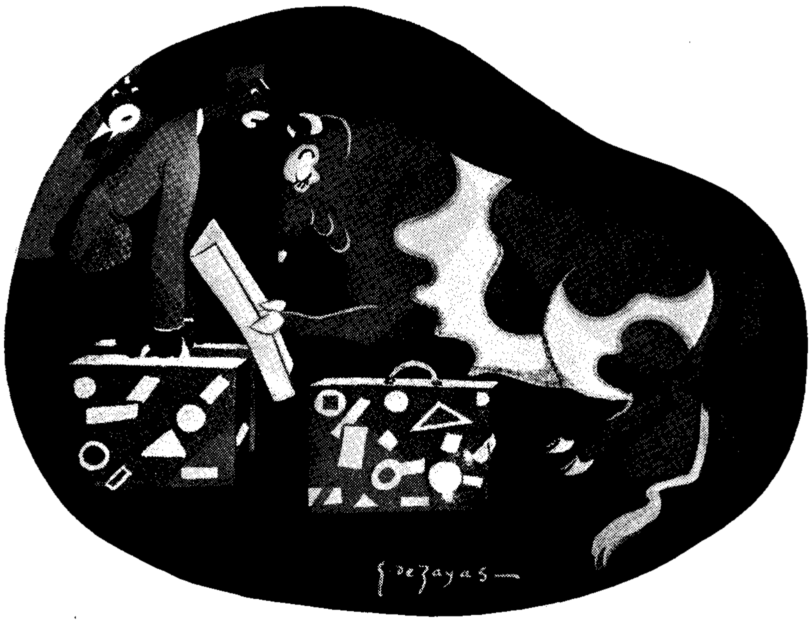


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of all the fancy cattle that have traveled from coast to coast and from Texas to Canada to compete for prizes at agricultural fairs, none has equaled the mileage record of Cavalier's Ping Pong. Between 1920 and 1932, this famous Ayrshire bull, although working at his "profession" only about three months each fall, covered a distance of more than 65,000 miles.

Of the twenty states that fine cities and counties for injury to persons or damage to property, or both, by the action of a mob, only nine impose liability for personal injury or death. Injury fines range from $500 in Ohio to $10,000 in Illinois, while death fines range from $1,000 in Nebraska to $10,000 in Illinois and Pennsylvania.

The New York Electrical Contractors' Association and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (A. F. of L.) have a clause in their contract, covering 6,500 men, which stipulates that ten per cent of the jobs filled by union members must go to workers over fifty-five years of age.

In 1931, America had ninety-nine birth-control clinics in twenty-one states. Today it has 621 such clinics in forty-one states.

The Ulster County (New York) Gazette of January 4, 1800, became famous because it carried the first complete account of the death and funeral of George Washington. More than a million reproductions of that issue have been printed and sold, many still being regarded by their owners as historic treasures. However, there are only two known original copies—one owned by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., the other by the Library of Congress.—*By N. N. Manville, Oak Park, Illinois.*

A company that sells groceries by truck from door to door to a million small-town families promotes sales by giving the customer the premium first and allowing her to settle for it with subsequent credits on purchases. When the "advanced premium" is paid for, another is immediately offered.

Many a patrol bomber of the United States Navy is so fast that it is able to "cover" fifty thousand square miles of ocean between sunrise and sunset.—*By Jane Brush, Brooklyn, New York.*

Some plastics are not only fireproof but also resistant to oils, gases, acids and caustics. Some quick-drying lacquers and other plastic finishes become so hard and durable that they are not destroyed by metal-eating acids.—*By Frederick N. Corvinus, Harrison, New York.*

Studies of the seasonal variation in daylight show that midsummer mornings are eight times brighter, noons five times brighter and afternoons ten times brighter than the corresponding hours of midwinter days.—*By Melville Kennedy, Oberlin, Ohio.*

Because St. Kilda, an island off Scotland, was inaccessible most of the year, its citizens, before their evacuation about a decade ago, used to "post" their letters in sheepskin bags and toss them into the ocean. Some were picked up by ships, others were carried by a current five hundred miles across the North Sea to the coast of Norway, where they were found and their contents mailed.

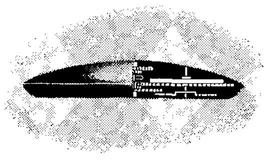
In time of peace or war, any soldier in the United States Army who strikes, attempts to strike or willfully disobeys any lawful command of his superior officer is liable to any punishment deemed justifiable by a court-martial, even a sentence of death.—*By Robert Hunt, New York, New York.*

During the first year of the run of the motion picture, The Phantom of the Opera, produced in 1930 with the late Lon Chaney in the leading role, nearly fifteen hundred moviegoers in this country fainted or collapsed from hysteria.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

New GRUENS so thin it took a new invention to make them come true

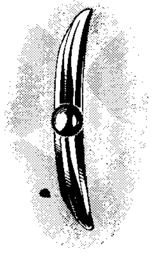
YOU'VE probably said it often... "Some day I'm going to be able to afford a really thin watch."



The Patented Gruen Veri-Thin‡ Movement

The day is here... the watch, Gruen Veri-Thin. It is not only the world's most popular thin watch but—as you'll see at the left—a major new invention in watch-making.

Note how the patented Gruen Veri-Thin movement provides all-important bigness in working parts to assure pocket-watch accuracy and long service. Now observe the brilliant rearrangement of the parts... *the way it permits the watch to be made a full 50% thinner at sides and ends.*



It's a magnificently thin watch—one of Gruen's masterpieces. And remember—America's topmost fashion designers pick Gruen as the master watch stylist. See the new Veri-Thin models at your Gruen jewelers today.

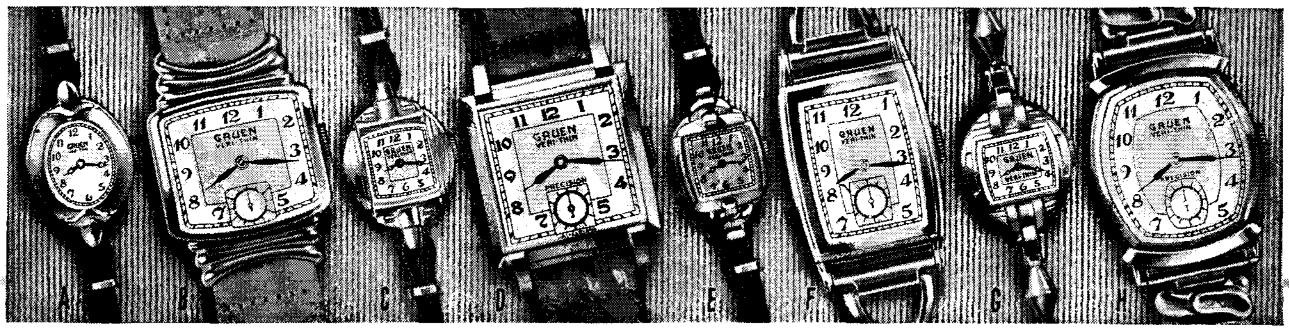
Gruen watches from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.

Hattie Carnegie

"First Lady of Fashion," one of the ten top-flight fashion designers who name Gruen "Master of Watch Style."

On Man's wrist—VERI-THIN MADISON, 17-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case with Guildite back $39.75

On Lady's wrist—VERI-THIN VICTORIA, 17-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back, matching flex bracelet $37.50



A. VERI-THIN TARA, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $24.75

B. VERI-THIN BANNER, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $29.75

C. VERI-THIN LARKSPUR, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back . . . $29.75

D. VERI-THIN MASTER, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $33.75

E. VERI-THIN PREVIEW, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $33.75

F. VERI-THIN FORDHAM, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back, matching flex band . . . $37.50

G. VERI-THIN OVERTURE, 17-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back, matching flex bracelet . $39.75

H. VERI-THIN MEDALLION, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case, matching expansion band $42.50

GRUEN
VERI-THIN‡
The Precision Watch

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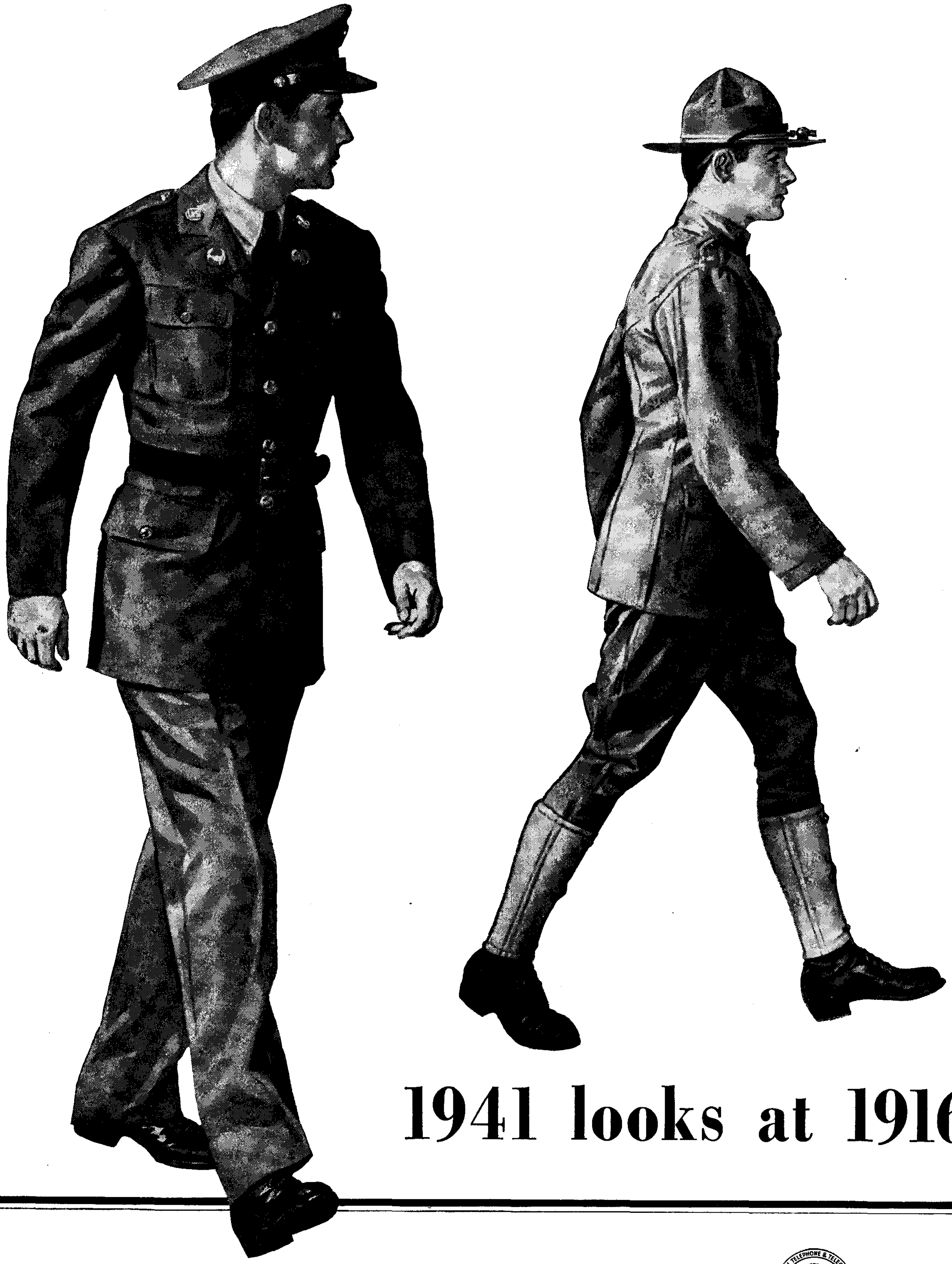
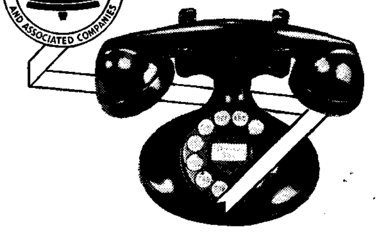


1941 looks at 1916

THINGS have changed a lot in 25 years and yet there is much that is the same.

In 1916 it was Preparedness; in 1941, National Defense. But now the scale is bigger, the pace faster. There was pressure on the telephone business then. The pressure is infinitely greater now. New training camps; new aviation fields; new munitions plants—all need telephones. Every one is moving faster and when a Nation hurries it does it by telephone. The Bell System spent 94 millions on new construction in 1916. It is spending more than 420 millions in 1941.

The entire Bell System organization is giving "first call" to defense. We believe you would want it that way.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER THE N.B.C. RED NETWORK.

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Collier's
The National Weekly for October 18, 1941

His Job or Mine

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Rough romance of Umpire Cramer, who was hit by so many pop bottles—while the girl looked on—that he had to get his hair cut by a glass blower

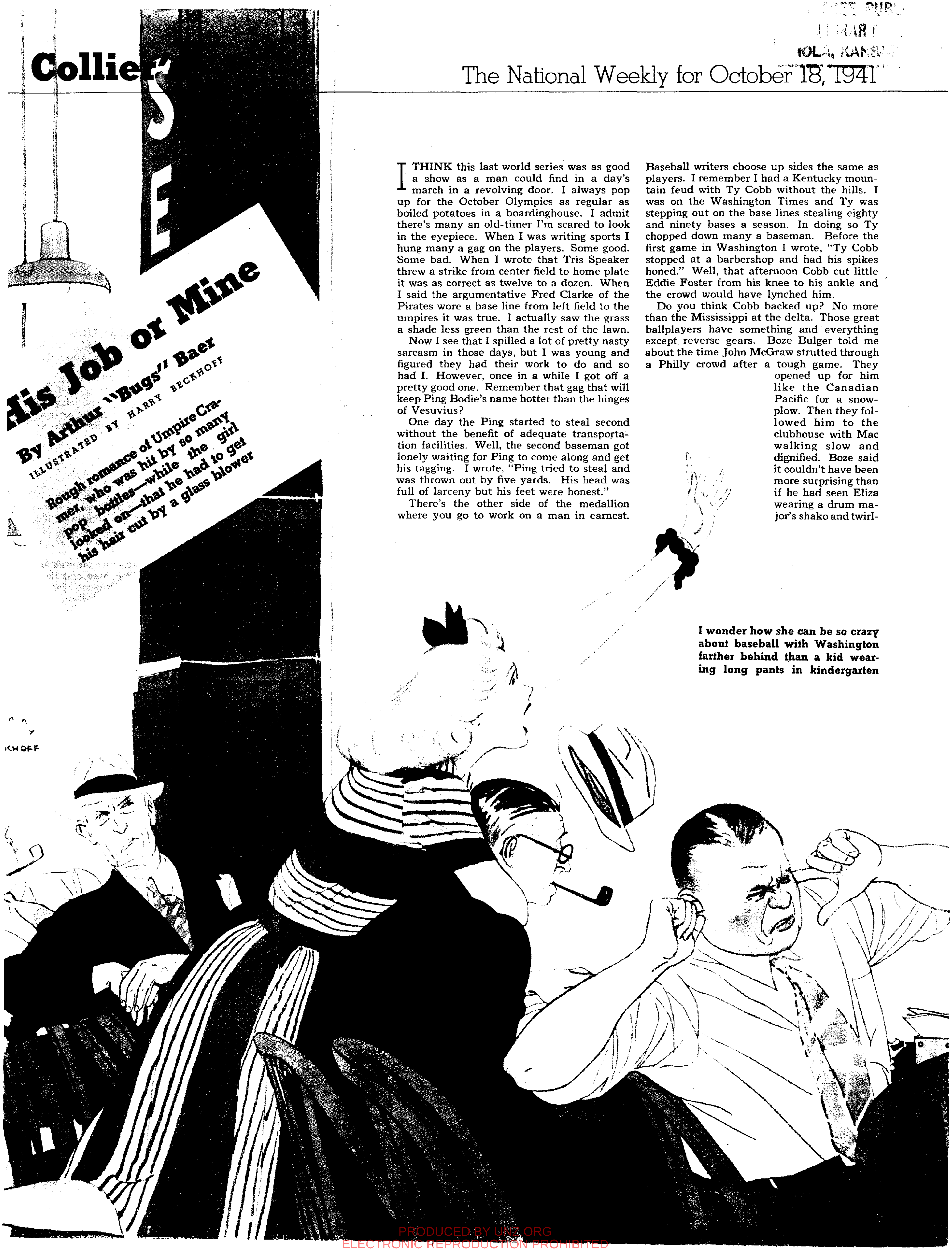
I THINK this last world series was as good a show as a man could find in a day's march in a revolving door. I always pop up for the October Olympics as regular as boiled potatoes in a boardinghouse. I admit there's many an old-timer I'm scared to look in the eyepiece. When I was writing sports I hung many a gag on the players. Some good. Some bad. When I wrote that Tris Speaker threw a strike from center field to home plate it was as correct as twelve to a dozen. When I said the argumentative Fred Clarke of the Pirates wore a base line from left field to the umpires it was true. I actually saw the grass a shade less green than the rest of the lawn.

Now I see that I spilled a lot of pretty nasty sarcasm in those days, but I was young and figured they had their work to do and so had I. However, once in a while I got off a pretty good one. Remember that gag that will keep Ping Bodie's name hotter than the hinges of Vesuvius?

One day the Ping started to steal second without the benefit of adequate transportation facilities. Well, the second baseman got lonely waiting for Ping to come along and get his tagging. I wrote, "Ping tried to steal and was thrown out by five yards. His head was full of larceny but his feet were honest."

There's the other side of the medallion where you go to work on a man in earnest. Baseball writers choose up sides the same as players. I remember I had a Kentucky mountain feud with Ty Cobb without the hills. I was on the Washington Times and Ty was stepping out on the base lines stealing eighty and ninety bases a season. In doing so Ty chopped down many a baseman. Before the first game in Washington I wrote, "Ty Cobb stopped at a barbershop and had his spikes honed." Well, that afternoon Cobb cut little Eddie Foster from his knee to his ankle and the crowd would have lynched him.

Do you think Cobb backed up? No more than the Mississippi at the delta. Those great ballplayers have something and everything except reverse gears. Boze Bulger told me about the time John McGraw strutted through a Philly crowd after a tough game. They opened up for him like the Canadian Pacific for a snowplow. Then they followed him to the clubhouse with Mac walking slow and dignified. Boze said it couldn't have been more surprising than if he had seen Eliza wearing a drum major's shako and twirl-



I wonder how she can be so crazy about baseball with Washington farther behind than a kid wearing long pants in kindergarten ing a silver baton as she strolled across the Ohio followed by ten thousand bloodhounds marching four abreast.

The little man went into the clubhouse while the mob stood outside working itself into a lather without soap. One mug tougher than the rest pushed against the door and to his consternation found himself inside. The crowd followed and there were two hundred fans around a short fat man on a bench. The stubby man, leaning over and tying his shoelace, said, "I can lick any man in the room"—a pause—"and I ain't even looked up yet."

The reverent crowd doffed its hat and tiptoed out backward. It didn't care to arouse the somnolent demon in Mac's repertoire even though it knew McGraw's record in fistibumps was worse than hay in the rain. McGraw couldn't flatten wet wash with a steam roller, but he had the guts that will carry a trout up Niagara Falls with a busted propeller.

Writing an article a day is sweet stuff with a winning team but it was pretty tough for us fellows in the District of Columbia in the days when they said Washington was first in war, first in peace and last in the American League. By the time August flat-wheels around, the whole season is agony right out to the fifth decimal point. You take a slam at anything and anybody. That's exactly what I used to do and made many an enemy.

So when I go into the Commodore dining room for a snap at a sandwich and a gulp at some coffee and see Cramer at a table I give him as wide a berth as the Pullman Company gives Kate Smith. Habits are all roots and it didn't surprise me any to notice that Cramer still clung to his umpire's habit of eating alone. Cramer was in the American League less than a season and spent that time in Washington. Then he disappeared as suddenly as if he had stepped on a trap door in the calendar.

IT WAS sort of amusing at first when Darber of the Post went after Cramer but soon it got as sickening as sugar on oysters. Newspapermen got to look on Cramer as Darber's special dish and we laid off him. Just the same, when Cramer stuck out his hand and said, "Hello," I gave him the limp mitt something like a dog's tongue. We all shake hands that way when we're not sure of the other guy's intentions. Cramer sensed that, for he said, "Sit down. The last active newspaperman I ate with was Darber of the Post."

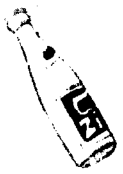
Well, that was just like a prairie-dog village in a bowling alley. But when he continued, "You don't mind if Griff and a couple more friends join us, do you?" you could have knocked me over with the rice that gets into a society bridegroom's trouser cuffs. I guess I looked sillier than usual but don't forget I was trying harder. Cramer laughed and said, "I know all you fellows thought that Darber and Griff ran me out of baseball and that Ban Johnson got Darber after Darber got me. The truth is I quit baseball because I fell in love with a Washington girl. She made me quit after the fans had thrown so many pop bottles at me I had to get my hair cut by a glass blower.

"You know Ban Johnson was fairly stubborn and when he got an organized protest against any of his umpires he kept that man right there until they got used to him. And I want to correct the newspaper theory that Ban Johnson got Darber afterward. You remember Darber quit the same season I did?"

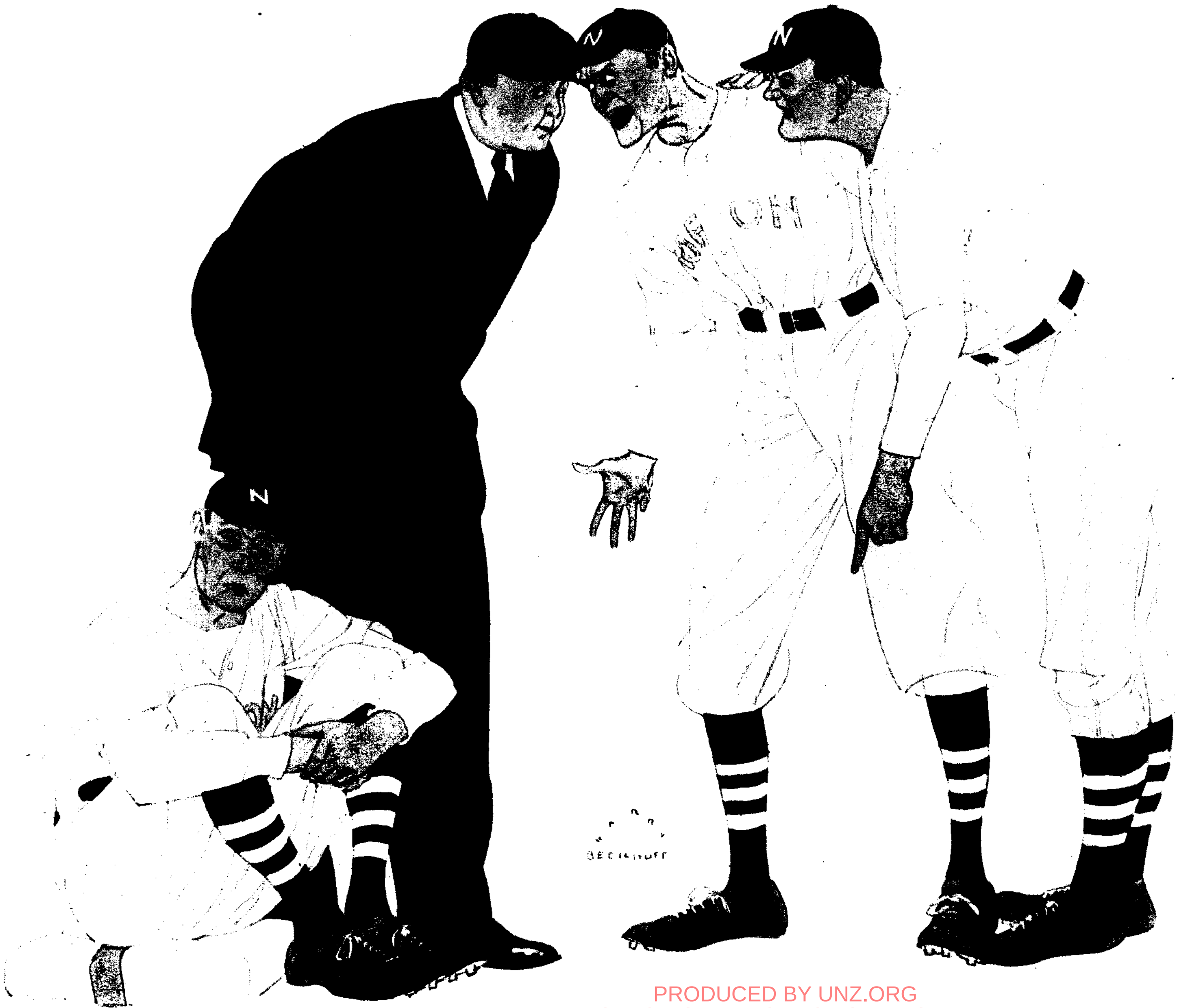
"That's right. We doped that Ban had thrown the harpoon."

"No, it was nothing like that." Cramer leaned over a little. "It was you fellows who got Darber."

"Send that dumpling back to the kitchen for more sauce, Cramer," I said. "How do you figure that?"



He must have been practicing in the minor leagues, for he hit me smack on the head with a bottle



"Well," Cramer smiled, "do you remember your local baseball chapter passed a rule barring wo—ladies—from the press box?"

"Sure, we got tired of seeing Darber bringing that Blond Dazzler into the box every game. She pawed him all afternoon. And it was no dice the way she yelled and yipped on every play. Why, that dame used to faint at foul tips."

"You didn't know the Blond Dazzler was his daughter, did you?" asked Cramer.

That set me back so far I came up with a brown derby and a buggy whip.

"I'll tell you about it before Griff gets here," said Cramer, "because Griff is modest and blushes easy." Cramer sort of sloshed around in his chair as if he was getting comfortable for a good, long haul.

"When I quit it wasn't Darber who got me although when he rode you in earnest, salt wouldn't save you. He stampeded you and the others and Griff until my life in Washington wasn't worth a doctor's second visit. Nothing I did pleased Darber and I got noticing he went nuttier than a chocolate nougat any time he thought I missed one at second base.

"Why, the man had a fetish, whatever that is, about second base if you can recall it." I nodded now that Cramer brought it to my memory again. "And in those days Griff was just like Durocher is today. He has to protest a decision to get fresh air and sunshine. It's surplus showmanship, like sliding to first on a base on balls, but it keeps managers in the newsreels.

"I talked with the other umpires about Darber's bug on second base and they had noticed it, too. Cobb came tearing down there one close game when a run would win either way. He was as safe as a sailor on the park lake and I called it that way. Darber wrote in the Post, 'If the Forty Thieves met Cramer there would be forty-one'—and the result was a fan bounced a bottle off my skull.

"Ban Johnson's lawyer told me it was a good libel suit but I passed it up. I asked Ban to transfer me but he was behind his umpires to the last bottle. Then I asked to be taken off the bases and put behind the plate. It was no go.

"DARBER kept riding me as if he had a perpetual brass ring and even featured me on the front page of the Post as the umpire who couldn't see a cow on short grass.

"And every rap he took at me was punctuated later by a pop bottle from the stands. Why, the police had to give me a motorcycle escort and one day the cop brushed the sidecar against the telegraph pole with me in it. As he rode away he yelled, 'There's one you tagged.' I'm no sooner on the job again than some fool Boston player steals second. He's as safe as a sinner who has repented and I call it the way I see it. Darber gets out his currycomb and next day a total fanatic steps up and whips over a punch with seaweed on it. Right behind the ear like a rose on a Spanish dancer.

"I had no more chance to defend myself than a fish in a barrel.

"It got so bad they used to smuggle me in and out of the park in the visitors' bat bag.

"When Darber said I had missed two at second in one game and said I was as crooked as Harry Lauder's cane and couldn't find a place to sit down in a chair factory, I went after him.

"I made up my mind to see him." Cramer tightened up a bit. "It was his job or mine.

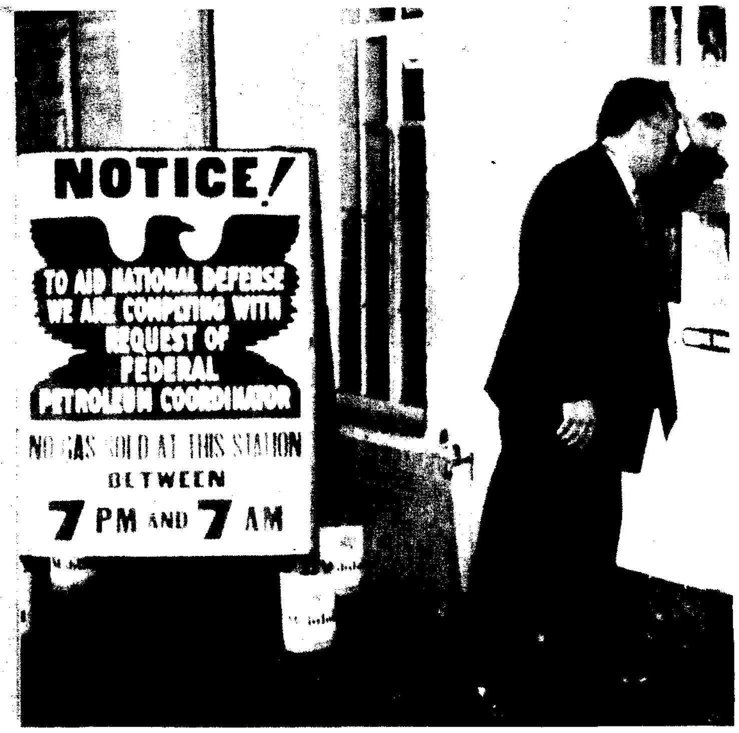
"It was like going after the silver ball in a shooting gallery with a bow and arrow, for Darber leaves the park before I do and I arrive there before he does. I saw him a few times in a theater, but he

(Continued on page 27)

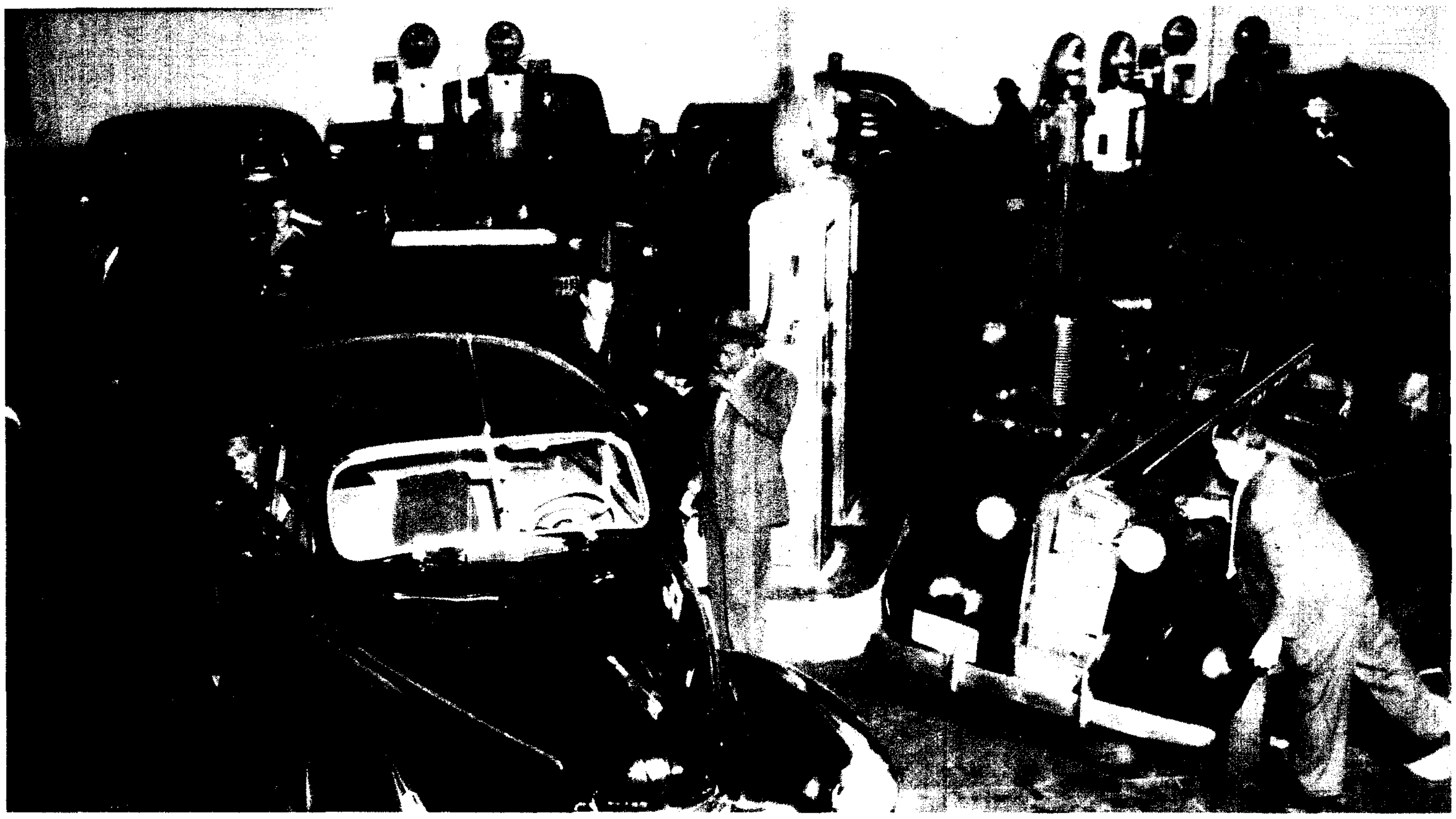
The Petroleum Co-ordinator has a word for those who say there isn't a shortage of oil. And a few facts to throw at their ornery heads. If you're not in the fight, better duck

Harold L. Ickes on THAT OIL SHORTAGE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



Cause and Effect: When the 100,000 gas stations on the Eastern Seaboard co-operated with the Secretary of the Interior by closing from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., no oil was saved. Reason: Below, New York motorists flock to fill up their tanks just before 7 P.M.



OIL, as everybody knows, is going to win this war. And I, as Petroleum Co-ordinator for National Defense, intend to see to it that oil is delivered where it is needed, when it is needed, and in the quantities that are needed. Every action taken by our office stems from this fundamental determination.

When the President appointed me Petroleum Co-ordinator, it seemed to me that we had two alternatives:

First, to try to make oil available for all demands as the result of a number of extraordinary moves, so that the public would have no physical experience with a shortage.

Second, to let gasoline pumps and fuel tanks go dry, and thus give our citizens convincing knowledge that there *was* a shortage. At best, it was a damned-if-you-do and damned-if-you-don't proposition, and I'll be damned if a committee of the United States Senate didn't discover a third alternative when, after a cursory glance, it partially endorsed and partially condemned our program to end a shortage which it said didn't exist!

It would all be pretty funny if oil were not so tremendously important. But because it *is* so important, the public is entitled to know the facts; to have cleared away the confusion created by certain groups and individuals whose motivation would make an entertaining study.

Is there a shortage, or isn't there?

If there *is* a shortage, what caused it?

Why the 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. "curfew" in the East—the ten per cent curtailment of gasoline?

What about using tank cars to bring the oil east? What about getting more tankers? What of pipe lines?

Will other parts of the country feel the pinch?

First of all, I say emphatically, in spite of what may be proclaimed to the contrary by certain oracles, that *there is an oil shortage on the East Coast—and one in the Middle West and Far West, too,* though the public hasn't begun to notice it yet in these latter areas.

And let me make plain what I mean when I say that there is a shortage. I don't mean that there is not enough oil today to supply the East. I don't mean that there won't be enough next week. I *do* mean that available supplies are very much lower than at this time last year.

I *do* mean that our new supplies are not adequate for expected needs. And I mean that, these things being true and demand being very much greater than last year, *we shall not have enough to go around this winter* unless we cut our consumption and increase deliveries.

That to me, means shortage.

So much for present conditions. I shall go further: In spite of what may be said to the contrary by certain myopic optimists, no man can state definitely that the shortage will not become worse. The critical period will be the coming winter. After that we hope that our long-range program will have made itself felt; that nothing will happen to interrupt our deliveries still further. Obviously, no man can *know.*

I already hear the volunteer referees shouting: "Prove it!" That's just what I intend to do; but first let's get clear on *how* this shortage came about.

Popular belief is that we suddenly gave fifty tankers to Britain and that immediately our transportation facilities took a nose dive. Actually, no tankers were given to Britain, and none of our tankers carry British-aid oil across the Atlantic. The diverted tankers simply haul the oil in a shuttle service between Gulf and Atlantic Coast ports, so that the British ships won't have to make the entire trip. Moreover, the tankers were not diverted all at once, but gradually. Also fifty is not the number.

The rest of the story is that this diversion was not the first tapping of delivery facilities. Withdrawals started two years ago, with the outbreak of World War II. German and Italian tankers disappeared. Many English and other European vessels were transferred to the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. This dug deeply into the South American and Caribbean service, and American tankers had to fill the gap, because we depend on Venezuelan and Mexican sources for heavy crude oil, for asphalt and industrial fuel oils.

In 1941, a second major factor appeared. New tankers, built by the oil companies, were requisitioned by the Navy.

Another important point has been generally overlooked: The diverted tankers came from the West Coast, as well as from the East. This means that there are fewer tankers now carrying California oil to the Western states, western Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

The Shortage in the Midwest

The Middle West has been affected, too, because Eastern suppliers, trying by every means to obtain adequate stocks, have bought heavily from mid-continent producers. This has reduced Midwest supplies. In proof that this is not idle talk, the head of a large company in the Chicago area told us just the other day that he had gone to Oklahoma to buy 1,000 cars of crude oil, but could get only 450 cars.

On the Gulf Coast, the opposite situation was feared. Unable to get sufficient tankers to move oil to Eastern markets, that section expected serious piling-up of supplies. Such a situation, however, failed to develop. Oil has begun to move under the Lend-Lease program and, though the diverted tankers no longer carry oil to the East, they now carry it out of the Gulf in the shuttle service.

This, then, is the story of how the shortage developed. It all added up to a serious situation. *We had to do something about it.*

We believed that we had two duties: (1) To conserve our supplies; and (2) To restore adequate deliveries.

First, we tried voluntary conservation. We didn't get much help. Gasoline consumption went *up* instead of down. Nevertheless, I have no criticism of the public. After all, certain people had been assuring them that there really wasn't any shortage.

Next, we asked the 100,000 Eastern filling stations to close daily from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. This brought little saving, but it produced a deafening thunder of denunciation from certain newspapers and radio commentators. Typographical tears and microphonic moans were emitted all over the place for the poor filling-station man whose business had been demoralized by "Oil Czar" Ickes.

After a few weeks had passed, proposals were made to rescind the so-called curfew. Having been told that we were ruining the gasoline dealers, we

(Continued on page 80)

A little attention to detail and you can match Jeffrey Lynn's informal elegance in tweeds. This one's single-breasted; with it he wears an American Fuji shirt, striped tie and semisports hat. Good-looking accessory is Warner Brothers' Susan Peters

Two Will Do

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE

DESPITE war, high water or taxes, you're going to need clothes this year or the police will interfere. A well-patched garment will keep the wind out, but the business you'll lose won't make the saving worth while. The successful businessman will simply have to keep up.

There are two distinct types for business wear: the rather formal dressy type and the casual tweed affair. For a practical business suit, on the dignified side, your best bet is unfinished worsted, which tailors into a fine, hard-wearing outfit. The safest color is blue—not the dark navy blue that went out with the starched collar, but a lighter shade of blue, with colored stripes or subdued pattern. Both the single- and double-breasted models are popular, although the double-breasted job is getting a great run these days. Many prefer it without the waistcoat (sometimes known as vest) because the coat is always buttoned, and why that extra piece of cargo, anyhow?

But omitting the waistcoat means that the shirt and tie are out in the open so you'll have to pick those accessory colors carefully.

The favorite combination this season with the blue suit is a wine shirt, in solid color or with simple stripe and a plain blue tie. If you like a patterned tie, wear one; but keep the colors subdued and in relation to your shirt and suit. Brown shoes are perfectly acceptable with a blue suit despite what you may hear to the contrary. But avoid the yellowish-brown shades and stick to the dark brown bootmaker, or antique, finish, as the stores call it.

A covert topcoat is a good choice with this type of town outfit and in the hat department you might choose a brown felt with bound edge and turned-up brim. Turn the brim down if you like it better that way, but it's typical young business-executive stuff to wear it up these days. Wear the same outfit with black shoes and a black turn-up-brim hat and you'll probably be mistaken for an important banker.

Just as correct for regular business wear is the tweed suit, which calls for less formal accessories. With this you'll want a soft Oxford shirt in plain color or simple stripe—a crochet knit, Scotch plaid wool or even bold stripe tie. With the tweed suit you can wear a sports-type hat or the regular snapbrim. Both fill the bill. Brown brogues or the monk-front shoes, which United States Army officers have adopted, are appropriate with tweeds.

Best color in tweeds for town are tan, brown, bronze and the O. D. (olive drab) shades. Give the grays and greens a wide berth. Advantage of a tweed suit is that on week ends you can wear the jacket with flannel or covert slacks. A tweed suit should always be single-breasted as the double-breasted style is too formal for this fabric.

Good choice in a topcoat to wear with a tweed suit is the vicuña shade camel's-hair. Vicuña is the natural shade of the vicuña, a wool-bearing animal of South America, way up the luxury class. Advantage of this color is that it's a tan that doesn't soil as readily as the lighter, natural-color camel. The vicuña color camel's-hair is a good all-round coat in the single-breasted, fly-front model with set-in sleeve.

Suit jackets are longer this season, but don't get an exaggerated length or you'll look as if you're standing in a hole. Trousers are moderate in width—not too wide and not too narrow.

Newest shirt for fall is the American Fuji, which looks like silk and is a neutral cream shade that blends well with all colors. Most men think a white shirt is the safest bet. It isn't nearly as flattering as the Fuji shade, which is nearer skin-tone.

In the way of socks, with the formal town suit, lisle or silk are best in solid color, simple stripe or with soft-colored clock; with the tweed suit, lightweight wool and Argyle plaids.

Here are two complete outfits that will see you through all occasions in town except those calling for evening wear. The worsted suit is fine for dress-up occasions in business or social life; the tweed outfit is fine for everyday wear, for the country and for traveling.

We can tell you where to buy everything shown if you write us. ★★★

Slightly more formal but equally good for town wear is Jeff's striped blue unfinished worsted. Note the perfect co-ordination of color achieved in suit, shirt and tie

With the striped blue suit above, Mr. Lynn wears an olive-drab topcoat, and his brown felt hat is worn in the new brim-up fashion. Shoes are of the semibrogue type

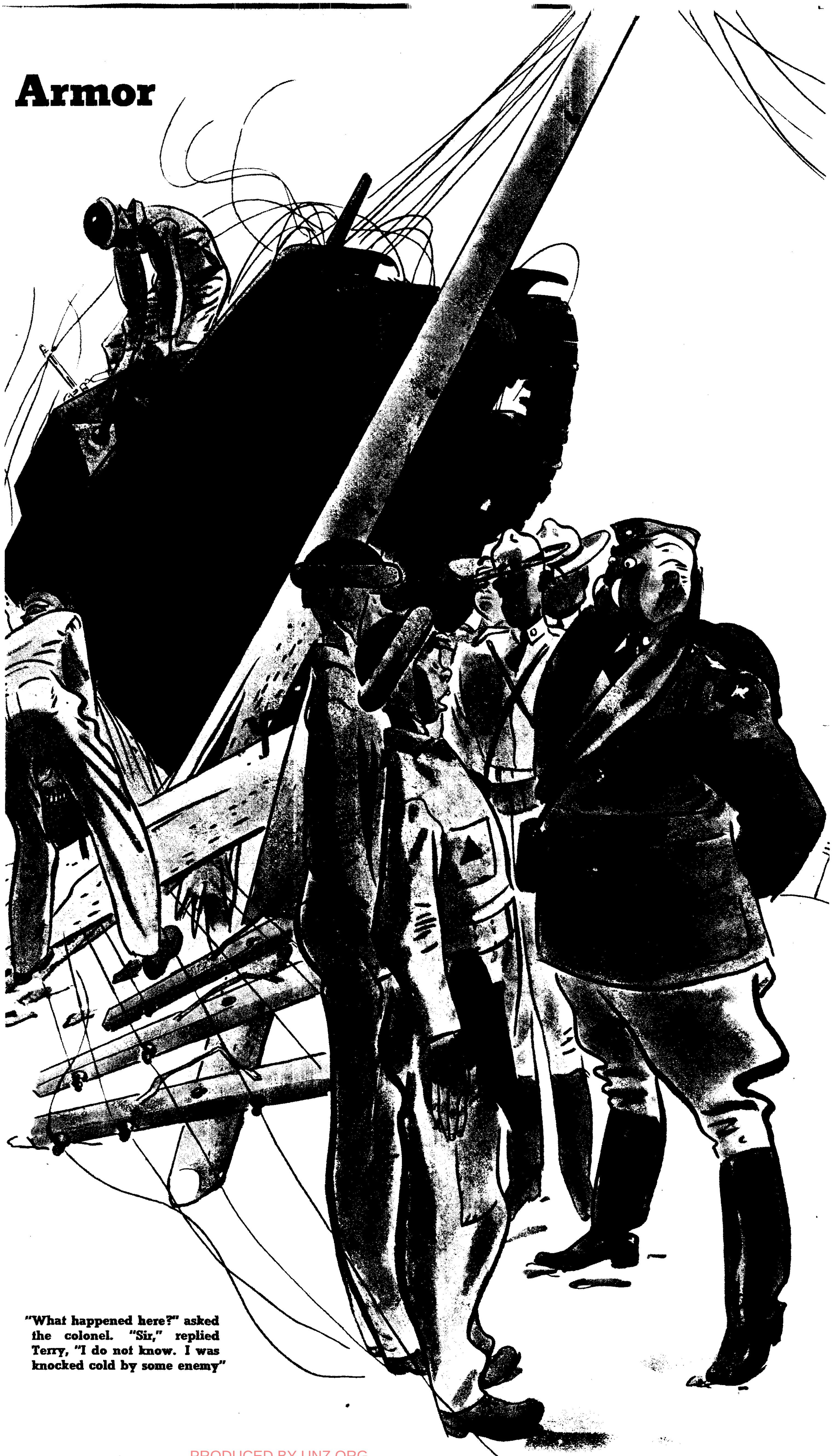
With the tweeds above goes a loose-fitting vicuña color camel's-hair topcoat. Shoes are monk front in brown calf

Surprise in Armor

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The midnight ride of MacGinnis and Terry. It was not so celebrated as Mr. Revere's, but it was a lot tougher and maybe a bit more exciting



"What happened here?" asked the colonel. "Sir," replied Terry, "I do not know. I was knocked cold by some enemy"

AN ARMORED brigade of three tank regiments was advancing through the night to its bivouacs, preparatory to an assault at dawn. A tank brigade is like a fleet of battleships, each tank a separate unit with its crew, unable to communicate with any of the other units except by signals—radio, visual or physical. In the individual tank, the driver sits almost on the floor, in a sort of steel booth. Beside him the assistant driver sits in another one, the radioman, wrapped in his earphones, sits behind them and, erect in the turret, balanced precariously on one foot, the tank commander guides the driver by touching the driver's head or shoulders with the other foot.

The night march had been without incident, until shortly before midnight, when a foot, lightly tapped on the driver's head of an obscure tank in one of the flank columns, brought that tank to a halt. With a rustle of coveralls, the tank commander slid out of the turret and disappeared. In a minute he was back, calling to the radio operator:

"Hey, come outta that. Lefty's knocked cold. We gotta drag him outta the turret."

THE radio operator slid up the turret, climbing out by means of the turret traversing gear and the breach of the cannon, his feet thumped on the armor and then on the ground, and he had disappeared. The tank driver meanwhile leaned across the low wall that separated him from the assistant driver.

"I said," yelled the driver above the beat of the idling motor, "that I consider this maneuver a waste o' time. They don't need to burn ten thousand gallons of gasoline and maybe crack up a coupla tanks to find out if I like to eat lunch composed of nuthin' but a chocolate bar. I coulda told them 'no' before I left home!"

"That ain't all they brought us out here for," replied the assistant driver. "The colonel's got a plan. I heard 'em explainin' it on the blackboard when I was checkin' laundry over to the 2d Battalion headquarters. New method for employment of an armored regiment in the attack. He figures to pull it tomorrow morning at dawn. There's talk he'll get command of the brigade if it works."

"I wish he'd stick to plans an' leave off inventin' patent rations to be carried in the left rear pocket o' the coveralls!" complained the driver. "This here now Ration Z, it don't taste like nuthin' to me but a chocolate bar gone wrong. I took one bite o' mine, cause we gotta tell how we liked it. Well, I'd say a buzzard would turn from it, that's what I'd say."

"I notice the sergeant and Red didn't eat theirs at all," remarked MacGinnis.

"Huh. Not them! They brung out sardines an' stuff. You bein' the recruit o' this outfit, why you get to eat the Ration Z, an' we report what you tell us it tastes like, assumin' you survive."

Exhausted by the strength required

(Continued on page 52)

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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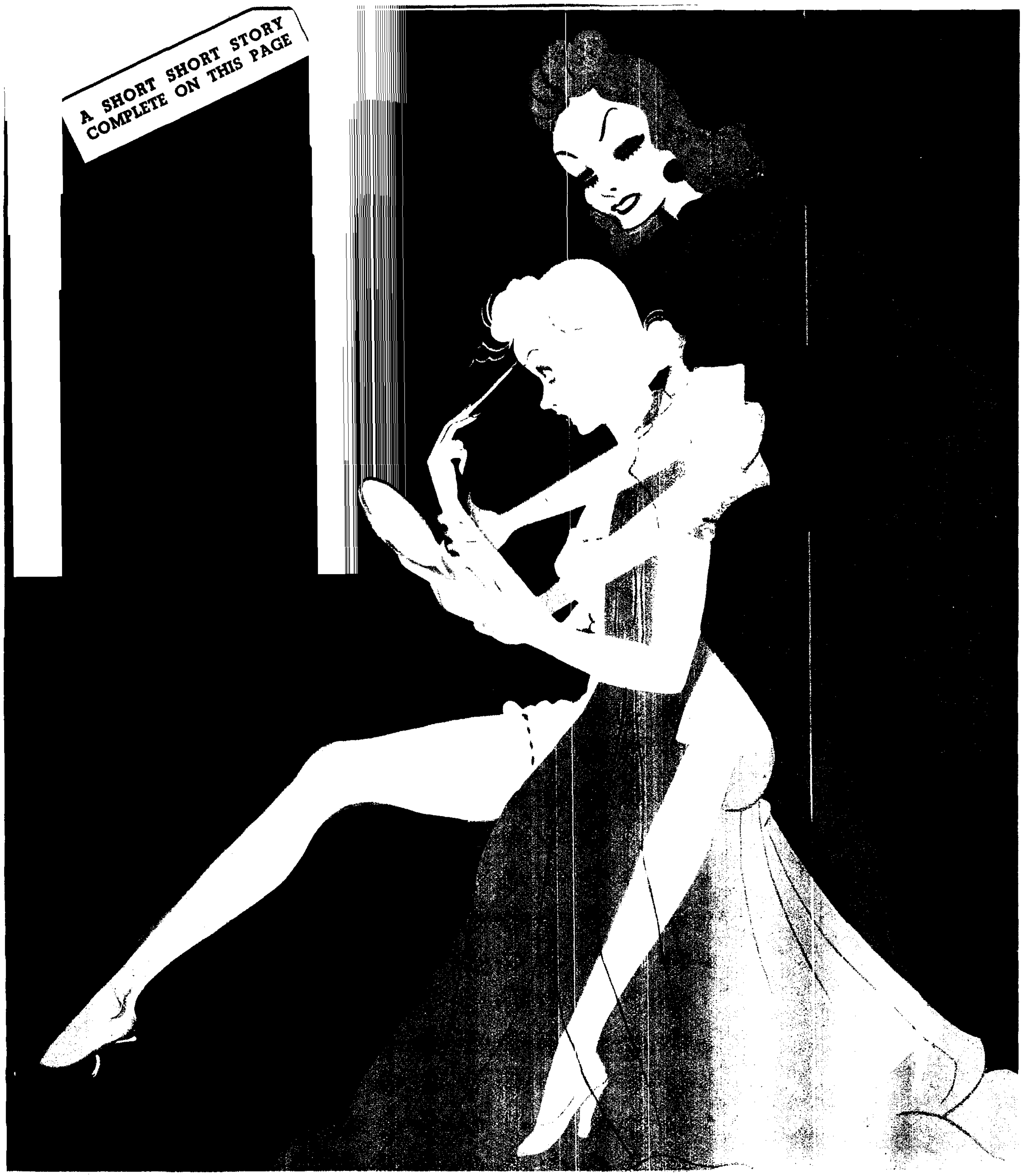

Baby Face

By Manning Long

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

CATHERINE closed the door after her visitor and leaned against it, feeling hollow and a little sick. That settled it, then. Alec would simply have to fire Miss Douglas. This was the third time within a few weeks that a friend had come to her, hinting delicately at disaster.

"If my husband had a secretary who looked like Miss Douglas," they had said, these three different friends, "I'd be *worried*."

Catherine lighted a cigarette clumsily and went into her bedroom. She sat down at her dressing table and leaned toward the mirror. A baby face. That's what hers was. Round and pink, with dimples, with round blue eyes and a round pink mouth, and yellow hair in a long bob that curled up at the ends like Little Lord Fauntleroy's.

She scowled at it.

There was her voice, too—a baby voice. "Like bells on a Christmas stocking," Alec had said once, affectionately. It was high and a little breathless, and ultimately betrayed by a tongue that would not pronounce an S.

"A case of arrested development," thought Catherine with bitterness. She dragged on the cigarette, coughed, and stubbed it out, viciously. She couldn't even learn to smoke.

Lately, she'd been experimenting with herself, trying to be different. Trying to be like Miss Douglas. Persistently and faithfully she copied her husband's secretary

Lately, she'd been experimenting with herself, trying to be different. Trying to be like Miss Douglas. Persistently and faithfully, she had been copying her husband's secretary.

There had been that night at dinner when, after long, secret practice, she had said casually to Alec, "Give me a cigarette, will you?" The casualness was only a part of it. The request itself had jarred Alec alert, but the voice it came out in, slow and bored and a good octave below its usual pitch, had brought him to his feet.

"Why, *Baby!*" he had said, alarmed. "Fine time to start smoking with a throat like that! Don't ever do it—*please!*"

That had been that, then. Fiasco.

Shaken but dogged, Catherine had tackled a bigger, harder job. "Decide on the type you want to be, and *be* it," a magazine article on make-up had told her with a happy disregard of nature. There had been no trouble deciding on the type and, locked in her room with pounds of new cosmetics, Catherine had set out to *be* it.

She had powdered her face a dead, dramatic white and painted her mouth large and vivid. She had penciled long level marks over her eyes, pointing them upward at the corners, Oriental fashion. She had slicked her hair back and rolled it into a low, meager bun. It would take time to grow as long as Miss Douglas' and even then, of course, it wouldn't be black, but Catherine felt she had done a bang-up job. The face that looked from the mirror was certainly different. It was certainly not a baby face.

Pleased and eager, she had unlocked her door and, with the self-assured, rather pivoting saunter of Miss Douglas, she had presented herself to Alec.

When his eyes had taken her in, when he could get his jaw back where it belonged, he had risen slowly, dropping his newspaper, staring in something like horror.

"Cripes!" he had managed at last. "What's happened to you? You look like a zombie."

It just wasn't any use. She had looked like a zombie, a caricature—as ridiculous as Miss Douglas would have looked if the latter had tried to imitate *her*.

Still, Catherine reminded herself, Alec hadn't changed toward her. He still cuddled her, called her his Baby, his Snooks, his Lamby-pie. So she had allowed herself to be reassured, lulled.

Until today. Until Helen had come in and stirred it all up again, going on about how she had seen Alec having lunch with Miss Douglas one day last week.

"It may have been just business," Helen had said, doubtfully. "They were reading over papers. But the way she looked at him, a self-assured, attractive woman—"

And in love with him, Catherine had added in her heart.

Abruptly, she got up from the dressing table. She wouldn't wait for Alec to come home. She'd march down, right now, to the office and tell him he'd have to do something about Miss Douglas. The sooner that woman and her glamor were out of his sight, the better.

"YOUR husband has just stepped out, Mrs. McLean. Will you wait?"

"If you don't mind," said Catherine. The women smiled at each other with polite mouths, but their eyes were frosted over, unseeing.

Catherine sat down by the window and stared at a magazine. She sat stiffly and her heart jarred against her teeth. After a while, her dimples showed briefly. It wouldn't be long now.

Miss Douglas was talking over the phone, repeating an order, getting the details down in her efficient, assured way. But her voice—what had happened to her voice? It wasn't slow or low or bored any more. It had climbed the scale and arrived, rather breathless, at the top. Her tongue caught at her s's, seeming almost to lisp them. "Like bells on a Christmas stocking."

Catherine peered at Miss Douglas slyly, over the magazine. It fell to the floor as her hands loosened. "Cripes!" thought Catherine, using Alec's word. "What's she done to herself? Who's she trying to look like?"

Miss Douglas had bobbed her hair. It hung softly, brushing her shoulders with curled-up ends. A short fluff of bangs framed her forehead. Except that it was dark hair, it looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy's. As she went on talking into the phone, the mouth that had been large and vivid, but was now ridiculously small and a delicate pink, pouted like a baby's.

It came slowly to Catherine, but it came. And when it did, she leaned back in her chair while peace fell upon her like a gentle rain from heaven. She sat like that for some minutes. At last she got up, crossed to the desk and stood there, looking down at Miss Douglas as she pulled on her gloves.

"I won't wait any longer," she said serenely. "Just tell him I stopped by."

She closed the door behind her. Gently.

OUR NEW ARMY

2D ARMY

2 LOUISIANA MANEUVER ECHOES. The general—no less a general than the 2d (Red) Army's commander, Lieut. Gen. Ben Lear—wanted to see us. The reason being that we and Southeast Correspondent Dudley Haddock had the dubious honor of being the first two 3d (Blue) Army correspondents to be captured during the realistic battle recently waged over 30,000 Pelican State and Texas square miles.

5TH DIV.

We had driven ninety-six miles north from 3d Army headquarters at Lake Charles to the free town of Alexandria, on the contested Red River, to nose around; and we had scarcely turned our necks and the car, intending to evacuate the place, before it happened. A mess of 2d infantrymen saw our Blue pennant, blocked the road and wanted to know how come. We couldn't outtalk them. A sergeant climbed aboard, said, "No monkey business or I'll bat you on the head," and backseat drove us to the command post, whence, with command cars fore and aft, we proceeded twenty miles over dry red-clay roads to 5th Division headquarters. It was just too bad for us that the colonel in charge was on a reconnaissance mission, seeking ways for troop movements. Every time we hit a main highway the colonel snorted, and the procession scuttled back into a new set of dusty ruts through the hog and hominy country.

2D CAV. DIV.

6TH DIV.

After chow and a rest at headquarters, another convoy eased us forty more miles back to 2d Army headquarters in the grade-school building at Winnfield. This institution was jammed with typewriters, telephone switchboards and personnel, which was all right with the Winnfield kids, who didn't finally get back to the grind until last week. Only one classroom had any space left in it; and in this space sat General Lear. He beamed at our approach. Our presence pleased him, in a gleefully dignified sort of way. "Welcome," said the general. "Thank you, sir," said we . . . Twenty-six hours later, three M.P.'s in a command car led us fifty miles still farther north to Ruston, at whose replacement center we were fingerprinted, photographed—and cut loose.

All of which is why this particular edition of Our New Army contains none of the news from our tireless correspondents in other sections of the country who faithfully rushed their reports to a Louisiana address as far out of our reach as a bowl of Manhattan clam chowder.

27TH DIV.

IF YOU haven't seen a newspaper for a couple of weeks it will be news to you that this country's greatest peacetime maneuvers occupied nearly 500,000 men—as large a force as the first A.E.F. Lieut. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, Chief of Staff of GHQ and maneuver director, called it "the biggest field exercise the Army has ever staged, the biggest it will probably ever stage, and perhaps its last." At any rate, it did more for enlisted-man boredom than anything since the first can of beer was sold in a post exchange. There were some casualties, but the boys learned to use the roads, despite lack of co-operation from civilians, who apparently thought the 35-mile speed limit imposed for the duration of the scrap was an Army whimsy.

STILL clicking, down in Gurdon, Arkansas, are the 2d Army's Claims Officers, trying to soothe those inhabitants

(Continued on page 78)

HANS GROENHOFF

The Army's jeeps—as soldiers from coast to coast fondly call the new command and reconnaissance cars—got a real workout in the large-scale Louisiana maneuvers. Here is a Blue Army jeep moving fast in difficult terrain on a scouting mission

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wn and cap
Russian air
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SOVFOTO

Russian Women at War

By Alice Leone Moats

BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

Bus drivers in Moscow have long, lacquered fingernails. But don't be deceived; they're taking the war in earnest. And so are the women doctors and fliers and factory workers. In fact, the Red women are doing men's work and doing it well

THERE are thirty million women in the Soviet Union taking an active part in the war effort. That's a lot of women no matter how you look at it, and they must be regarded as a very vital part of Russia's defense. This does not mean, however, that they are serving as soldiers with the Red Army. The story of women's battalions circulated abroad turns out to be nothing more than a romantic myth.

In German-occupied territory there are, of course, thousands of women whose number can't be estimated who have picked up a gun or any handy farm tool and, leading a cow, made for woods to join the guerrilla bands. There are also a few aviatrixes serving in the air force as fighting pilots, but all women who have tried to enlist in the regular army have been turned down. The government's attitude is that if and when there should ever be a shortage of men for active service, women would unhesitatingly be called upon. That day is never expected to arrive and in the meantime woman's place is definitely on the home front.

Since newspapers usually devote most of their space to descriptions of heroic battles, the general public is apt to forget that an army can fight only as long as it is kept supplied with food, clothing and war matériel. That's where the Russian women come in. From the very day their country was attacked they began either to work harder at the jobs they already had or to volunteer for every imaginable kind of defense work, and they are showing zeal, patriotism, courage and, what's even more to the point, strength, endurance and ability.

To anyone brought up with the American idea that the female is the weaker vessel, the tasks Russian women can accomplish are absolutely amazing. I have seen women at the bottom of a deep ditch effortlessly throwing out huge shovelfuls of earth that would cause a strapping man to groan and grunt with exertion. This year's bumper crop was brought in almost entirely by female labor, and a friend just back from a trip to a collective farm some two hundred miles from Moscow reports that the entire countryside is swarming with women driving heavy tractors, operating threshing machines and combines and generally doing a major part of the work. The factories, now staffed with a greater proportion of women than men, are reaching and in many cases exceeding their prewar norms. In other words the girls are more than carrying their share of the burden in this war.

When a man leaves a factory to join up, his wife very often takes his place. If his job is one that requires an expert, she takes on some other work, for the factories have adopted the rule of giving employment to the wife of any worker who wishes to replace him while he fights at the front. I talked to one of these wives, Anna Dimitrievna, a very pretty woman with big black eyes in an amusing and expressive little face. Her husband went to war one week after it broke out and before leaving took her to his factory where two thirds of the employees are now women as opposed to fifty per cent before. The director found a kindergarten where her two children would be looked after during the day and she started a month's training. Now she has her husband's job and manages to keep up to his norm. She is wildly enthusiastic about the work and says she doesn't get a bit tired even though it's all new to her and she puts in more than the regular eight hours whenever she is allowed to volunteer for overtime. Besides this, twice a week she takes night duty as a fire watcher on the roof of her house. After the war she intends to keep on working in the factory, for she says it's much more fun than staying home and doing housekeeping because of the companionship she finds. "We have an hour off for lunch in the factory cafeteria," she told me, "when we have a swell time talking and listening to music on the radio. Sometimes the workers do their own singing, but that's only the young ones," added Anna primly, speaking from the lofty dignity of her advanced age of thirty-four.

In the Stalingrad region alone there are over ten thousand women operating tractors and *(Continued on page 49)*

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

THE Crales—Amyas and his wife, Caroline—are living at Alderbury, an English estate that overlooks the sea, when Amyas, an artist, becomes infatuated with a young girl—Elsa Greer—whose portrait he is painting.

Aware of how her husband feels toward the girl, Caroline makes the resolve to hold him, come what may. . . . One afternoon, the Crales have tea with Meredith Blake, a neighbor. Blake's other guests are: his brother, Philip; Angela Warren, Caroline's half sister; and Elsa Greer. Before the party breaks up, the host, an amateur chemist, takes his friends through his laboratory. A few hours later, he makes an alarming discovery: a bottle of coniine (a poison) is missing!

On the following day, Amyas, in his garden, is at work on the portrait of Elsa (who is posing for him) when his wife gives him a glass of beer. The beer—as subsequent analysis proves—*contains coniine.* Amyas dies. At the time of his death, *he is still in the garden; and he is alone.*

All the evidence—and there is plenty of it—points strongly to one person as the poisoner: Caroline Crale.

Charged with murder, Caroline is tried, convicted, sentenced to penal servitude for life. One year later, she dies in prison. Before she dies, however, she writes a letter, to be read by her young daughter, Caroline ("Carla") when she reaches the age of twenty-one. In the letter she asserts that she is innocent.

Sixteen years after the trial, Carla reads the letter. She calls on Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, in London; she implores him to investigate the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

Poirot likes the girl. He promises to do what he can. Then, following a series of interviews with various persons who had figured, in one way or another, in the case, he has a fairly good conception of what happened at Alderbury when Carla Crale was just a child. The Blake brothers are, fortunately, still alive; and, after answering numerous questions, they promise to set down in writing all they can remember of the tragedy.

Poirot wishes to visit the scene of the crime. Meredith Blake escorts him to Alderbury. As they approach the fine old house, Meredith glances at the Belgian. "It—it all comes back to me," he murmurs. "Ghosts. *Ghosts everywhere!*"

V

THEY returned to the quay by a somewhat longer and more rambling route. Poirot did not speak; nor did Blake. When they reached Handcross Manor once more, Blake said abruptly:

"I bought that picture, you know. The one that Amyas was painting. I just couldn't stand the idea of its being sold for—well, publicity value—a lot of dirty-minded brutes gaping at it. It was a fine piece of work. Amyas said it was the best thing he'd ever done. I shouldn't be surprised if he was right. It was practically finished. He only wanted to work on it another day or so. Would—would you care to see it?"

Hercule Poirot said quickly, "Yes, indeed."

Blake led the way across the hall and took a key from his pocket. He unlocked a door and they went into a fair-sized, dusty-smelling room. It was closely shuttered. Blake went across to the windows and opened the wooden shutters. Then, with a little difficulty, he flung up a window and a breath of fragrant spring air came wafting into the room.

Meredith said, "That's better."

He stood by the window inhaling the air and Poirot joined him. There was no need to ask what the room had been. The shelves were empty, but there were marks upon them where bottles had once stood. Against one wall was some derelict chemical apparatus and a sink. The room was thick in dust.

Meredith Blake was looking out of the window. He said: "How easily it all comes back. Standing here, smelling the jasmine, and talking—talking, like the damned fool I was, about my precious potions and distillations!"

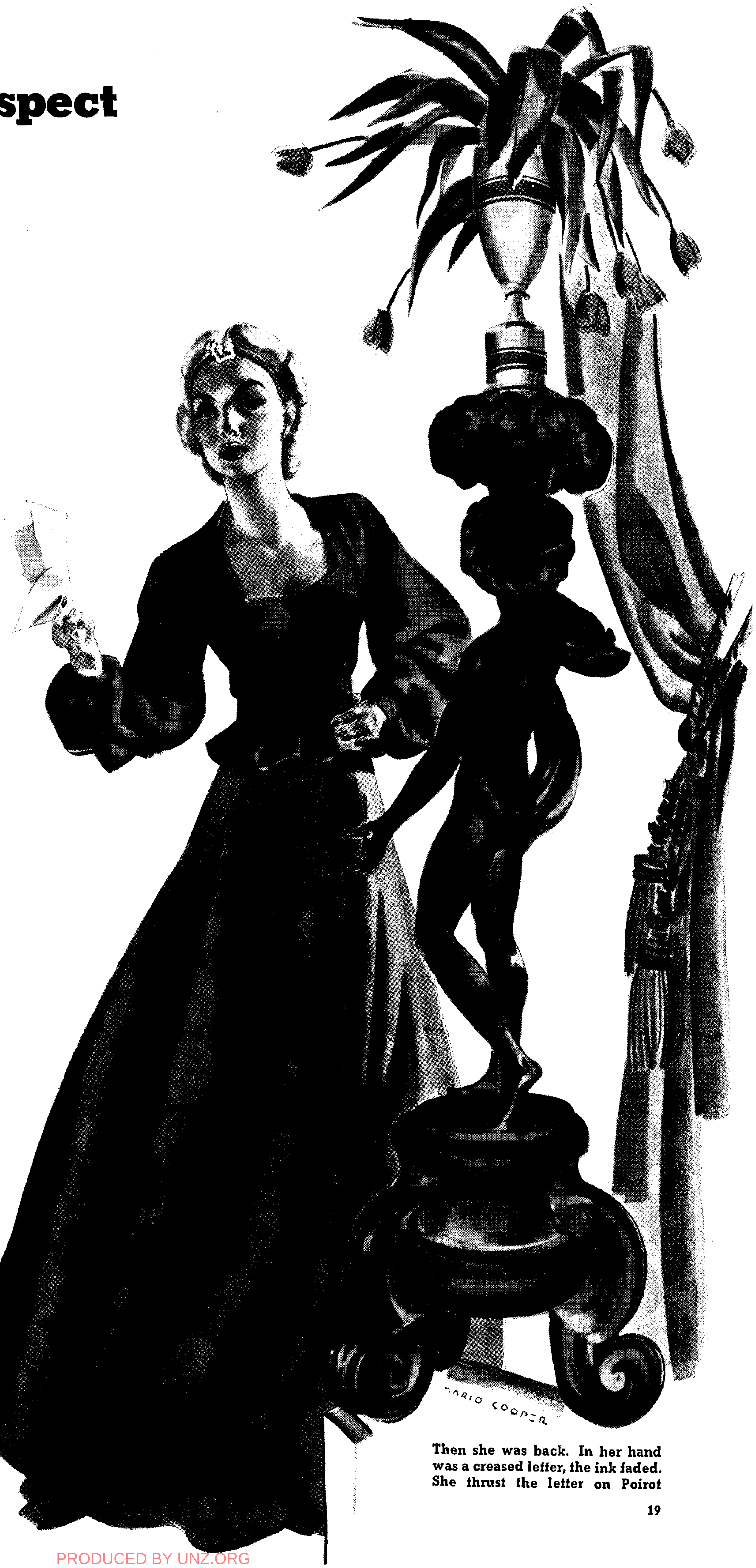
Absently, Poirot stretched a hand through the window. He pulled off a spray of jasmine leaves just breaking from their woody stem.

Meredith Blake moved resolutely across the floor. On the wall was a picture covered with a dust sheet. He jerked the dust sheet away.

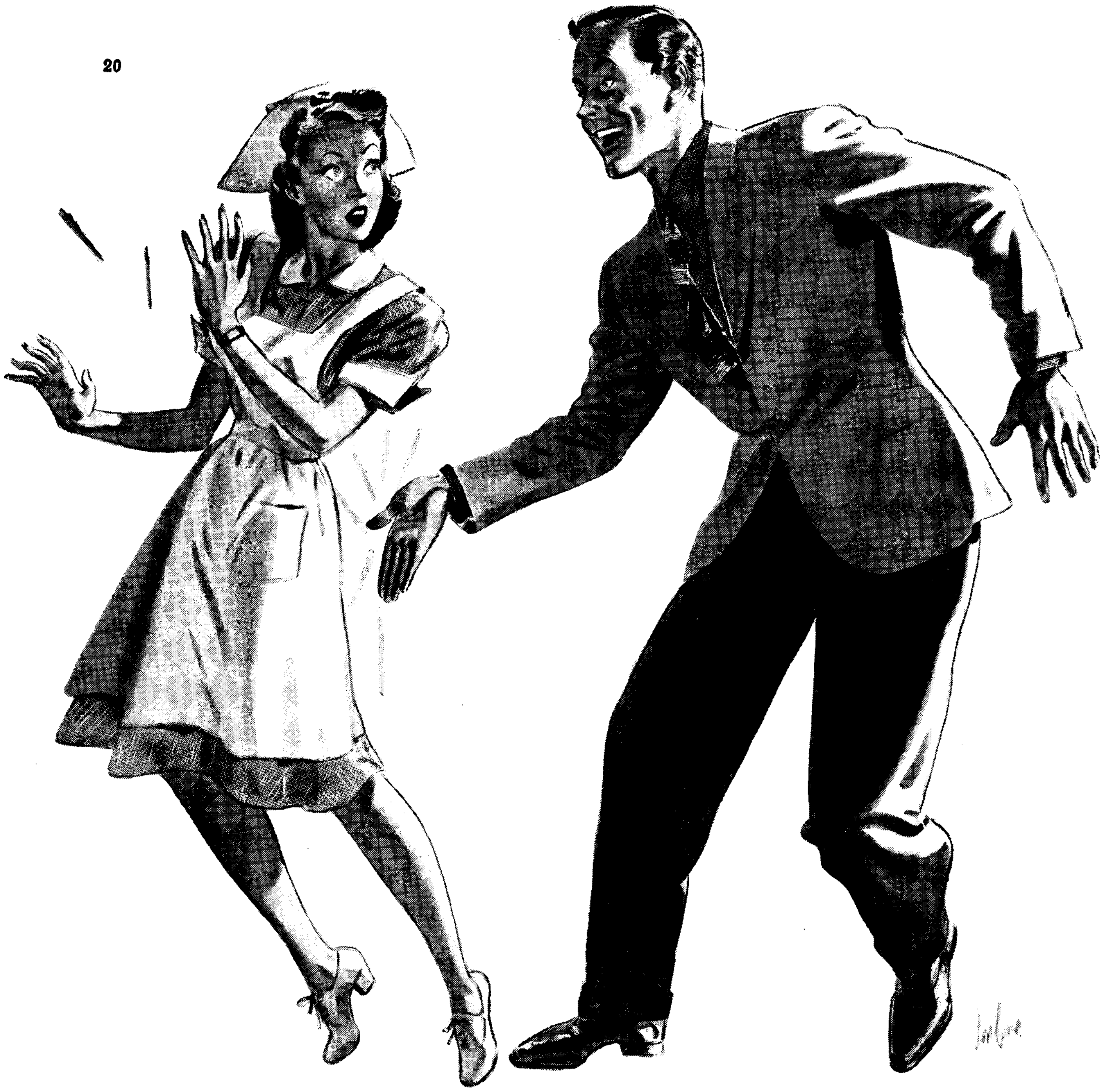
Poirot caught his breath. He had seen, so far, four pictures of Amyas Crale's—two at the Tate; one at a London dealer's; one, the still life of roses. But now he was looking at what the artist himself had called his best picture, and Poirot realized at once what a superb artist the man had been.

The painting had an odd, superficial smoothness. At first sight it might have been a poster, so seemingly crude were its contrasts. A girl, a girl in a canary-yellow shirt and dark blue slacks, sitting on a gray wall in full sunlight against a background of violent blue sea. Just the kind of subject for a poster.

But the first appearance was deceptive: there was a subtle distortion—an (*Continued on page* 37)



Then she was back. In her hand was a creased letter, the ink faded. She thrust the letter on Poirot



To her complete confusion, he drew back, handed her a single spank and gave vent to a shout

Sing It Again

By Victoria Lincoln

Remember who wrote I Love the Balloon Man? He's out of the doghouse again with another catchy tune you'll soon be wishing you could forget

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

YOU know what the trade calls a novelty song: The Wise Old Owl is one, and I Love the Balloon Man, and Three Ity Fitties. You can sing yourself right back to the beginnings of American history on them; The Music Goes Round and Round, Barney Google, Ja-Da, Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. At Gettysburg they sang Shoo! Fly, Don't Bother Me, and at Valley Forge they whistled Yankee Doodle.

The life story of any one of them goes the same way. First you sing it morning, noon and night. Then you groan when your neighbor tunes up, or you catch yourself at it again. Then everyone forgets it and a generation passes, and suddenly, out of oblivion, someone digs it up, words and music, for kids to sing on picnics and sleigh rides and mothers to sing to make the baby laugh, and old people to sing to make themselves remember; and it has become an American folk song.

Nobody knows who wrote it, then, and nobody cares. But I can still tell you who wrote I Love the Balloon Man. It was Jed Wallace. He just picked it up out of a clear sky one August evening as he was boarding a cross-town bus.

Jed was the pianist with Whit Halsey's Horse Marines. He wasn't terrific, and neither were they, but their bookings were solid and respectable. Good second-rate, just about hits it. And then, as I've told you, he picked up one foot to climb aboard a bus and stepped right into the money. Everyone sang his tune, everyone danced to it, every juke box ground it out, and Jed threw up his job and went and saw all the places in the rotogravures, Palm Springs and Sun Valley and Tia Juana, and bought himself a good enough year to last him a lifetime.

He didn't save anything, because, what was the point? When it was gone, he told himself, all he had to do was write another. He might have to wait, but sooner or later the idea would just come up and hit him, a screwy line, a tune that belonged to it; and he'd run off and look up a bunch of instrumentalists, friends, and they'd sort of tease it out, all together, with him at the piano. That was the right way to do it, the good way; that was the way it came out sweet and easy with all the life in it.

He explained this to Sylvie to make it clear to her why it was all right for them to get married when he had just one hundred and fifty dollars left in the world and no job. He told her the whole thing because he thought you ought to be honest with a girl. For, of course, you never could tell. They'd be living in one room and eating around in Broadway drugstores and stuff like that if it was long coming. They might have to wait quite a while.

"That's all right," said Sylvie. "That's all right, Jed. It won't be new to me, living like that. Besides, I'll keep on singing."

Well, sure she'd keep on singing. Why shouldn't she? Before he found out about being gifted, Jed wouldn't have liked it so well. It would have looked as if she was keeping him. Guys who sponged on women made him sick. But this was different, because as soon as it hit him, as soon as he got it, he could give her everything.

And you could bet he would, too. It'd be twice as much fun as it was blowing it on himself. Boy, would he love it, plastering her with mink and rocks and taking her around to El Morocco and the Stork Club and like that and watching the headwaiters fall dead.

SYLVIE was made to be dressed up, he thought. She was a natural blonde, with blue eyes and soft, clear skin that made her look as if you could stand her in front of a light and see through her. Too thin; she was just nineteen and she probably didn't eat regular, living alone. But she had little bones; *she looked* sweet even as thin as she was. She was just the refined type to dress in clothes that showed what they cost. Even her face was all natural except just a lick of lipstick and something to make her eyelashes black instead of brown. She was like no one else in his world.

He saw her for the first time when she walked out on the floor at the Candide to stand before the microphone. She sang an old-timer, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, and the arrangement was corny enough to turn your stomach, but she wasn't corny.

She had a small voice, the sort that never could have got by before they had a mike in every joint; but it was musical. She hit the notes like a good instrumentalist, clear and even; and the way she said the words was good, too, as if she had just thought them up, as if she was sort of surprised at her own nerve, saying them out loud. It was shy and tender like her face and body, and before it was over Jed was hoping that she was what she looked like and not an optical illusion, and wondering if he could make her understand about his having a hundred and fifty dollars and no job and how it was a perfectly safe bet.

He held off for a week before he put it up to her, and by that time he had no more doubts about her answer. *How she said it was funny, though.* She put her thin arms around his neck and rubbed her cheek against his jawbone.

"It's all right, Jed," she whispered, "you'll grow up. Business is fundamentally sound."

Then she moved away and he looked at her. Nineteen years old was no baby in their world and trade but, even so, she was just about the youngest good thing that ever stood in front of a microphone in a long dress. She was a pretty one to talk about growing up.

He put his hand on her neck, bending her head against him once more.

"Sylvie," he said. "I'll be so good to you, Sylvie. Wait and see. We'll knock their eyes out, Sylvie. We'll wreck them. Cole Porter and Gertie Lawrence will be killing themselves to get asked to your house to supper.

"Just you wait, pretty. Just you wait, Small Sizes."

And at first she was quite willing to wait.

They set up housekeeping in a one-room walk-up. It had sunlight, a Murphy bed, and a gas plate.

The owner of the delicatessen on the first floor used to give Sylvie ice. Give, not sell.

"I should sell ice by the tisspoon," he would say fiercely, staring above the silver-blond head. "Maybe I'm charging, too, for the paper and string what I'm putting on the chiz and potato salat."

Neither did he try to even up the loss on the cream and butter he sold her. No one ever wanted to take advantage

(Continued on page 67)

THE FIGHT GOES ON

By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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This article is made up of two sections of the notes written by the President to accompany his "Public Papers and Addresses" for 1937-1940, about to be published. Although designed to clarify certain official documents, these notes stand by themselves as expressions of the President's present attitude on the sit-down strikes of 1937 and explain the operation of the Lend-Lease Bill

NINETEEN THIRTY-SEVEN was the year of strikes. During that year there were 4,740 strikes, involving 1,860,000 workers, resulting in about 28,425,000 man-days of idleness. It was the highest number of strikes for any year in the country's history up to that time, although there were more than twice as many workers involved in strikes in 1919 as there were in 1937.

The unusually large number of strikes for that year was due to various factors. Underlying them all, however, was the simple fact that business was everywhere on the upgrade. Prices were rising. Conditions were therefore favorable for workers to make demands upon their employers.

The more direct factor, however, was the accelerated growth of the trade-union movement itself. Trade unionism, which had declined in strength and in numbers during the years of depression since 1929, had become revitalized with the beginning of the National Recovery Administration in 1933, guaranteeing the right to collective bargaining. Since 1933 trade unionism had made steady progress. The passage of the National Labor Relations Act in 1935 and the decisions of the United States Supreme Court on April 12, 1937, which sustained the constitutionality of that Act, definitely assured all unorganized workers of their paramount right to join the ranks of organized labor, and to protection from any discrimination by their employers by reason of any union activity.

In the meantime, during 1936, the trade-union movement had itself split into two rival camps—the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. The difference between them was primarily in the method of organization, chiefly in the mass-production industries.

As a result of this schism, there was the normal increase of union activities resulting from the general rise of the labor movement. There were also competing organization drives by both of these factions of labor in all branches of industry. . . .

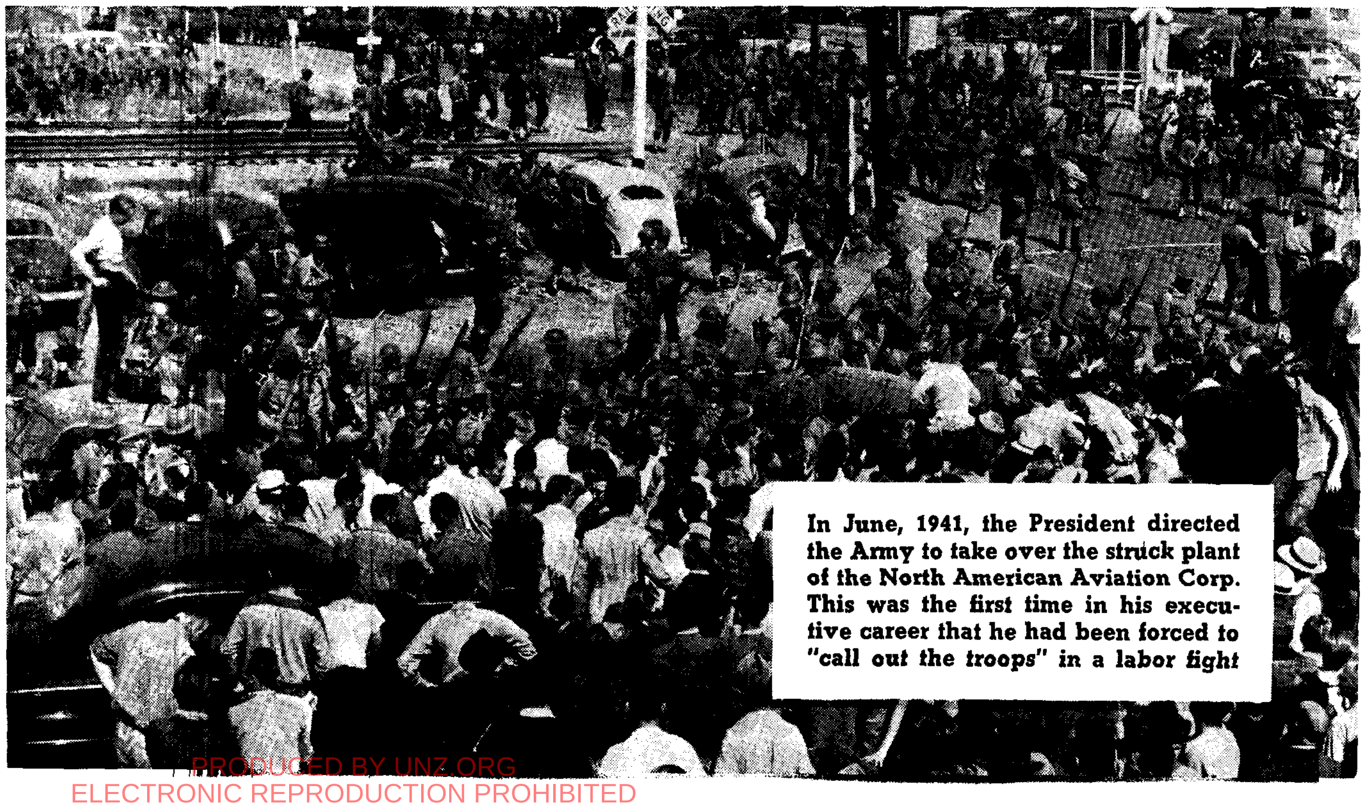
A distinctive feature of the 1937 labor disputes was the use of sit-down strikes. One out of every ten strikes in the United States in 1937 was a so-called sit-down strike, in which all or part of the workers involved remained at their places of work for one or more working days after stopping work. In addition, there were numerous sit-down strikes which lasted only a few hours; but no record is kept by the Bureau of Labor Statistics with respect to strikes lasting less than one day.

Sit-down strikes were at their height in March, 1937. Toward the end of the year they dwindled in number, and practically disappeared.

This year of strikes in 1937 was a period of great stress for the United States. Labor was having its growing pains. Labor, which had been subjected to so much exploitation in the past, was just beginning to find its power under the new impetus of favorable legislation and a sympathetic government. It had not quite grown up to such power. In some quarters irresponsible leadership had *(Continued on page 62)*

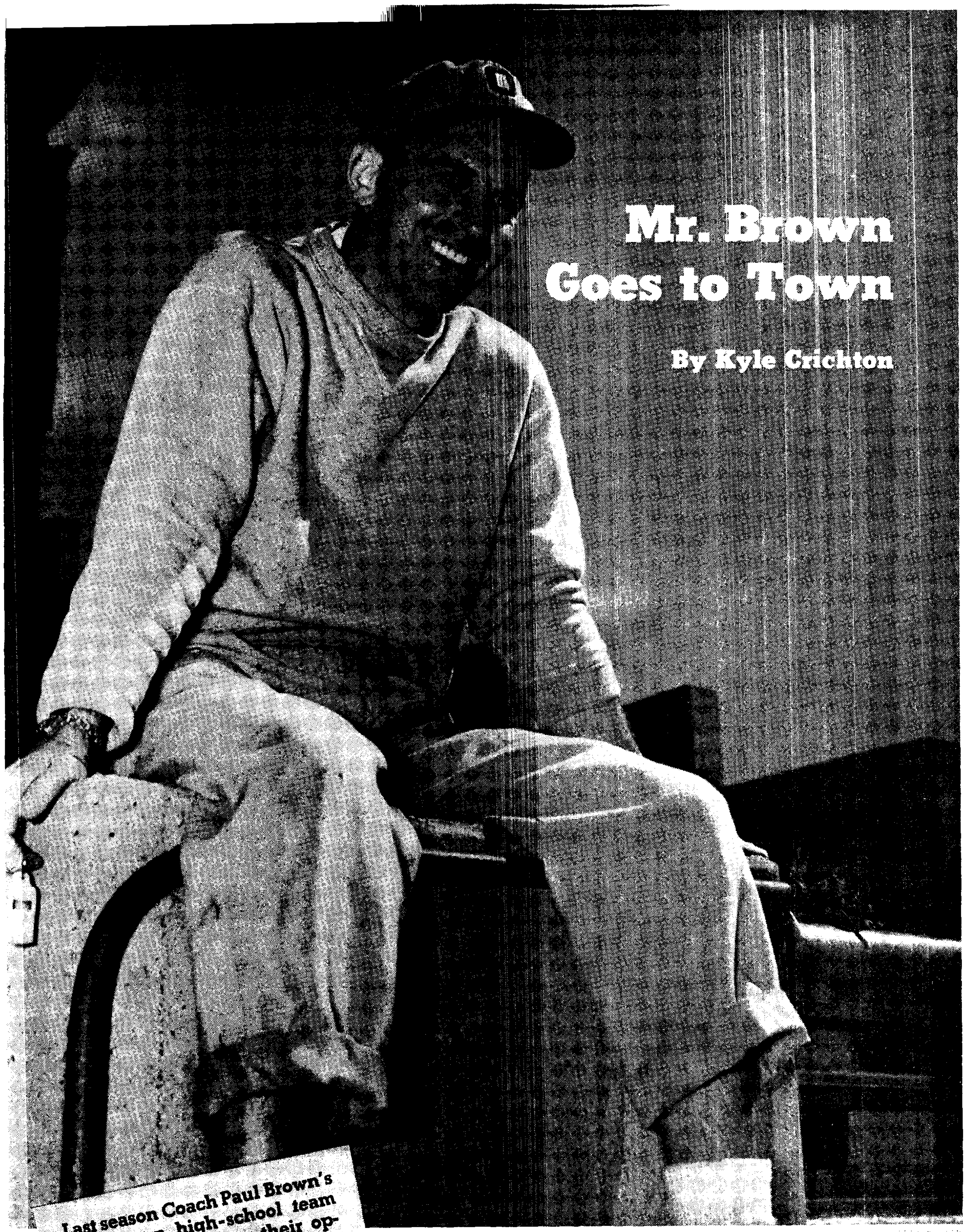
June, 1940, saw the beginning of real American aid to Britain. In that month $43,000,000 worth of surplus American war materials were sent to her, followed in September by fifty overage American destroyers, one of which is here seen in action depth-bombing a sub

BRITISH COMBINE



AC

In June, 1941, the President directed the Army to take over the struck plant of the North American Aviation Corp. This was the first time in his executive career that he had been forced to "call out the troops" in a labor fight



Mr. Brown Goes to Town

By Kyle Crichton

Last season Coach Paul Brown's small-town high-school team scored 477 points to their opponents' 6. That item best describes the coaching ability the remarkable Brown is taking to his new job at Ohio State

PAUL BROWN is now the new football coach of Ohio State University and his neck sticks out to here. He is young, he is ambitious—and his coaching heretofore has been confined strictly to high-school circles. If he flops he will not only be reviled by the famous Monday-morning quarterbacks of Columbus but he stands a good chance of being exiled. The athletic committee of Ohio State makes a pretense of having selected Brown but in reality he was picked by the populace of old Buckeye and the committee would have had nothing but lynching for its pains if it hadn't hired him.

Brown's record at Massillon (Ohio) High had been so spectacular that when the former coach, Francis (Gates of Mercy) Schmidt, was hurled into the night after a forlorn season, there was an outcry in the state that amounted to a clamor. The committee was swamped with letters demanding that Brown be signed. Governor Bricker was bombarded; President Bevis was hounded. The state high-school coaches' association put on a campaign on Brown's behalf. There were editorials, round robins, telegrams, blackhand notes and bombing threats signed in blood.

"And is that athletic committee sitting pretty!" cry the cynics around Columbus. "If Brown makes good, they're great guys. If he fails, everybody in the state'll commit suicide and there'll be nobody left to complain."

Since the inauguration of big-time, high-pressure football, there has been nothing to approach the Brown saga. Not only is he leaping from high school into the toughest of all football competition, the Western Conference, but he has taken three Massillon coaches with him as assistants. The plain inference is that the best of Ohio high-school coaching is good enough for the toughest football rivalry in the country. If the venture fails there will be nothing for Ohio to do but secede from the Union.

There is no possible understanding of the situation unless you have seen Massillon. It is the most fanatically football-minded community in America and we say this with full knowledge of Texas' football insanity. Professional football started in Massillon and its next-door neighbor, Canton, and the traditions of the sport go far back in the town's history. In 1905 when the Massillon Tigers, with the great Red Salmon of Notre Dame, defeated Canton, led by the famous Willie Heston of Michigan, there was a quarter of a million dollars wagered on the outcome. The impetus from that great day has never faded.

"In that town," say the Massillon rivals, "they wait only until they determine whether the new-born babe is a boy or a girl—and then they hand the boy a football."

Brown, who is now only thirty-two, was born in Norwalk, Ohio, but the family moved to Massillon when he was twelve and he immediately became one of the maniacs. Although he never weighed more than 120 pounds in high school, he was quarterback his last two years. He went down to Ohio State as a freshman but realized that his weight would keep him out of that competition and transferred to Miami University, where he was quarterback two years, being a fine runner and an extra-good forward passer, although he never weighed more than 140 pounds at his best. His generalship and football knowledge were so apparent that it was inevitable that he should be a coach and he went immediately to Severn, a prep school for the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he lost only one game in two seasons and turned out, among others, the famous Slade Cutter of Navy.

Massillon Does All Right

When he came back to coach Massillon the town was in tears over a few bad seasons and he had some trouble in getting started. In his first year the town won six, lost three and tied one. Next year he won eight and lost two, the third year he won nine and lost one. After that it became remarkable. In the next six years Massillon won the state championship every year, winning a total of sixty games, losing one and tying one!

Last year, 1940, was a typical Brown season. Massillon scored 477 points to its opponents' 6, being scored on only in the last game by Canton McKinley. In his six big years his team scored 2,393 points to its rivals' 168.

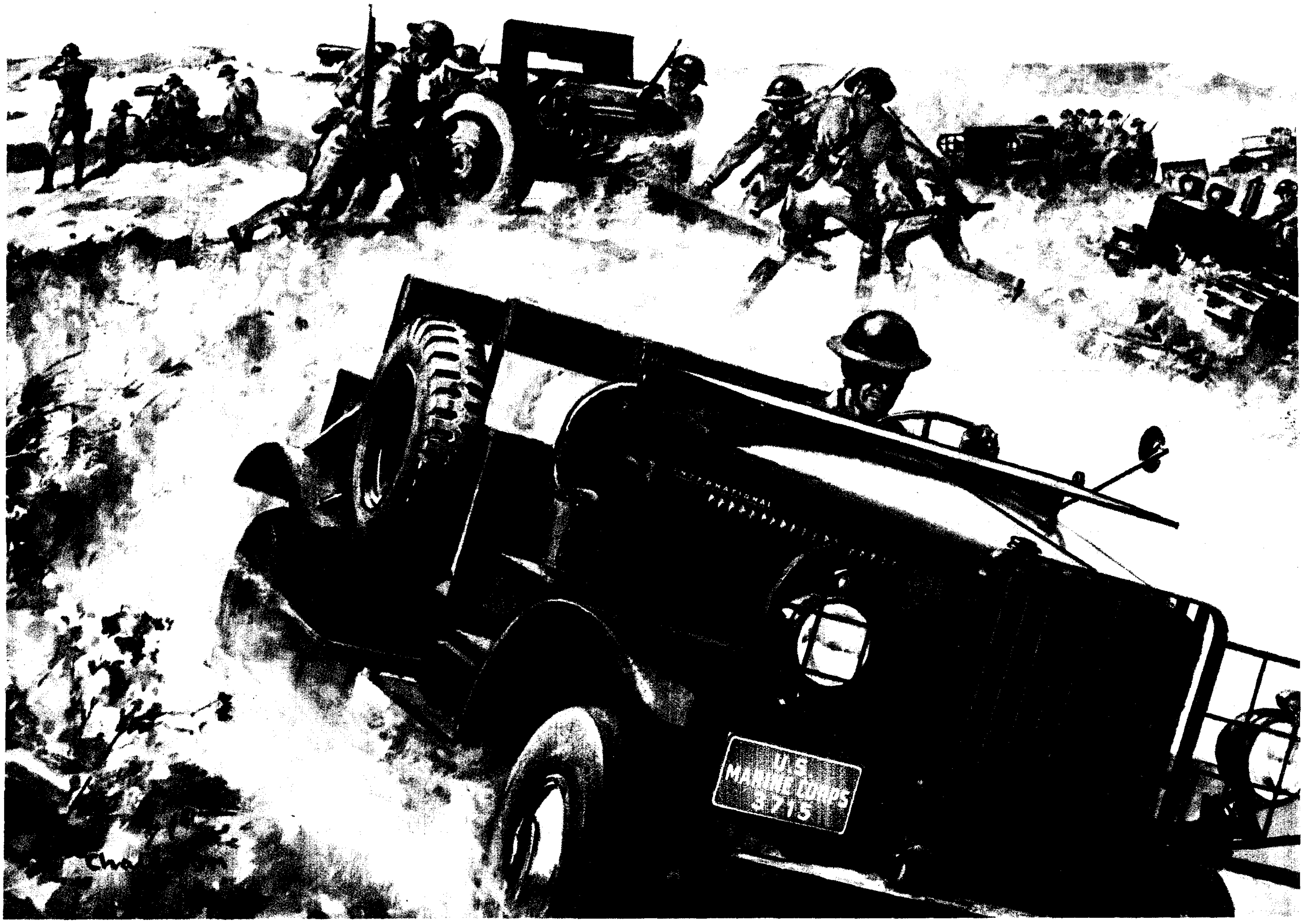
"Boy, it is murder," they say around Ohio. "They pour it on."

The Brown teams operate from a single wing with an unbalanced line, featuring power, the razzle-dazzle and lots of passing. Massillon defeated Toledo Waite last year, 28-0, in the rain by sheer power. Next week it swamped Canton McKinley with passes. The feature of this game was a play where the left half took the ball and handed it to the right half on reverse. That gentleman spun and handed it to the left end, who went laterally twenty-five yards with the oval and then hurled it downfield over the goal line for a touchdown.

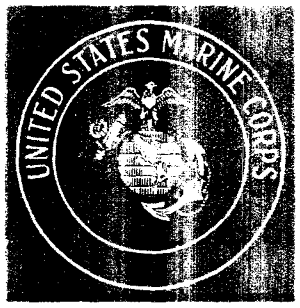
"I'll tell you why teams play them," said a man in Massillon in answer to a question. "They want that dough."

Massillon High played last year to 175,000 people, averaging over 20,000 a game for the eight home games. Its stadium seats 22,000 and it is sold out months in advance for the big games. With the exception of the Canton McKinley game all contests are held on Friday night under lights, and Massillon puts on a show that might have been done by Billy Rose but in reality is handled by George Bird, the band leader. The Massillon band goes in for swing and intricate maneuvers. There are flag-raisings, living statues, barelegged drum majorettes, bombs bursting after each touchdown and a between-the-halves performance often better than the game itself. They tell of the young man who went up to the box-office window last year and said: "Give me two tickets to the floor show."

(Continued on page 64)



DON'T tell it to the Marines—they *KNOW!*



Emblem of the United States Marine Corps

WHAT'S BACK of that classic phrase "Tell It to the Marines"? Is it a touch of envy, perhaps? Is it admiration, in disguise?

The tough Marines don't give a hang. They just go on getting tougher. "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli" sing the Devil Dogs, and you get a glimpse of the colorful history of the United States Marine Corps—a history of brilliant service in many lands. In 95 of the years since the American Revolution the Corps has gone into action at the famous call "Send Marines!" They are *the soldiers that go to sea*—first on the war scene, *first to fight.*

If they'd let you visit the Marine Corps bases at Quantico, at San Diego, at Parris Island and Guantánamo, you'd see the Marines preparing your defense by ultra-modern attack strategy—each division training to be its own self-contained expeditionary force, complete with planes and tanks and artillery, trucks and tractors, and engineer and supply services.

Today International Harvester, dedicating its effort to the cause of NATIONAL DEFENSE, pledges its trucks to the needs of the Armed Forces of the nation. Today the lessons of rugged, world-wide service—such service as Internationals have long been privileged to render the Marines—bear fruit of inestimable value. Wherever duty calls them in the emergency, Internationals shall play their part—Defenders all!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue **Chicago, Illinois**

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Wondering abou

Here is Buick's superb solution to the problems posed by making our national defense, as it should be, industrial America's No. 1 job

IT was no time to duck or dodge the facts. So we didn't try.

Instead we said – these being the materials critical in the defense program, we'll do our planning for 1942 with that foremost in mind.

Not merely for an "acceptable" car—certainly not for any "ersatz" number. We bowed our necks against that.

No, we had to have a real and representative Buick. One we could be proud of. One *able* enough, *active* enough, *durable* enough to serve and delight its owner till that unscheduled time when annual new models are the rule again.

The world being what it is, that may be a long spell away.

Thus for our own good, too, we resolved on a 1942 automobile of such mettle and merit as could carry and cherish the Buick reputation without fault until other new Buicks, however far off, could come along to refresh it.

So went the specifications for however many or few we may build—now we're announcing the cars.

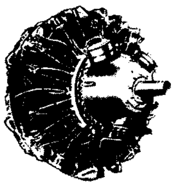
Why waste words telling you how good they are! You can't put language in the gas tank and

"BETTER BUY BUICK"

EXEMPLAR O

he 1942 cars ?

BUICK BUILDS FOR DEFENSE



Our assignment: Building Pratt & Whitney valve-in-head aircraft engines for defense use.

learn either how many or how enjoyable are the miles you'll get per gallon.

There's a better answer – you drive the cars themselves.

Come on, do that! Please put your *own* yardstick on their quality.

It would be a shame, for you and for us, to have you miss the dreadnaught Buick we've built to stand up successfully to the toughest job in years.

No other car has ALL THIS FOR YOU IN 'FORTY-TWO

You get **FIREBALL STRAIGHT-EIGHT VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE** that gets more power and range out of every drop of gasoline.

You get **COMPOUND CARBURETION** (optional on SPECIAL models, standard on other Series) for top economy with extra power in reserve.

You get **OIL-CUSHIONED CRANKSHAFT PINS AND JOURNALS** that greatly lengthen the life of main bearings.

You get **STURDI-LITE CONNECTING RODS** — 25% stronger for the same weight.

You get **STEPON PARKING BRAKE** that goes on with a touch of the toe, locks and releases from dash.

You get **BROADRIM WHEELS** that prevent heel-over on turns, greatly improve car handling.

You get **FULLY ADJUSTABLE STEERING POST** that permits wheel to be set higher or lower.

You get **BODY BY FISHER,** in daring new styling featuring back seats up to 52 inches wide.

You get **WEATHERWARDEN** ventiheater (accessory) which provides winter warmth, summer comfort, freedom from noise and fog-free outlook in all weather.

ENERAL MOTORS VALUE

"Mother blocks kick—scores winning meal!"

There are times when men want—not frills—but food! That's the very time to serve Ann Page *Tender-Cooked* Beans, savory and nourishing. They satisfy masculine appetites so completely and please hostesses with a flavor-quality typical of all 33 Ann Page Foods, America's Pantry Favorites.

Surely you have already discovered that all Ann Page Foods are superlative in goodness. Three reasons are outstanding. They are made from selected ingredients . . . they are prepared according to the most rigid standards . . . they are laboratory-controlled by food experts, to give you guarded quality from source to sale!

You get this same assured quality in many other fine foods made and sold exclusively by A&P. Try them! Treat yourself to the famous A&P Teas and Coffees—top quality White House Evaporated Milk—Marvel "Enriched" Bread—Jane Parker Rolls, Donuts and Cakes—and many others.

And treat yourself to another "plus"—to the amazing thrift of foods sold exclusively by A&P. These foods offer you welcome savings! That's because A&P cuts out many unnecessary in-between costs and shares the savings with you in fine foods at lower prices.

Place Ann Page *Tender-Cooked* Beans at the top of your shopping list and start the day right! They're the easy way to a hearty meal in a jiffy!

SAVE UP TO 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

A&P FOOD STORES

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our A&P Teas and Coffees—Marvel Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts—the 33 Ann Page Foods—White House Evaporated Milk—34 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables—Sunnyfield Flours—and many others.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P

ONE OF AMERICA'S PANTRY FAVORITES!

ANN PAGE BEANS

CONSUMER FACTS: Ann Page Beans are "Tender-Cooked", following our improved cooking process. The beans are fine pea beans, selected for quality. Expert inspection assures the best. Added to the beans are a luscious piece of bacon-type pork and a savory sauce. Ann Page Beans give guarded quality from source to sale. They are a worthy member of the famous family of Ann Page Foods, called "America's Pantry Favorites" by expert cooks.

ANN PAGE
Tender-Cooked
BEANS
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH PORK
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Enjoy the Thrifty 33 Ann Page Foods

©1941—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

His Job or Mine

Continued from page 12

is always with the girl you call the Blond Dazzler. She is real pretty, too.

"So I finally call him at his hotel and a girl's voice says he will see nobody. I didn't quite get the significance at the time. But somehow that relieves me because I'm not so sure just what I will say to him. But I like the sound of the girl's voice.

"You know how we figure Darber and the girl are just one of those things? But I found myself envious of him just the same and I got to looking up at the press box where I can see the Dazzler's head bobbing. Well, that made me miss them at second for sure. And when Darber gives me a going-over in the Post some fan from Bull Run, Virginia, starts a third battle which goes into my lost column.

"I'm not the smartest bird in the world but one night when my insomnia is getting permanent I suddenly realize that the way Darber rides me at second base is something more than baseball.

"That brings me up with a round turn like a country haircut. For a minute I think that maybe the Dazzler said I was handsome, the way women at a ball game will do. But I quickly pass that up and figure maybe I have stepped on the toes of some of his friends. But it doesn't jell.

"Well, it got so that I propositioned Johnson. If Darber gets after me in the daylight for what I do maybe we can nail him in the nighttime for something he does. That means we put a shadow on Darber and I get sick when I think it means bringing the Dazzler in. I'm in love with her.

"Well, the shadow comes on and brings a roper. The roper chums with the Dazzler and finds she is Darber's daughter. Darber is a divorced man but nobody knows it. And his life is as clean as a scrubwoman's thumb.

"And that's the way it is for some time. I stay in Washington, about as popular as a mouse in a sugar bowl. I keep looking up at the press box for a blond head I know is always there and wonder how Darber's daughter can be so crazy about baseball with Washington farther behind than a boy wearing long pants in the kindergarten.

"I get to thinking she is sweet on maybe Clyde Milan or Howard Shanks and I get so jealous I call Milan out when he has second base stolen as clean as apples in the rain.

"WELL, Washington isn't going anywhere any faster than a jacked-up truck in a slow garage that's been picketed for a year. But Darber wrote that Ban Johnson couldn't stuff me down a whale's throat without using fifty quarts of cream.

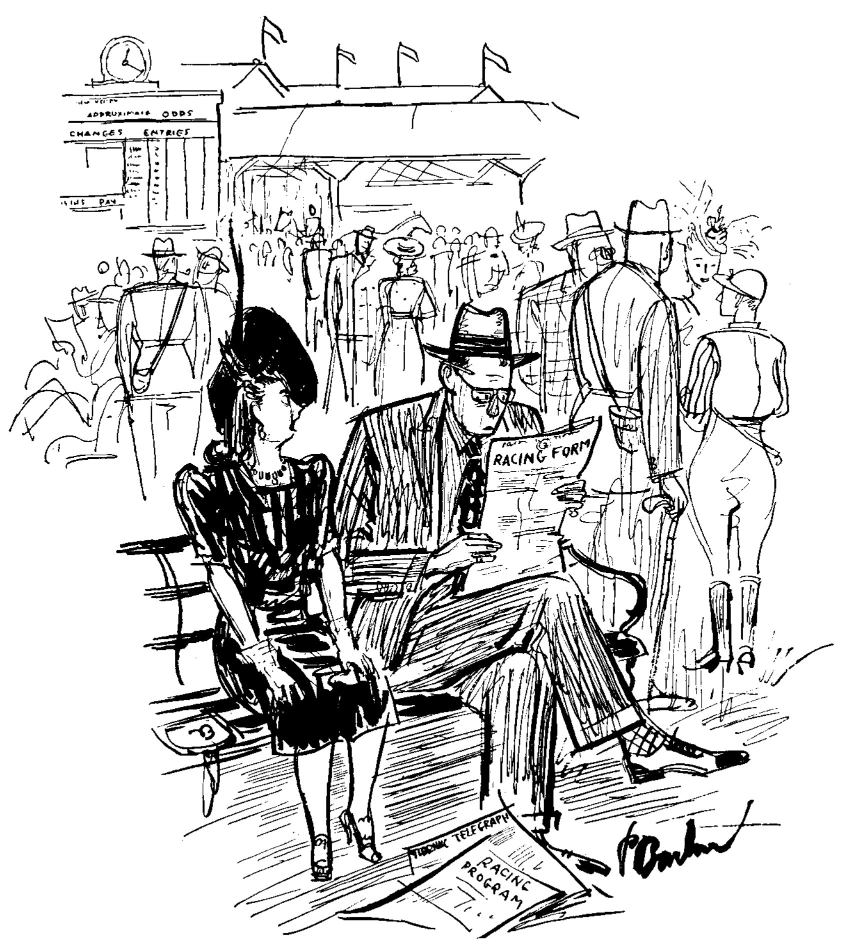
"A misguided fan read that. He must have been practicing in the minor leagues, for he hit me smack on the head with a bottle and I wake up with a lump on my head that's big enough to have a pair of ears of its own.

"That night I wander down to the hotel dining room with my head all packed up like insulated steam pipes in a cellar. When Darber and his daughter pass me they don't know me from Adam's bird dog.

"But this time I am determined to nail Darber and have it out like the splinter the old lady got from the rough pine bench.

"They take a seat in the dining room and Darber's daughter must love him, for she helps him to his seat. Then she kisses him and walks out and I can see he is going to eat alone. So I walk over and plunk myself down. He looks at me as if I were cellophane wrapped around a vacuum.

"'Darber,' I said, pointing to the



"I've heard nothing else all afternoon. For heaven's sake, stop saying 'if'!"

PERRY BARLOW

Our new neighbor had the mopes

MY! SHE WAS A CUTE LITTLE THING. Pretty as a picture. But the way she used to pace the yard like she had lost her last friend. She couldn't even say "Good morning."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

WELL, WE WALK ALONG to the drugstore to get ourselves a soda, when who should call up Sam the druggist but this same little neighbor. And she tells Sam, in no uncertain terms, to send up one of every kind of laxative, cathartic and purgative he's got. "So that's it," thinks I. "The poor little creature."

ON THE WAY HOME, we wait till she isn't looking and I leave on her doorstep a note and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. I suggest if her trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, she should get at the *cause* and correct it. This crisp, toasty cereal will make her right as a cricket. She should eat it every day and drink plenty of water.

A LITTLE BIRD must have told her who did it, because, some days later, over from the little neighbor comes the most cheerful note you ever read, thanking us for telling her about ALL-BRAN'S better way, and inviting us to come over for tea.

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

A tough day's work for Harry

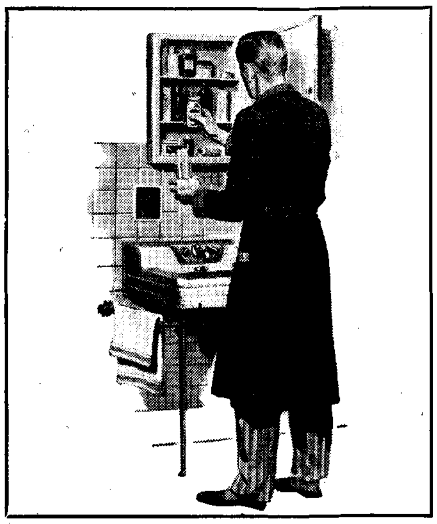
HARRY NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's got a tough day at the office and he doesn't want anything to interfere with work.

So he puts off taking a laxative, puts off getting badly needed relief!

HARRY CAN'T ADD two and two. He gives the wrong answers, gets in wrong; of course, he has an excuse.

But who cares if a fellow *is* suffering from constipation and a headache?

"Easy does it" for Jim



JIM NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he's got a big day's work ahead, too.

But Jim never puts off till tonight the laxative he should take this morning. Speedy Sal Hepatica for him!

JIM FEELS MORE like himself within an hour. Sal Hepatica acts gently, thoroughly, quickly.

He has a good day. Home from the office, he's ready to take his wife out stepping.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

DON'T PUT OFF taking a laxative just because you're all dated-up. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Within an hour usually you're relieved . . . gently and thoroughly. Sal Hepatica acts in a natural way, by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract; acts without discomfort, irritation, or griping.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

More than a laxative, this sparkling saline gives decided help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, try speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

emergency dry goods on my skull, 'take a look at that, for it's your work.' He said nothing.

"'Darber, we're going to bat. I've been fielding long enough. You have run me bowlegged, so now I'm going to chase you knock-kneed.'

"'Who are you?' he asked, and I couldn't blame him, for all you could see of my face was my eyes.

"'I'm Cramer, Darber,' I said.

"'The umpire?' and he seemed real pleased to meet me. He put out his hand toward me but about a foot to the right. It was pointing at an empty chair but I figure that's a newspaperman's idea of a gag and I pass it up. Some of you fellows are real funny when you're not getting paid for it.

"He pulled his hand back after it got tired and said, 'If you won't shake I'm sorry,' and seemed to mean it so much that I look at him kind of circular. He has me dizzy. He invited me to eat and I refused.

"'I'll take stuffed celery with pimento, lamb chops and broccoli, coffee and Boston brown bread'—he looked at the menu for a second—'with cheese—' and I see he is holding the card upside down.

"That's startling until I remember any newspaperman who makes up his page in the composing room can read type upside down and from right to left faster than an average man can the right way.

"'Won't you change your mind, Cramer?' he asked, again holding the menu out a foot to the other side of me. Right there I can spot there is something peculiar about the whole thing so I reach and grab the card. I have no intention of eating with Darber but I look to see what I will select later on when I am by myself.

"Not a thing Darber has ordered is on the menu for that meal. That is, outside of coffee and things like that. But there's no stuffed celery, brown bread, lamb chops or broccoli.

"'I've changed my mind, Mr. Darber,' I said. 'Waiter, bring me roast beef rare, some fruit salad and coffee. Do you care to look at the menu again?' and I held it out to him about two feet to his left.

"He said, 'Thanks,' and put his hand right plumb smack across the center of the table for the card.

"The man was as blind as an alley in the slums.

"I held the menu just where his daughter would have and he took it with a slight fumble.

"'Mr. Darber—' there was something that made me tack on the mister, 'can you see me across the table?'

"Well, he turned pale and then red. 'Not very clearly,' he admitted.

"'Not at all,' I told him.

"'It's not that bad, Cramer,' he told me in a whisper. 'I can see something white where your face should be.'

"WELL, that was about all anybody else could see but I didn't laugh. The moisture was forming on my face under the bandages.

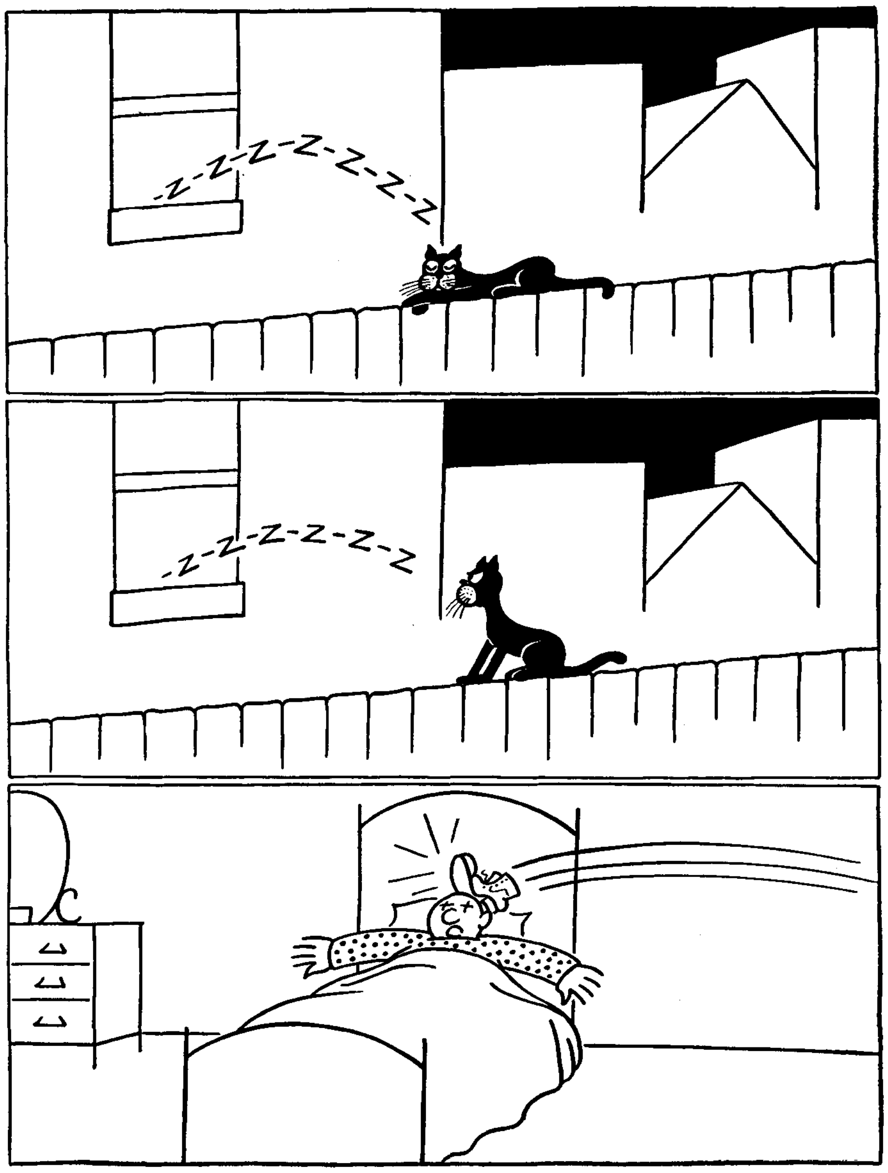
"'You're right about that, Mr. Darber,' I said. 'My complexion is the best Irish linen. But tomorrow I will be myself again—just for tomorrow. How bad is your fix?'

"'I can tell night from day.' Darber smiled faintly.

"'Mr. Darber,' I said, 'I know that you understand psychology. That's why you picked second base. The baseball fans who read your cracks about the bad umpiring at the farthest point on the diamond would never suspect you couldn't even see home plate. Right?'

"'Right,' he conceded.

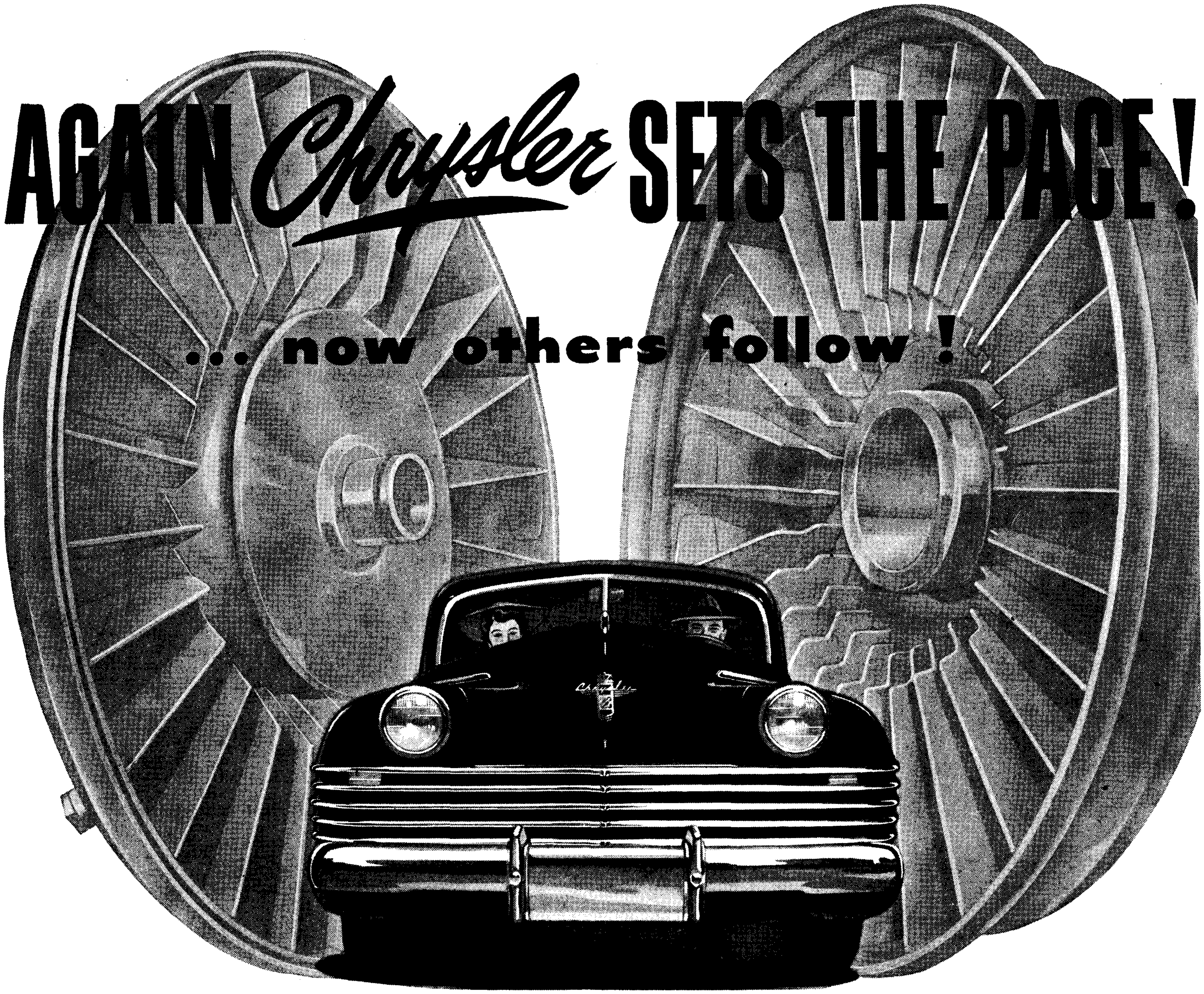
"'Well,' I said, 'from now on everything is as even as an oiled road. But



OTTO SOGLOW

AGAIN Chrysler SETS THE PACE!

... now others follow!



Why shift gears?..when you can get improved Chrysler Fluid Drive with 2,000,000,000 miles of owner satisfaction behind it!

IT HAS happened again! Chrysler Fluid Drive and Vacamatic transmission have started a trend the motor car industry is attempting to follow.

The overwhelming popularity of Chrysler Fluid Drive makes it natural that various kinds of "liquid" and "automatic" drives should now appear. Some of these designs only remotely resemble Chrysler Fluid Drive . . . either in principle or in results. It is still best to buy genuine Fluid Drive . . . the one backed by greatest experience and favorable public acceptance.

Now going into its fifth year, Chrysler Fluid Drive has got all America asking "Why shift gears?" But only Chrysler can give you Chrysler's tested and proved answer to this question.

More than two billion miles of owner satisfaction recommend Chrysler Fluid Drive and Vacamatic transmission. Further advanced in the beautiful new Chryslers, this famous drive gives you the peak of effortless driving . . . liquid smoothness . . . and fuel conservation by its ability to give you more power per gallon.

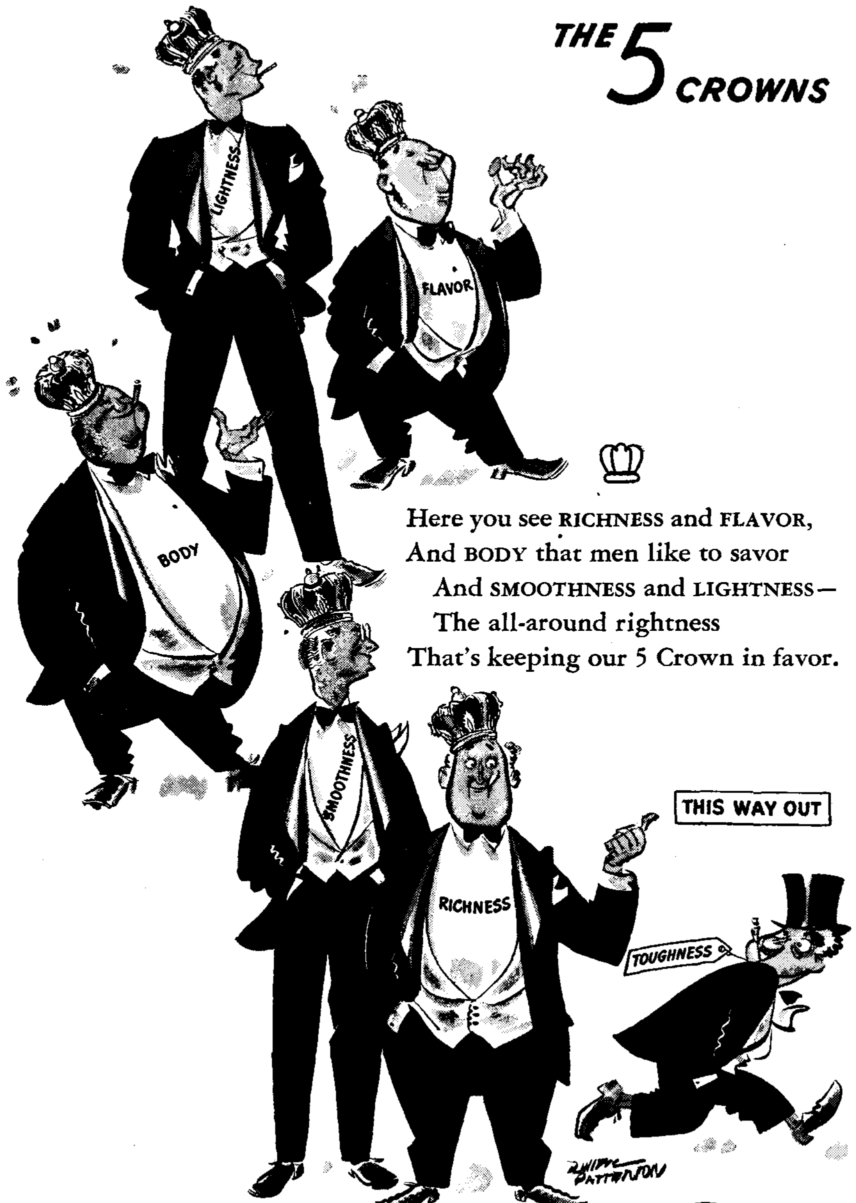
If you haven't tried Fluid Driving in a Chrysler, you've been missing the biggest thing in modern motoring. Your Chrysler dealer is eager to show you. See him soon.

Fluid Drive and Vacamatic Transmission... GET MODERN DESIGN

Buy Chrysler!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
. . . blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE 5 CROWNS



Here you see RICHNESS and FLAVOR,
And BODY that men like to savor
And SMOOTHNESS and LIGHTNESS—
The all-around rightness
That's keeping our 5 Crown in favor.

For Seagram bids TOUGHNESS good-bye,
Extra Pleasure's the main reason why
Our 5 Crown is kinder,
So here's a reminder
To "say Seagram's" next time you buy.

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor - smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
86.8 PROOF

Seagram's
5 Crown

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

SAY SEAGRAM'S
..AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.

it was pretty tough on us umpires, wasn't it?'

" 'You're right.' Darber nodded. 'It was their jobs or mine.'

" 'Can you beat this thing?' I asked him, and he said, 'If I can hold my job until the first of the year I will have the money and the time for the best doctor in New York. That's easy if I can get by to October, for I don't cover football. That is, if you don't turn me in.'

" 'The only thing I turn in are my toes,' I said, taking his hand and putting it on my face. 'That schoolgirl complexion you feel, Mr. Darber, is a school for trained nurses and I know that you suspect how they got there. You can square things by doing me a favor.'

"BEFORE he can answer, his daughter came back and I want to go on record as saying she was really a Dazzler. She turned awful red when her dad told her who was lurking under the first-aid kit.

" 'I'm sorry, Mr. Cramer,' she said, and I know she meant it. When she found that I knew everything, we talked it over. That pawing you other reporters objected to was a system of arm signals they had worked out. And all that shrill excitement about high strikes, foul tips and boots was a broadcast. She was giving her father a running account of the game. The trouble was she hated baseball and wasn't a good actress.

" 'I'm asking your father a favor,' I picked up where she had come in. 'Maybe two. The first is to lay off the other umpires and pick on me. I guarantee that I will kick enough close ones at second to keep him in copy.'

"Well, they laughed at that but not when I said I wanted her dad's okay to tell Griff all about it.

" 'But, Mr. Cramer,' began the Dazzler, but I stopped her.

" 'Griff is as tender as bob veal,' I told her. 'But he's been riding me as if I had a brass pole through my neck and it's your dad who is the calliope for the merry-go-round. I'll tell Griff, so I can hold my job. It started out as yours or mine. Now, it's both our jobs. Griff will keep as quiet as an oil burner. But you wouldn't want him to throw me on the spears, would you?'

"That was all right with them. The next day I told Griff and he was just as surprised as the chicken that was hatched in the egg beater. But he okayed the proposition.

"I kicked a close one at second and Darber sure took me over the bright red hurdles in the Post for that one. I was up at his home helping his daughter to write it and I gave her the gag about the umpire who was so crooked he counted his money in front of a mirror because he didn't trust himself.

"About a week before the end of the season the Dazzler told me the arrangement was off. What do you think was wrong? She couldn't stand seeing me panned in the paper. I give her a hug that was my graduation essay in a college of chiropractics.

"She will only marry me if I quit baseball, for she hates it. The season has a week to go and Griff is taking Darber up to New York for a quick examination. I resigned to Ban Johnson in a ten-word telegram that still owes me eight words. Ban gave me a year's vacation with pay on the line. He was tough but intelligent.

"Griff used his influence to drop me in a spot where I manage to get around the country and do some scouting for Griff on the side."

"Did you dig up Travis?" I asked Cramer.

"No, but he's a sweetheart. And here comes another sweetheart."

It was Griff with a now gray Darber. They were arm in arm with a beautiful woman who I knew was the Dazzler.

I couldn't tell whether they were steering Darber or not until I found out myself without asking questions. He looked all right.

They didn't have much time before the opening game of the series and they ordered quickly. The Dazzler handed the menu to Darber and he ordered landlocked salmon in aspic, mulligatawny soup, Black Sea caviar and deep-dish apple pie.

When he laid the menu down I said I might take another cup of coffee and casually picked up the menu. There on the card in very small type were landlocked salmon, mulligatawny soup, Black Sea caviar and the apple pie. I knew Darber's troubles were over so I took chocolate cake, which I only eat under great mental stress.

It was an okay lunch and I reminded Griff that I traveled with his team when it looked as if they had been brought back by Frank Buck.

"And, Griff, after all these years," I said, "you have a shortstop who can hit his weight without going on a diet."

"That's okay if I had Walter Johnson with him," Griff laughed. "And I could use Milan, too."

"How about next year, Griff?"

"Cramer has gotten together the finest crew of youngsters I ever saw," Griff said. "It will be a breeze."

"You're out of baseball, Darber," I said. "What are you doing?"

"Remember Jack Graham on the old Star?" Darber asked. "He quit writing sports to coach in college. He's president of the college now. And I'm his public relations counsel among other things that Griff lined up for me."

"Griff's a fairy godmother with a bat bag full of magic wands," I said, "and everything is setting as pretty as a nurse's cap. You folks are starting where storybooks end. Can I ask you, Mrs. Cramer, if the former umpire is as good a provider as your dad?"

"Things are going nicely," Cramer answered for her as he rapped on wood. "I picked up where her dad left off.

"It was his job then," Cramer smiled at the Dazzler. "It's my job now."

AND that's the way it is. Everybody is as pleased as a cat on a fish wharf. An umpire marries a newspaperman's daughter, the newspaperman goes back to college and a tough old baseball manager plays Cupid because a man figures it's either his job or the other guy's. Outside the dining room a rooters' band starts up with Take Me Out to the Ball Game, and Griff pays the check and we stand up to go. All except Cramer and the Dazzler.

"Haven't you got tickets?" I asked Cramer.

"Yes, we have," the Dazzler proxied for him.

"Aren't you going out?" I spoke directly to the ex-umpire.

"We are," the Dazzler answered.

Well, I knew whether the old umpire was a mouse or a man. He was too big for a mouse. I give it one more try.

"I have a taxi waiting, Cramer," I said.

"We'll walk," she said.

"What? It's ten miles to the ball park, Cramer, you can't walk," I warned him, "and see the ball game."

"We're going to see the Reluctant Dragon." The Dazzler made one of those tight mouths like a fellow drinking lemonade without swallowing the seeds.

As Griff, Darber and I start out for the ball game I look back and see a reluctant ex-umpire being towed off to an equally unwilling dragon. And I suddenly realize that any girl who can sit through an entire season of the Washington team must be tougher than a lineman's gloves.

And that the ex-ump's troubles at second have reached home.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

for that particular type of plane. The placard also recommends speeds safe enough for other maneuvers. These recommendations, if followed by both instructor and student, guarantee against shedding of wings, ailerons or tail surfaces. Of the 45 different types of airplanes tested for use in the secondary stage of the C.P.T. Program, 31 received the approval of the C.A.A. inspectors and 14 were rejected.

THE nation is blanketed with a network of radio airways and to it in large part is due the safety and regularity of cross-country flying in fair weather and foul. But there have always been two drawbacks to this system—static and phantom courses. The transmitting stations operate in a wave band between 200 and 400 kilocycles. Your household radio operates between 500 and 1,000 kilocycles. In static-producing conditions, reception is limited by the amount of the atmospheric disturbance and pilots often have complained that when they need the beam most they can't hear it. Then too, in mountainous country, the beam develops the phenomenon of splitting up into a variety of courses, and if the pilot is not on his toes he could blithely follow one that would lead him smack dab into the side of a hill.

For years the CAA and its predecessor agencies have been aware of these deficiencies and they now feel they have eliminated them through use of ultra high frequency transmission in a band from 119 to 126 megacycles—short wave to us. Short wave is tricky but at last it has been brought under control for directional use.

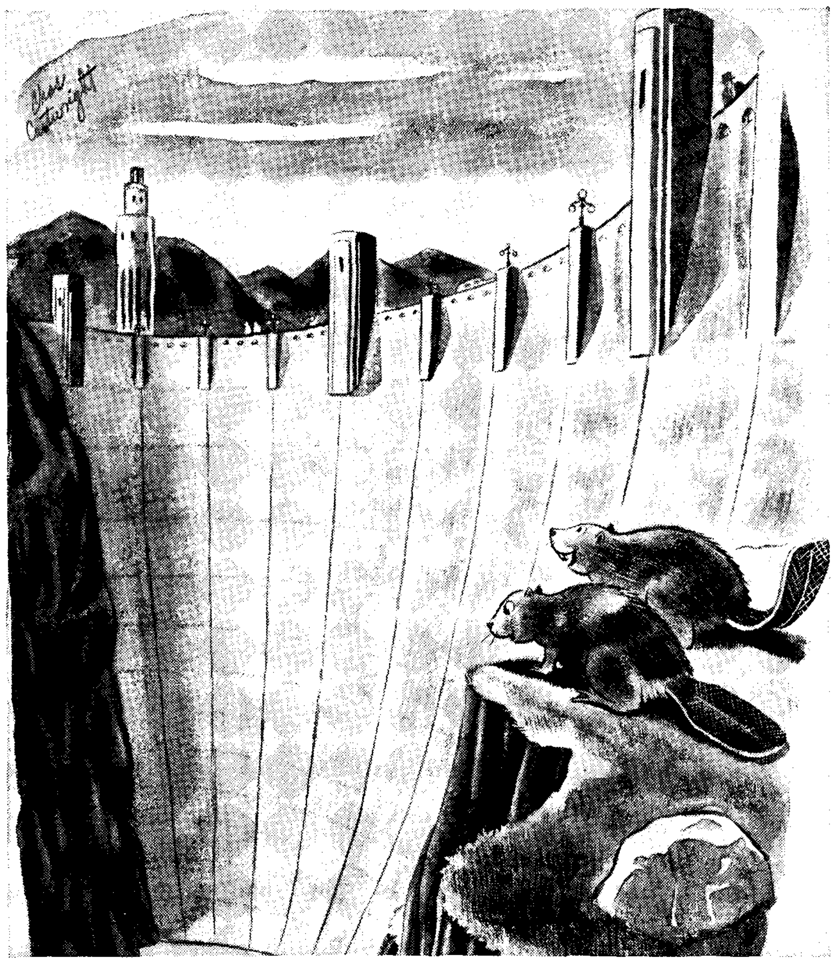
A test airway has been established between New York and Chicago, with transmitting stations 100 miles apart, and the short-wave beam signals, of the same characteristics as those of intermediate transmission, plow right through static and do not split up. Airliners and other regular users of this New York-Chicago radio airway need only provide a short-wave receiver.

If, after exhaustive tests, the U.H.F. airway lives up to present expectations, other stations will be erected throughout the country until finally all of the old intermediate transmitters are replaced.

BECAUSE of the limitations in operating planes from carriers, battleships and cruisers, Navy aircraft are different in many respects from the Army's. For example, the use of folding wings. Space aboard a carrier is as valuable as it is on Broadway. The smaller the plane, the more they can pack aboard. Torpedo and dive-bomber planes cannot be very small, so the wings are hinged about halfway out on the span. When the pilot lands on the carrier deck, he pulls a lever to engage a hydraulic pump. Safety locks automatically release, the wings break in the middle on each side, raise up and fold over the pilot's head like a tent, all the while he is taxiing up the deck to the parking area forward. This folding-wing device also permits greater ease in moving the planes about in respotting them for take-off.

Seaplanes are catapulted off battleships and cruisers and cannot land back on these ships. But they do come down on the water alongside, are hoisted aboard and put in cradles on deck. Sailors unfasten a few bolt locks on each side and push the wings back along the fuselage. The airplane is then small enough to be tucked out of the way.

F. R. N.



"This'll give you a rough idea of what I have in mind"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

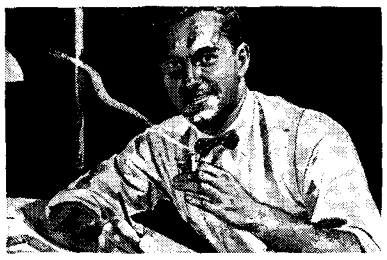
FIRST PRIZE
First Prize

Pup gets cup! He's "top dog" since something new has been added! And say! Something new has been added to a famous cigarette, too! Gives you a great new flavor!

Something NEW* has been added!

***It's LATAKIA** (pronounced "La-ta-kee-a"), a flavorful tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Old Gold has a plentiful supply stored in America. Carefully blended with other famous tobaccos, Latakia creates an entirely new—even finer Old Gold flavor.

Chosen by those Who Know. Mrs. Haley Fiske, New York, tells us: "That added Latakia gives Old Golds the flavor I've enjoyed so much in expensive cigarettes abroad."



A New Experience. "I've heard of what Latakia does in expensive blends...New Old Gold is the first real change in cigarettes in years!" Jack Coble, architect, Greensboro, N. C.

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
P. Lorillard Co.

Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds!

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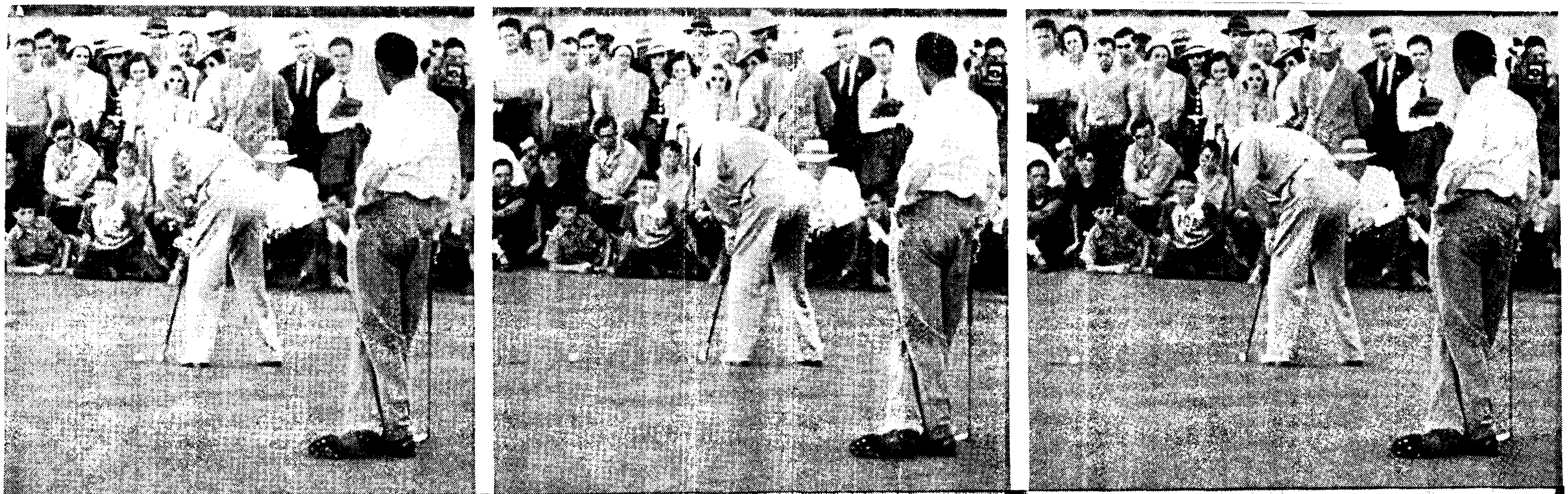
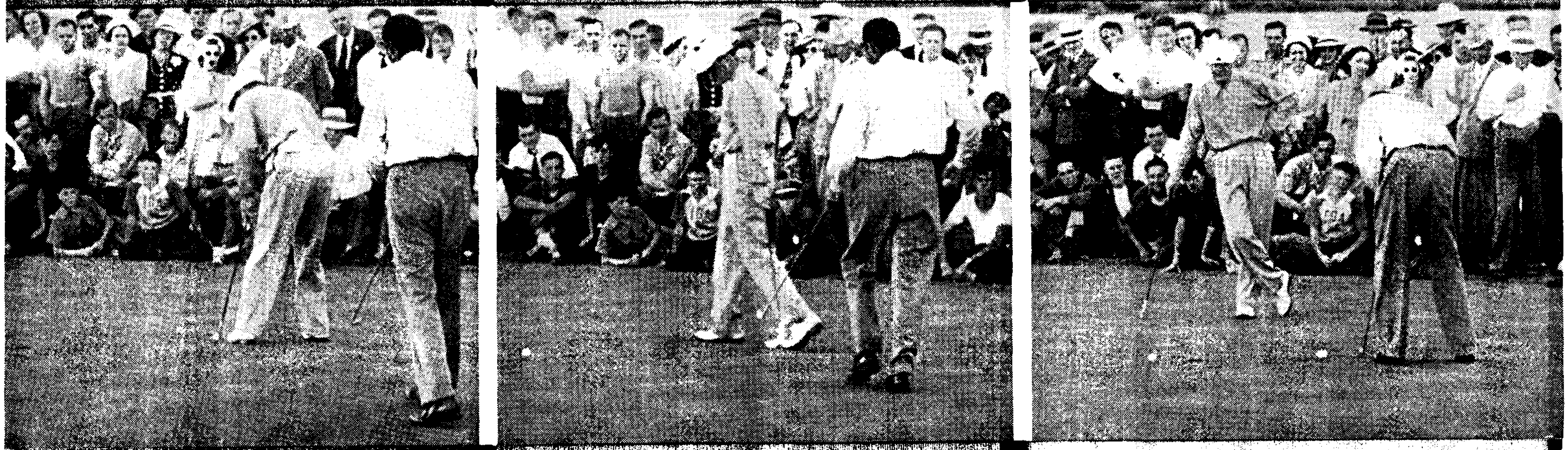
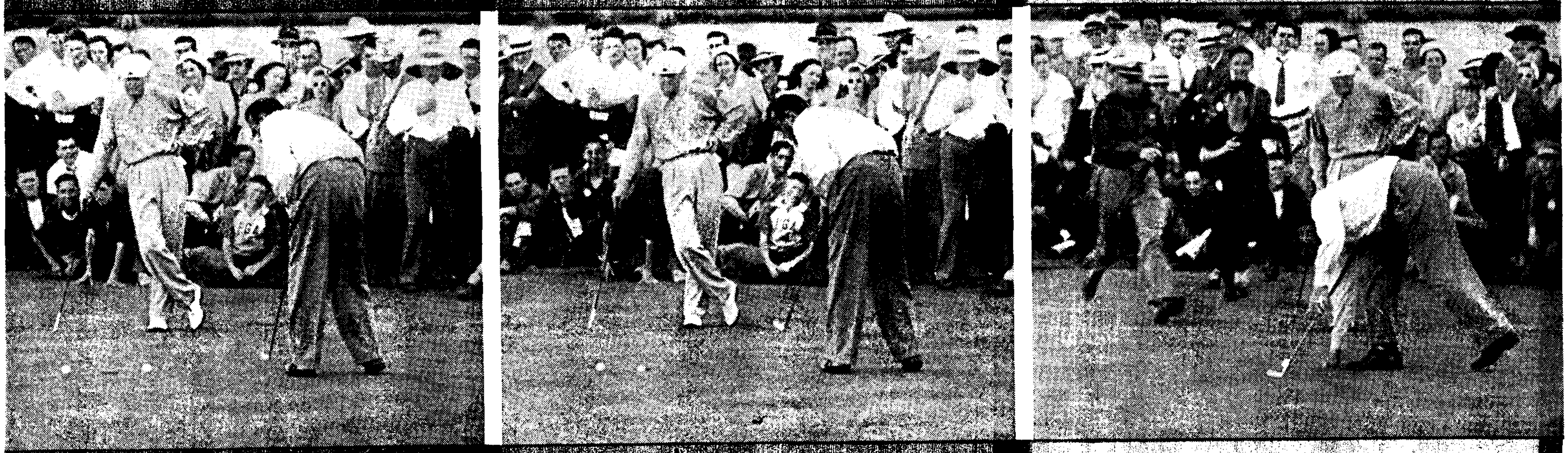


Byron Nelson, tense and [illegible] knowledge that his P.G.A. title hangs on his shot, addresses [illegible] simple 30-inch putt on the 38th green at Denver



The [illegible] the pressure is off rolls a few inches past the cup as [illegible] Ghezzi steps up for his chance at the title



[illegible] which strikes the back of the cup, wobbles around [illegible] and drops to make him the new P.G.A. champion

GREEN FREEZE

By Ralph Trost

A little white ball thumbs its dimpled nose at a big husky man, who just stands there shaking. Ain't golf wonderful?

BYRON NELSON, defending champion, lined up his putt on the 38th green at Denver this summer in the P.G.A. final with Vic Ghezzi. Both balls stood thirty inches from the cup. It was the second extra hole of a slam-bang, nerve-shattering battle, with a tense gallery gathered around the green by the lake. After what seemed an age, Nelson finally tapped the ball—and it went by the cup at the right! Ghezzi, clamping down his nerves with an effort, hit his shot. It struck the back of the cup, wobbled around like any duffer's effort—and dropped in, for the Professional Golfers Association title.

For twenty years as a sports writer I have been watching strong men literally quake with fear at the prospect of making a two-foot putt. It seems the simplest thing in the world to tap that little ball into a cup amply large enough to swallow it. But when even the greatest of golfers haven't been shaking, they have been freezing so hard they have had to be moved. Nothing in any sport is worse.

I was present on that historic day when Jack Pirnie had a *two-inch* putt to make to qualify at Winged Foot, Mamaroneck, New York, for the National Open. He took careful aim, hit the ball squarely on the top—and it never moved! If Mr. Pirnie had decided to knock his brains out on the spot, no brother golfer would have interfered. They knew exactly how he felt. Pirnie had the jitters, the muscular heebie-jeebies. But the freeze is even worse.

Tom Boyd, a huge Irishman and a fine golfer, was playing in a winter tournament at Corpus Christi, Texas, when the freeze struck him. He got his putter planted in front of the ball and for the life of him couldn't lift it over the ball and get it back where it should have been in the first place. He stood there like a strange hulk of sweating, olive-skinned ice. After an interminable period of perspiring frigidity, he took a deep breath and by sheer strength of character got the putter to *(Continued on page 65)*

Bet your friends and win your bet!

Raleighs are more golden!

HERE'S THE BET: Let them take Raleighs and any other brands, conceal the labels, and show you just the open ends of the packs. Then bet you can pick Raleighs. It's so easy you'll hate to collect!

HERE'S WHY YOU'LL WIN:

The tobacco in Raleighs is more golden colored. You can see it at a glance. That golden color is proof of *quality* . . . at the great tobacco sales, only golden leaves bring the top prices. Try a pack of these finer-quality, *finer-tasting* cigarettes today. And save the coupons for premiums.

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See that GOLDEN COLOR ...it's the expert way to pick a milder tastier smoke!

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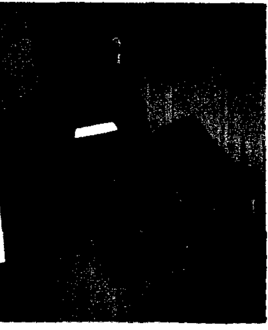
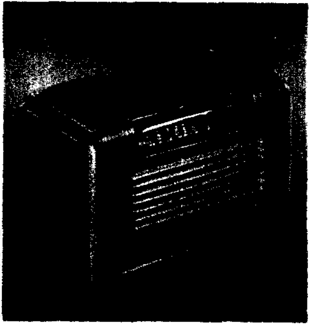
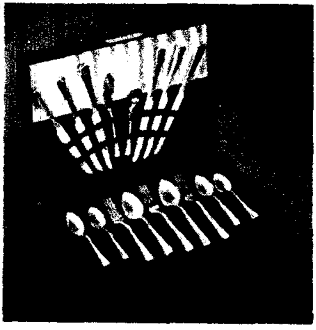
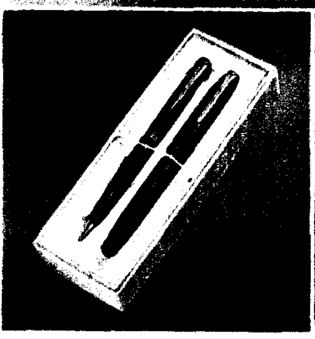
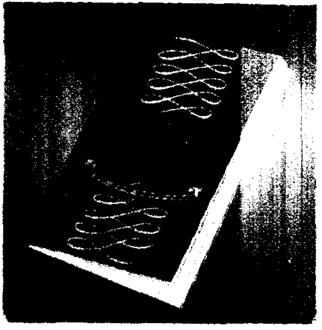
RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also packed with Kool Cigarettes and Big Ben Smoking Tobacco) are good in U. S. for many luxury premiums. Write for new catalog No. 19. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.











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BILLFOLD and **KEY-CASE** of genuine pigskin. Zipper bill compartment. 6-clip key-case, loss-return tag. Dark brown or black . . . . 175 coupons

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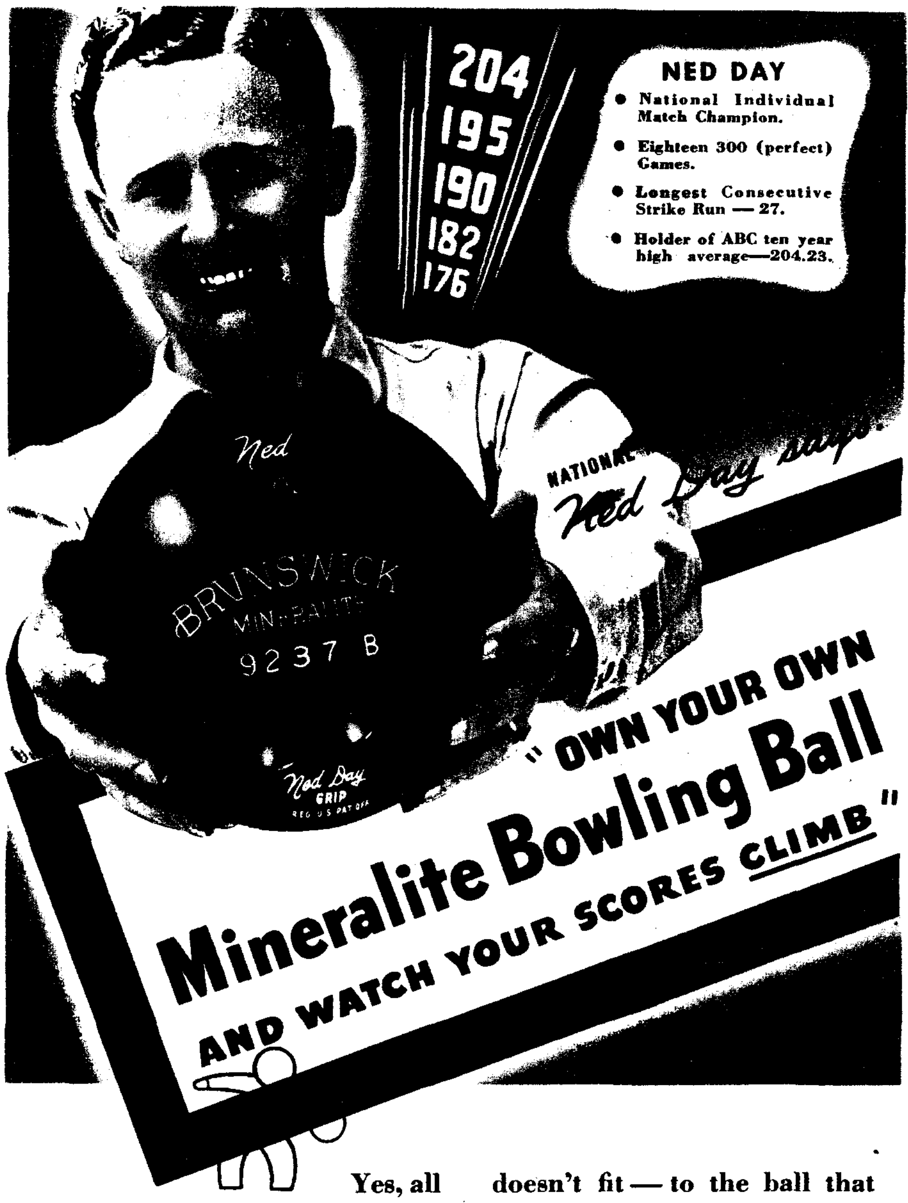

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- National Individual Match Champion.
- Eighteen 300 (perfect) Games.
- Longest Consecutive Strike Run — 27.
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Yes, all the top flight bowlers advise you to get your own correctly fitted ball. And a majority of bowlers choose the BRUNSWICK MINERALITE. It's the ball that won the 1941 A. B. C. Singles championship.

It's the ball that, fitted to your hand, will help you bowl your best.

When you order a Brunswick Mineralite ball, you can say good-bye to the ball that doesn't fit — to the ball that costs you pins. For your Brunswick Mineralite will be especially bored exactly to fit your own personal hand-measurements.

This season step up your averages with your own Mineralite, the ball that is the "Choice of Champions." Get prices and advice on the type of grip that best suits your style of play. There is no obligation.

Free Boost your scores, starting today! Ask your Authorized Brunswick Dealer for a copy of Ned Day's booklet "How to Pick Up Spares." It's yours *free* for the asking.

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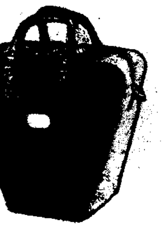
Footwork is vital to good bowling. Wear Brunswick Regulation Bowling Shoes. Available in eight styles. Priced from $5.45 to $3.95. (Professional type shoes shown.)

Enjoy the complete convenience of a handsome Brunswick Bowling Bag. Available in ten styles. Prices from $14.95 to $1.25. (The bag shown here is "The Aristocrat.")



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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Field exploration has revealed millions of acres of land suitable for growing rubber in South and Central America. Above, Dr. J. T. Grant and Carl LaRue examine a soil-boring they have made in a Nicaraguan forest

Bringing Rubber Home

By J. D. Ratcliff

Largest U. S. import is rubber. What would happen if the supply line should snap? This problem government scientists have been working on and they have just about got it licked

STAKE off a triangle with points in Mexico, Peru and the Amazon Delta. In this man-sized chunk of earth one of the strangest group of explorers ever assembled has worked quietly for the past year. They haven't sought publicity. Fact is, they have done something unheard of among explorers. They have actually tried to avoid publicity! But they have been writing an adventure story that will have repercussions around the earth. The men: the rubber exploration parties sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture.

They have visited nearly every spot where it might be possible to grow rubber. They have slipped through jungle streams in the Mato Grosso, slapping at snakes festooned from overhanging trees. And waded through swamps in Colombia and worked their way over the Andean watershed. They haven't made headlines like other visiting firemen. And they haven't drunk tea, made speeches and attended banquets like the shiploads of good-will ambassadors we have been dumping in South America's lap. This, perhaps, explains their popularity. They are promising trade. Rubber is the largest United States import. Tropical America can supply it and these men have been showing how.

Opposite page: The Department of Agriculture specialists directing the survey that will give the United States a close-to-home source of rubber supply

At one time Brazil produced nearly 100 per cent of the world's rubber. Natives had their *estradas*—trails—that led to wild rubber trees scattered through the jungle. Such a casual industry couldn't compete with efficient plantation culture in the Middle East. Brazil's share of the world market shrank to less than 2 per cent. Sumatra, Java, Malaya, Borneo, Ceylon and other Eastern ports supplied the rest of the world's rubber.

This fact has been giving Washington a de luxe case of the jitters. What if Germany annexed the Netherlands Indies? What if the Japanese navy snipped the rubber life line stretching 12,000 miles from Singapore to Akron? Results might be disastrous to a country that consumes well over half the world's total production. It is a very real threat to a billion-dollar industry; and to the jobs of over 100,000 men.

There are, of course, several outs.

We could build a synthetic-rubber industry but the cost would be terrific. Counting new handling machinery that the synthetics would require, the bill would be something like a billion dollars! Furthermore, synthetic won't do all the jobs that natural rubber does. Germany has been finding this out. As recently as last year—the last dependable figures available—less than a quarter of Germany's rubber derived from synthetic sources. The rest came from stock piles, reclaimed scrap and from outside supplies brought in by blockade runners.

This brings us back to our explorers.

For some time representatives of government and industry have been dreaming a rosy dream of rubber culture in South and Central America. The relatively short haul through protected waters would eliminate danger of a stoppage of supplies. In addition, it would give us something to trade with our good neighbors. Something big and important.

We spend more for rubber than for any other import. This year we will spend more for it than for *all* imports from Central and South America. If the rubber trade could be brought back to the Americas we wouldn't be needing good-will ambassadors. Trade—and not tea, speeches and movie actors—breeds brotherly love among nations.

These points were discussed last year at a meeting held in the office of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. Present were representatives of all the large rubber companies, as well as government experts. The men who sat in on this historic discussion decided that there had been enough talk. It was time to get to work and someone had to take the initiative. The United States government was elected. Congress was asked for an appropriation of $500,000.

Congress listened attentively and duly voted the funds—in June last year. This was the easy part of the work. The hard part was answering the thousand questions presented by that fabulous plant, *Hevea brasiliensis*.

This is the rubber plant—no relation of the Assam rubber tree found in funeral parlors. It is a plant which built hell-roaring boom towns; and in good time fed them back to the jungle. It is a plant which lured tens of thousands of Chinese to Malaysia and which caused a devastating trade war between the British and Dutch.

(Continued on page 58)

Soil and climate studies help to determine rubber-planting possibilities. Below, Dr. Mark Baldwin tests acidity of water in a Honduras river

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

START
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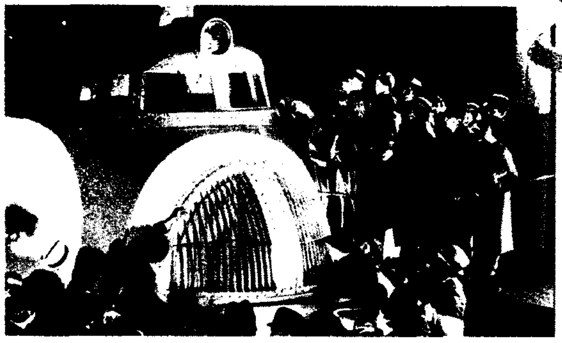
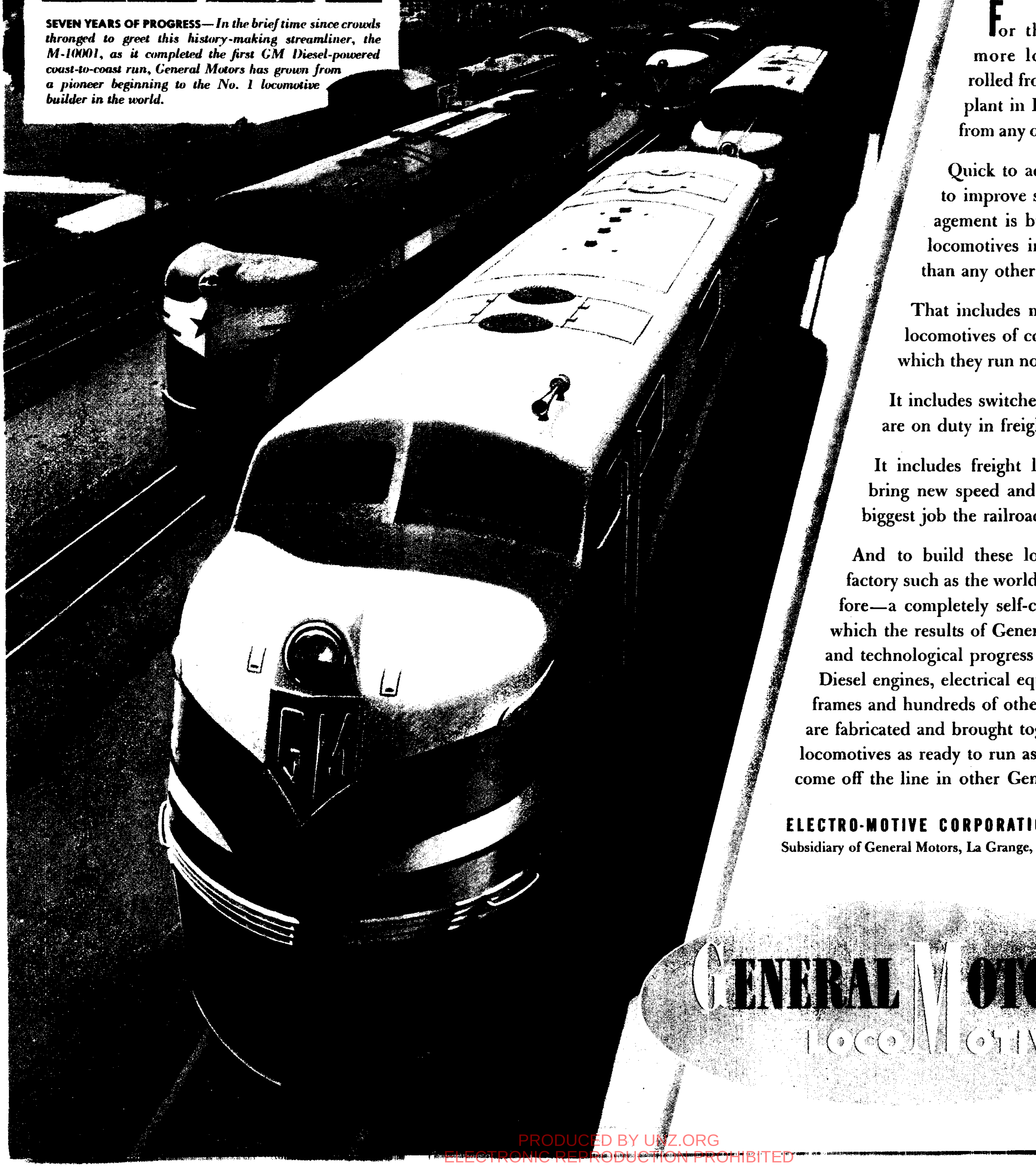
O. SOGLOW

THE PARADE IS ON.. as General Motors becomes the BIGGEST BUILDER OF LOCOMOTIVES IN THE WORLD



SEVEN YEARS OF PROGRESS—*In the brief time since crowds thronged to greet this history-making streamliner, the M-10001, as it completed the first GM Diesel-powered coast-to-coast run, General Motors has grown from a pioneer beginning to the No. 1 locomotive builder in the world.*



For the past three years, more locomotives have rolled from the General Motors plant in La Grange, Ill., than from any other plant in America.

Quick to act on every chance to improve service, railroad management is buying General Motors locomotives in greater numbers than any other kind.

That includes mainline passenger locomotives of course. The lines over which they run now network the nation.

It includes switchers. More than 500 are on duty in freight yards today.

It includes freight locomotives — able to bring new speed and economy to the biggest job the railroads have to handle.

And to build these locomotives requires a factory such as the world has never seen before—a completely self-contained plant in which the results of General Motors research and technological progress combine to produce Diesel engines, electrical equipment, bodies, frames and hundreds of other parts. Here these are fabricated and brought together in finished locomotives as ready to run as the automobiles that come off the line in other General Motors factories.

ELECTRO-MOTIVE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors, La Grange, Ill.

GENERAL MOTORS
LOCOMOTIVES

Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 19

amazing brilliance and clarity in the light. And the girl—

Yes, here was life. All there was, all there could be, of life, of youth, of sheer blazing vitality. The face was alive and the eyes . . .

So much life! Such passionate youth! That, then, was what Amyas Crale had seen in Elsa Greer, which had made him blind and deaf to the gentle creature, his wife. Elsa *was* life. Elsa was youth.

A superb, slim, straight creature, arrogant, her head turned, her eyes insolent with triumph. Looking at you, watching you—waiting . . .

Hercule Poirot spread out his hands. He said, "It is a great—yes, it is great."

Meredith Blake said, a catch in his voice, "She was so young—"

Poirot nodded. He thought to himself, "What do most people mean when they say that? *So young.* Something innocent, something appealing, something helpless. But youth is not that! Youth is crude, youth is strong, youth is powerful—yes, and cruel! And one thing more—youth is vulnerable."

POIROT followed his host to the door. His interest was quickened now in Elsa Greer, whom he was to visit next. What would the years have done to that passionate, triumphant, crude child?

He looked back at the picture.

Those eyes. Watching him . . . watching him . . . telling him something. . . .

Supposing he couldn't understand what they were telling him? Would the real woman be able to tell him? Or were those eyes saying something that the real woman did not know?

Such arrogance, such triumphant anticipation—

And then death had stepped in and taken the prey out of those eager, clutching young hands . . .

And the light had gone out of those passionately anticipating eyes. What were the eyes of Elsa Greer like now?

He went out of the room with one last look.

He thought, "She was too much alive."

He felt—a little—frightened. . . .

THE house in Brook Street had Darwin tulips in the window boxes. Inside the hall a great vase of white lilacs sent eddies of perfume toward the open front door.

A middle-aged butler relieved Poirot of his hat and stick. A footman appeared to take them and the butler murmured deferentially, "Will you come this way, sir?"

Poirot followed him along the hall and down three steps. A door was opened, the butler pronounced his name with every syllable correct.

Then the door closed behind him and a tall, thin man got up from a chair by the fire and came toward him.

Lord Dittisham was a man just under forty. He was not only a peer of the realm; he was a poet. Two of his fantastical poetic dramas had been staged at vast expense and had had a *succès d'estime.* His forehead was rather prominent, his chin was eager, and his eyes and his mouth unexpectedly beautiful.

He said, "Sit down, M. Poirot."

Poirot sat down and accepted a cigarette from his host. Lord Dittisham shut the box, struck a match and held it for Poirot to light his cigarette, then he himself sat down and looked thoughtfully at his visitor.

"It is my wife you have come to see, I know," he said.

Poirot answered, "Lady Dittisham was so kind as to give me an appointment."

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"You do not, I hope, object, Lord Dittisham?" Poirot hazarded.

The thin, dreamy face was transformed by a sudden, quick smile. "The objections of husbands, M. Poirot, are never taken seriously in these days."

"Then you do object?"

"No. I cannot say that. But I am, I must confess it, a little fearful of the effect upon my wife. Let me be quite frank. A great many years ago, when my wife was only a young girl, she passed through a terrible ordeal. She has, I hope, recovered from the shock. I have come to believe that she has forgotten it. Now you appear and necessarily your questions will reawaken these old memories."

"It is regrettable," said Hercule Poirot politely.

"I do not know quite what the result will be."

"I can only assure you, Lord Dittisham, that I shall be as discreet as possible, and do all I can not to distress Lady Dittisham. She is, no doubt, of a delicate and nervous temperament."

Then, suddenly and surprisingly, the other laughed. He said: "Elsa? Elsa's as strong as a horse!"

"Then—" Poirot paused diplomatically. The situation intrigued him.

Lord Dittisham said: "My wife is equal to any amount of shocks. I wonder if you know her reason for seeing you?"

Poirot replied placidly, "Curiosity?"

A kind of respect showed in the other man's eyes. "Ah, you realize that?"

"IT IS inevitable," Hercule Poirot said. "Women will *always* see a private detective. Men will tell him to go to the devil."

"Some women might tell him to go to the devil too."

"After they have seen him—not before."

"Perhaps." Lord Dittisham paused. "What is the idea behind this book?"

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "One resurrects the old tunes, the old stage turns, the old costumes. One resurrects, too, the old murders."

"Faugh!" said Lord Dittisham.

"Faugh! if you like. But you will not alter human nature by saying faugh. Murder is a drama. The desire for drama is very strong in the human race."

Lord Dittisham murmured, "I know —I know . . ."

He rose and rang the bell. "My wife will be waiting for you," he said brusquely.

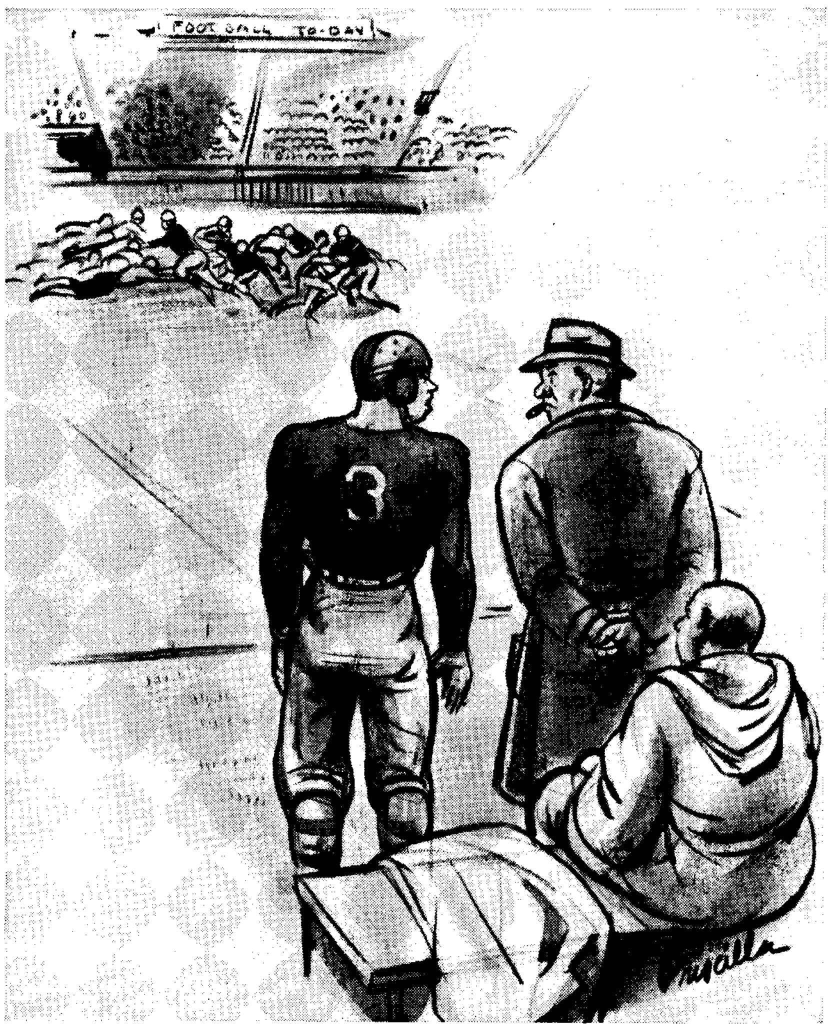
The door opened.

"You rang, my lord?"

"Take M. Poirot up to her ladyship."

Up two flights of stairs, feet sinking into soft-pile carpets. Subdued flood lighting. Money, money everywhere. Of taste, not so much. There had been a somber austerity in Lord Dittisham's room. But here, in the house, there was only a solid lavishness. The best. Not necessarily the showiest nor the most startling. Merely "expense no object," allied to a lack of imagination.

It was not a large room into which



"To be honest, I don't see any sense in putting me in with them leading fifty-four to nothing and three minutes left to play"

LOUIS A. PRISCILLA

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IN FOOTBALL, the official timing watch for most of the leading colleges is Longines. More than 100 colleges including Army, Cornell, Dartmouth, Navy, Texas A. & M., Washington and Yale chose Longines as official football timing watch for all games in 1940 and again in 1941. Longines is also official watch for the National Professional Football League. Longines is truly, *the most honored watch in football.*

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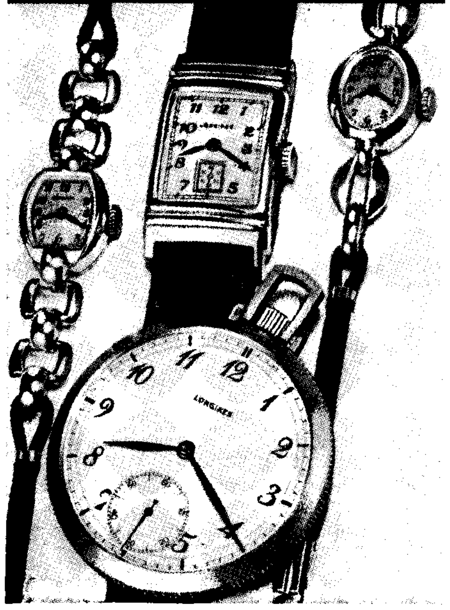

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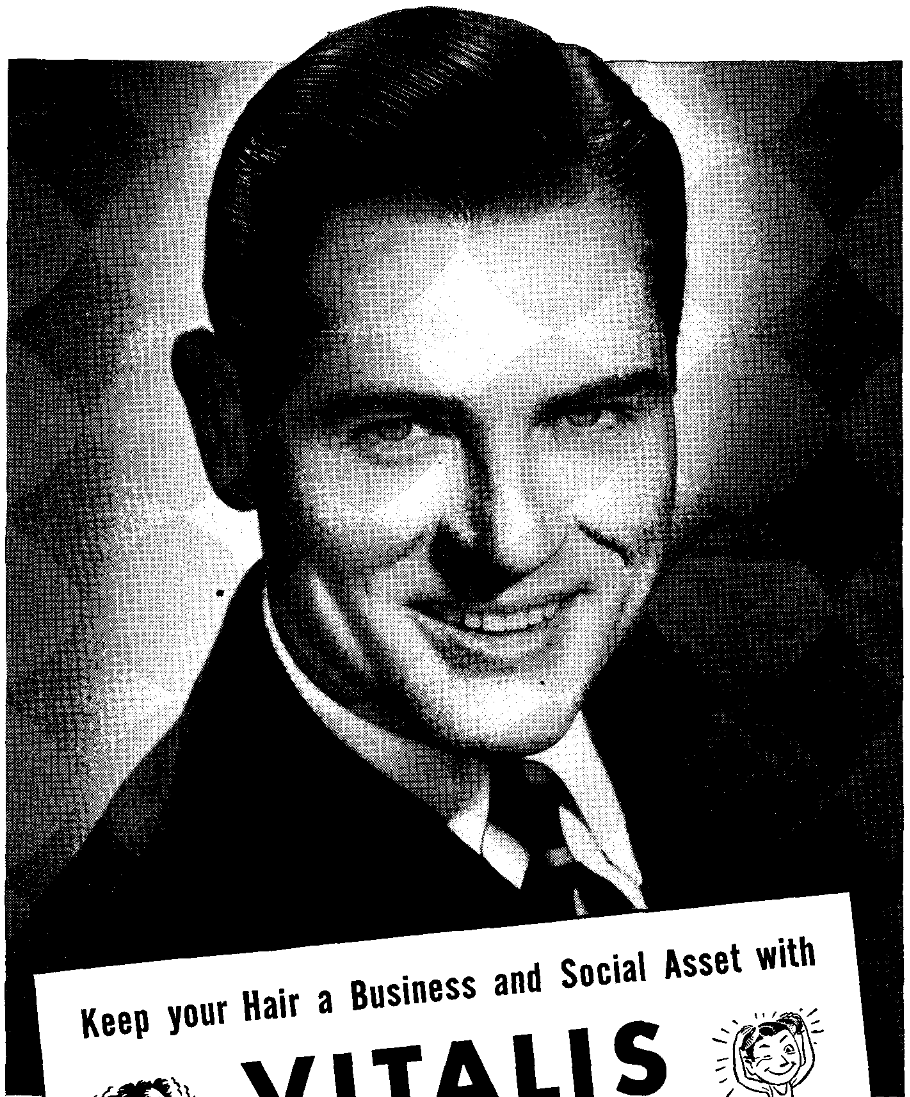

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A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Poirot was shown. The big drawing room was on the first floor. This was the personal sitting room of the mistress of the house, and the mistress of the house was standing against the mantelpiece as Poirot was announced and shown in.

A phrase leaped into his startled mind and refused to be driven out: *She died young. . . .*

That was his thought as he looked at Elsa Dittisham who had been Elsa Greer.

He would never have recognized her from the picture Meredith Blake had shown him. That had been, above all, a picture of youth, a picture of vitality. Here there was no youth—there might never have been youth. And yet he realized, as he had not realized from Crale's picture, that Elsa was beautiful. Yes, it was a very beautiful woman who came forward to meet him. And certainly not old. After all, what was she? Not more than thirty-six now, if she had been twenty at the time of the tragedy.

He felt a strange pang. It was, perhaps, the fault of old Mr. Johnathan, speaking of Juliet . . . No Juliet here—unless perhaps one could imagine Juliet a survivor—living on, deprived of Romeo. . . . Was it not an essential part of Juliet's make-up that she should die young?

Elsa Greer had been left alive. . . .

SHE was greeting him in a level, rather monotonous voice: "I am so interested, M. Poirot! Sit down and tell me what you want me to do?"

He thought: "But she isn't interested. Nothing interests her."

Big gray eyes—like dead lakes.

Poirot became, as was his way, a little obviously foreign. He exclaimed, "I am confused, madame, veritably I am confused."

"Oh, no; why?"

"Because I realize that this—this reconstruction of a past drama must be excessively painful to you."

She looked amused. Yes, it was amusement. Quite genuine amusement. She said: "I suppose my husband put that idea into your head. He saw you when you arrived. Of course, he doesn't understand in the least. He never has. I'm not at all the sensitive sort of person he imagines I am."

Poirot thought to himself: "Yes, that is true. A thin-skinned person would not have come to stay in Caroline Crale's house."

Lady Dittisham said, "What is it you want me to do?"

"You are sure, madame, that to go over the past would not be painful to you?"

She considered a minute, and it struck Poirot suddenly that Lady Dittisham was a very frank woman. She might lie from necessity but never from choice.

Elsa Dittisham said slowly: "No, not *painful*. In a way, I wish it were."

"Why?"

She said impatiently, "It's so stupid—never to feel anything. . . ."

And Hercule Poirot thought, "Yes, Elsa Greer is dead." Aloud he said, "At all events, Lady Dittisham, it makes my task very much easier. Have you a good memory?"

"Reasonably good, I think."

"And you are sure it will not pain you to go over those days in detail?"

"It won't pain me at all. Things can only pain you when they are happening."

"It is so with some people, I know."

Lady Dittisham said: "That's what Edward, my husband, can't understand. He thinks the trial and all that was a terrible ordeal for me."

"Was it not?"

Elsa Dittisham said, "No, I enjoyed it." There was a reflective, satisfied quality in her voice. She went on: "God, how that old brute Depleach went for me! He's a devil, if you like. I enjoyed fighting him. He didn't get me down."

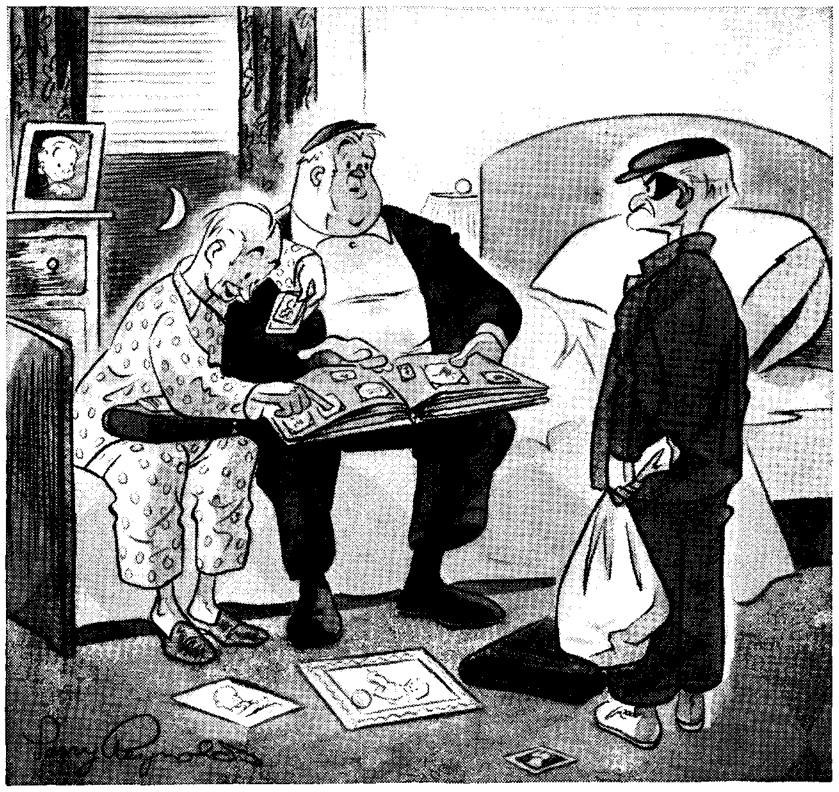
She looked at Poirot with a smile. "I hope I'm not upsetting your illusions. A girl of twenty, I ought to have been prostrated, I suppose—agonized with shame or something. I wasn't. I didn't care what they said to me. I only wanted one thing."

"What?"

"To get her hanged, of course," said Elsa Dittisham.

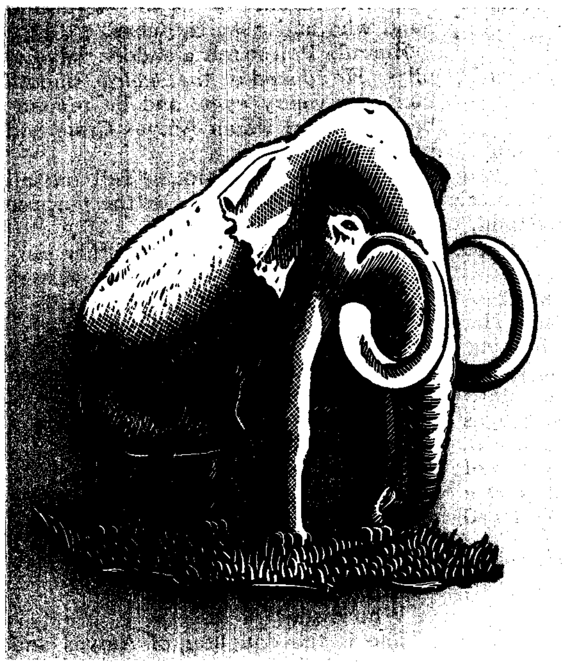
He noticed her hands—beautiful

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"I seen a photo of the guy's kid on the dresser. Like a dope, I remarked about it"

Know your M's



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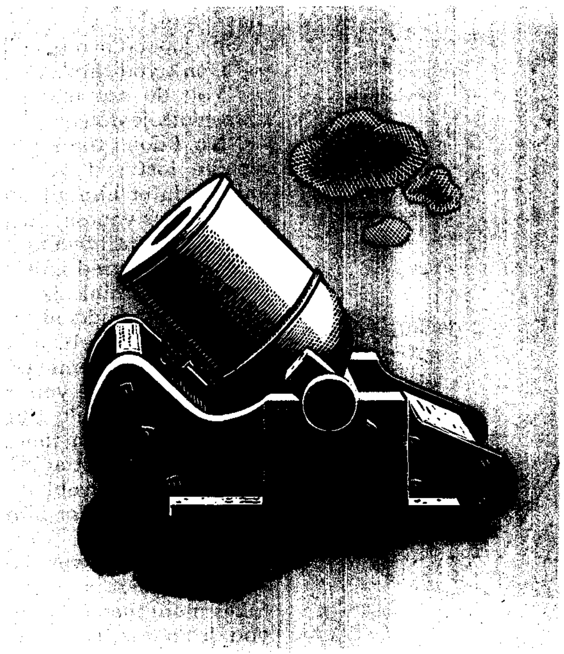

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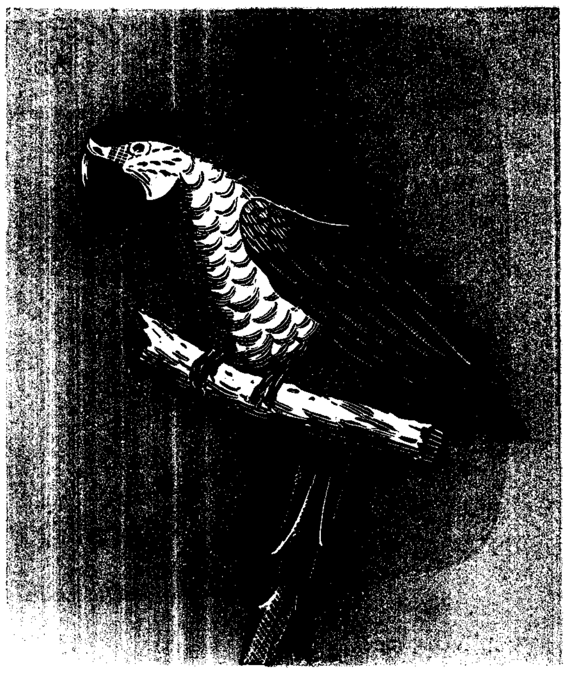

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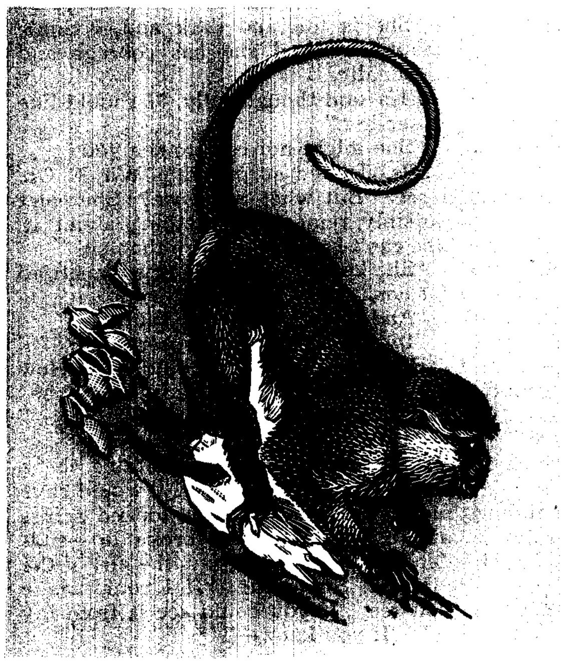

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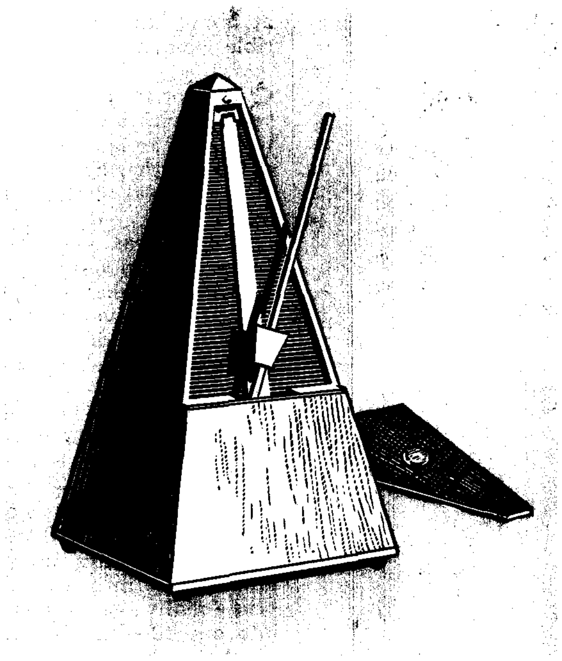

5. This is a M________

M___
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M___
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6. This is M________ & M____

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ANSWERS: 1, *Mammoth;* 2, *Mortar;* 3, *Macaw;* 4, *Monkey;* 5, *Metronome;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

"By the way, Dr. Jekyll, whatever happened to Mr. Hyde?"

"Who, me? . . . Hyde?"

"Uh! Huh! You know what I mean. I can remember when you, my handsome hero, didn't have a pleasant word for anyone. You were thin as a rail and jumpy as a cat. You even used to . . ."

"Used to *what,* Nan?"

"*Mope at people,* like this!"

"Hey! Stop it! I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency. Ain't that something? It means a shortage of the vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S, took two cakes a day in cool tomato juice, and in a few weeks . . ."

"In a few weeks . . . my good-natured Dr. Jekyll. But, what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. It's delicious!"

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All the benefits of fresh yeast.
High vitamin values.
Vitamin A-3100 Units(Int.)
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With Cereal or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamin A
Take two cakes daily

Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B_1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven, they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex

hands but with long, curving nails. Predatory hands.

She said: "You're thinking me vindictive? So I am vindictive—to anyone who has injured me. That woman was to my mind the lowest kind of woman there is. She knew that Amyas cared for me—that he was going to leave her —and she killed him so that *I* shouldn't have him."

She looked across at Poirot.

"Don't you think that's pretty mean?"

"You do not understand or sympathize with jealousy?"

"No, I don't think I do. If you've lost, you've lost. If you can't keep your husband, let him go with a good grace. It's possessiveness I don't understand."

"You might have understood it if you had ever married him."

"I don't think so. We weren't—" She smiled suddenly at Poirot. Her smile was, he felt, a little frightening. It was so far removed from any real feeling. "I'd like you to get this right," she said. "Don't think that Amyas Crale seduced an innocent young girl. It wasn't like that at all! Of the two of us, *I* was responsible. I met him at a party and I fell for him. I knew I had to have him—"

"Although he was married?"

"Trespassers will be prosecuted? It takes more than a printed notice to keep you from reality. If he was unhappy with his wife and could be happy with me, then why not? We've only one life to live."

"But it has been said he was happy with his wife."

Elsa shook her head. "No. They quarreled like cat and dog. She nagged at him. She was—oh, she was a horrible woman!"

SHE got up and lit a cigarette. She said with a little smile: "Probably I'm unfair to her. But I really *do* think she was rather hateful."

Poirot said slowly, "It was a great tragedy."

"Yes, it was a great tragedy." She turned on him suddenly; into the dead, monotonous weariness of her face something came quiveringly alive. "It killed *me,* do you understand? It killed me. Ever since, there's been nothing—nothing at all." Her voice dropped: "Emptiness!" She waved her hands impatiently. "Like a stuffed fish in a glass case!"

"Did Amyas Crale mean so much to you?"

She nodded. It was a queer, confiding little nod—oddly pathetic. She said, "I think I've always had a single-track mind." She mused somberly. "I suppose—really—one ought to put a knife into oneself—like Juliet. But—but to do that is to acknowledge that you're done for—that life's beaten you."

"And instead?"

"There ought to be everything—just the same—once one has got over it. I *did* get over it. It didn't mean anything to me any more. I thought I'd go on to the next thing."

Yes, the next thing. Poirot saw her plainly trying so hard to fulfill that crude determination. Saw her beautiful and rich, seductive to men, seeking with greedy, predatory hands to fill up a life that was empty. Hero worship —a marriage to a famous aviator; then an explorer, that big giant of a man Arnold Stevensen, possibly not unlike Amyas Crale physically—a reversion to the creative arts; Dittisham!

Elsa Dittisham said, "I've never been a hyprocite! There's a Spanish proverb I've always liked. *Take what you want and pay for it, says God.* Well, I've done that. I've taken what I wanted—but I've always been willing to pay the price."

"What you do not understand," Poirot said, "is that there are things that cannot be bought."

She stared at him. "I don't mean just money."

Poirot said: "No, no; I understand what you meant. But it is not everything in life that has its ticket, so much. There are things that are *not for sale.*"

"Nonsense!"

He smiled very faintly. In her voice was the arrogance of the successful mill hand who had risen to riches.

Hercule Poirot felt a sudden wave of pity. He looked at the ageless smooth face, the weary eyes, and he remembered the girl whom Amyas Crale had painted.

Elsa Dittisham said: "Tell me all about this book. What is the purpose of it? Whose idea is it?"

"Oh, my dear lady, what other purpose is there but to serve up yesterday's sensation with today's sauce?"

"But *you're* not a writer?"

"No, I am an expert on crime."

"You mean, they consult you on crime books?"

"Not always. In this case, I have a commission."

"From whom?"

"I am—what do you say?—working on this publication on behalf of an interested party."

"What party?"

"Miss Carla Lemarchant."

"Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of Amyas and Caroline Crale."

Elsa stared for a minute. Then she said: "Oh, of course, there *was* a child. I remember. I suppose she's grown up now?"

"Yes, she is twenty-one."

"What is she like?"

"She is tall and dark and, I think, beautiful. And she has courage and personality."

Elsa said thoughtfully, "I should like to see her."

"She might not care to see you."

Elsa looked surprised. "Why? Oh, I see. But what nonsense! She can't possibly remember anything about it. She can't have been more than six."

"She knows that her mother was tried for her father's murder."

"And she thinks it's my fault?"

"It is a possible interpretation."

Elsa shrugged her shoulders. "How stupid!" she said. "If Caroline had behaved like a reasonable human being—"

"So you take no responsibility?"

"Why should I? *I've* nothing to be ashamed of. I loved him. I would have made him happy." She looked across at Poirot. Her face broke up—suddenly, incredibly, he saw the girl of the picture. She said: "If I could make you see. If you could see it from my side. If you knew—"

POIROT leaned forward. "But that is what I want. See, Mr. Philip Blake, who was there at the time, he is writing me a meticulous account of everything that happened. Mr. Meredith Blake the same. Now if you—"

Elsa Dittisham took a deep breath. She said contemptuously: "Those two! Philip was always stupid. Meredith used to trot around after Caroline—but he was quite a dear. But you won't have *any* real idea from *their* accounts."

He watched her, saw the animation rising in her eyes, saw a living woman take shape from a dead one. She said quickly and almost fiercely: "Would you like the *truth?* Oh, not for publication. But just for yourself—"

"I will undertake not to publish without your consent."

"I'd like to write down the truth. . . ." She was silent a minute or two, thinking. He saw the smooth hardness of her cheeks falter and take on a younger curve; he saw life flowing into her as the past claimed her again.

"To go back—to write it all down. . . . To show you what she was—"

Her eyes flashed. Her breast heaved passionately. "She killed him. She killed Amyas. Amyas, who wanted to live—who enjoyed living. Hate oughtn't to be stronger than love—but her hate was. And my hate for her is—I hate her—I hate her—I hate her. . . ."

She came across to him. She stooped, her hand clutched at his sleeve. She said urgently: "You must understand—you *must*—how we felt about each other. Amyas and I, I mean. There's something—I'll show you."

She whirled across the room. She was unlocking a little desk, pulling out a drawer concealed inside a pigeonhole.

Then she was back. In her hand was a creased letter, the ink faded. She thrust it on him and Poirot had a sudden poignant memory of a child he had known who had thrust on him one of her treasures—a special shell picked up on the seashore and zealously guarded. Just so had that child stood back and watched him. Proud, afraid, keenly critical of his reception of her treasure.

He unfolded the faded sheets, and read:

"Elsa—you wonderful child! There never was anything as beautiful. And yet I'm afraid—I'm too old—a middle-aged, ugly-tempered devil with no stability in me. Don't trust me, don't believe in me—I'm no good, apart from my work. The best of me is in that. There, don't say you haven't been warned.

"But, my lovely, I'm going to have you all the same. I'd go to the devil for you, and you know it. And I'll paint a picture of you that will make the fat-headed world hold its sides and gasp! I'm crazy about you—I can't sleep, I can't eat. Elsa—Elsa—Elsa—I'm yours forever; yours till death. AMYAS."

Sixteen years ago. Faded ink, crumbling paper. But the words still alive, still vibrating. . . .

He looked across at the woman to whom they had been written.

But it was no longer a woman at whom he looked.

It was a young girl in love.

He thought again of Juliet. . . .

"May I ask why, M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot considered his answer to the question. He was aware of a pair of very shrewd gray eyes watching him out of the small, wizened face.

He had climbed to the top floor of the bare building and knocked on the door of No. 584 Gillespie Buildings, which had come into existence to provide so-called "flatlets" for workingwomen.

Here, in a small cubic space, existed Miss Cecilia Williams, in a room that was bedroom, sitting room, dining room and, by judicious use of the gas ring, kitchen—a kind of cubbyhole attached to it contained a quarter-length bath and the usual offices.

MEAGER though these surroundings might be, Miss Williams had contrived to impress upon them her stamp of personality.

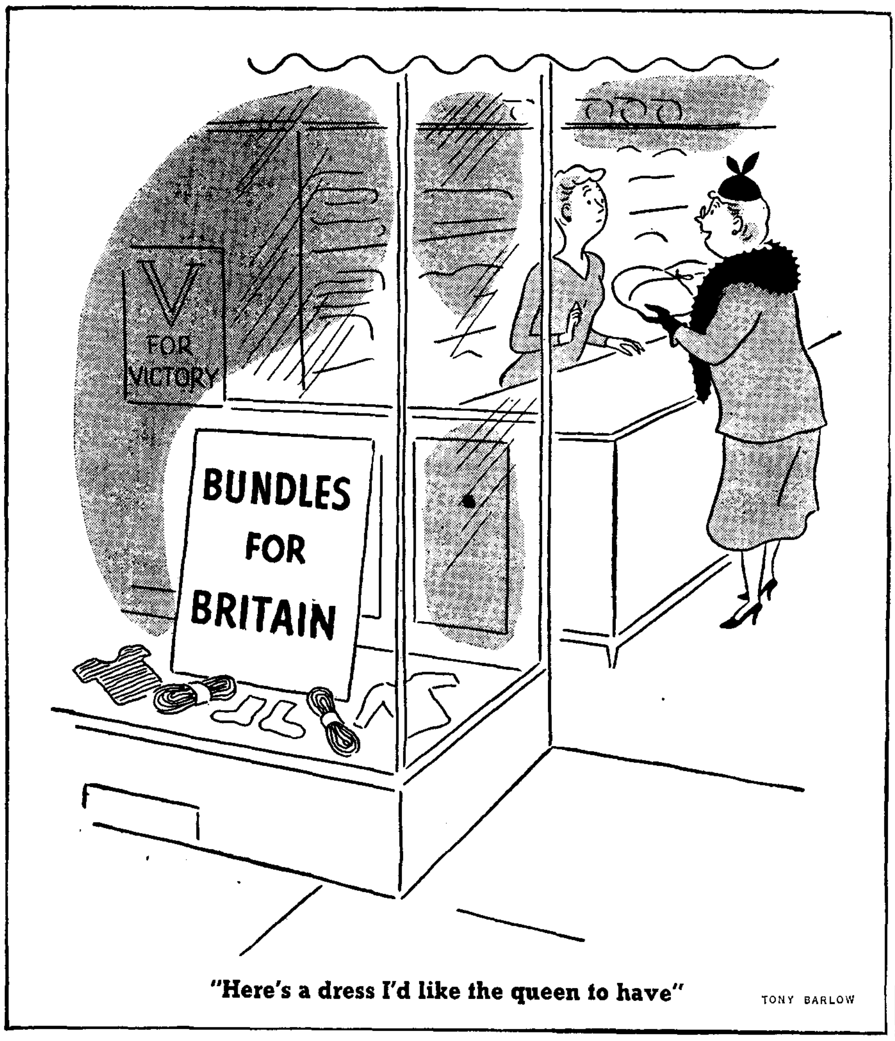
The walls were distempered an ascetic pale gray, and various reproductions hung upon them. Danté meeting Beatrice on a bridge, and that picture once described by a child as a "blind girl sitting on an orange and called, I don't know why, Hope." There were also two water colors of Venice and a sepia copy of Botticelli's Primavera. On the top of the low chest of drawers were a large quantity of faded photographs, mostly, by their style of hairdressing, dating from twenty to thirty years ago.

The square of carpet was threadbare, the furniture battered and of poor quality. It was clear to Hercule Poirot that Cecilia Williams lived very near the bone. There was no roast beef here. This was the little pig that had none.

Clear, incisive and insistent, the voice of Miss Williams repeated its demand: "You want my recollections of the Crale case? May I ask why?"

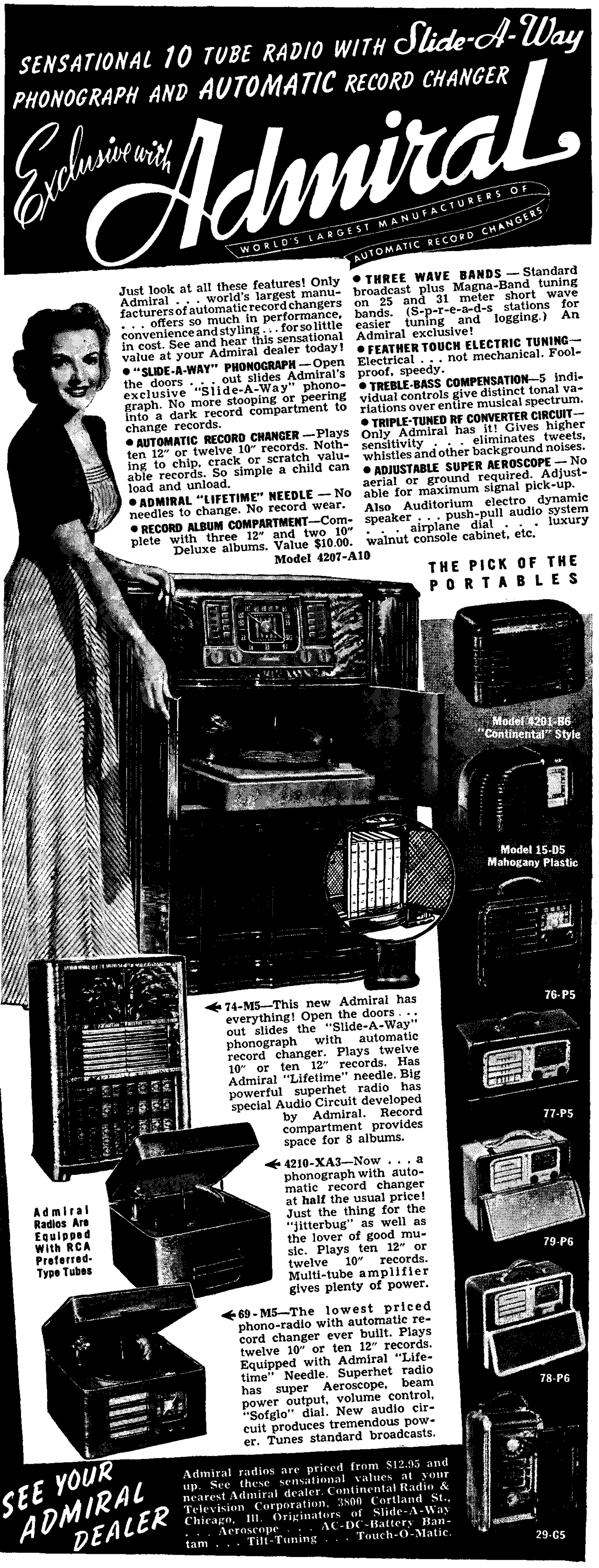
It has been said of Hercule Poirot by some of his friends and associates, at moments when he has maddened them most, that he prefers lies to truth and will go out of his way to gain his ends by means of elaborate false statements, rather than trust to the simple truth.

But in this case he proffered no specious explanation of a book to be written



"Here's a dress I'd like the queen to have"

TONY BARLOW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Just look at all these features! Only Admiral . . . world's largest manufacturers of automatic record changers . . . offers so much in performance, convenience and styling . . . for so little in cost. See and hear this sensational value at your Admiral dealer today!

- **"SLIDE-A-WAY" PHONOGRAPH**—Open the doors . . . out slides Admiral's exclusive "Slide-A-Way" phonograph. No more stooping or peering into a dark record compartment to change records.
- **AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER**—Plays ten 12" or twelve 10" records. Nothing to chip, crack or scratch valuable records. So simple a child can load and unload.
- **ADMIRAL "LIFETIME" NEEDLE**—No needles to change. No record wear.
- **RECORD ALBUM COMPARTMENT**—Complete with three 12" and two 10" Deluxe albums. Value $10.00.
- **THREE WAVE BANDS**—Standard broadcast plus Magna-Band tuning on 25 and 31 meter short wave bands. (S-p-r-e-a-d-s stations for easier tuning and logging.) An Admiral exclusive!
- **FEATHER TOUCH ELECTRIC TUNING**—Electrical . . . not mechanical. Foolproof, speedy.
- **TREBLE-BASS COMPENSATION**—5 individual controls give distinct tonal variations over entire musical spectrum.
- **TRIPLE-TUNED RF CONVERTER CIRCUIT**—Only Admiral has it! Gives higher sensitivity . . . eliminates tweets, whistles and other background noises.
- **ADJUSTABLE SUPER AEROSCOPE**—No aerial or ground required. Adjustable for maximum signal pick-up.

Also Auditorium electro dynamic speaker . . . push-pull audio system . . . airplane dial . . . luxury walnut console cabinet, etc.

Model 4207-A10

THE PICK OF THE PORTABLES

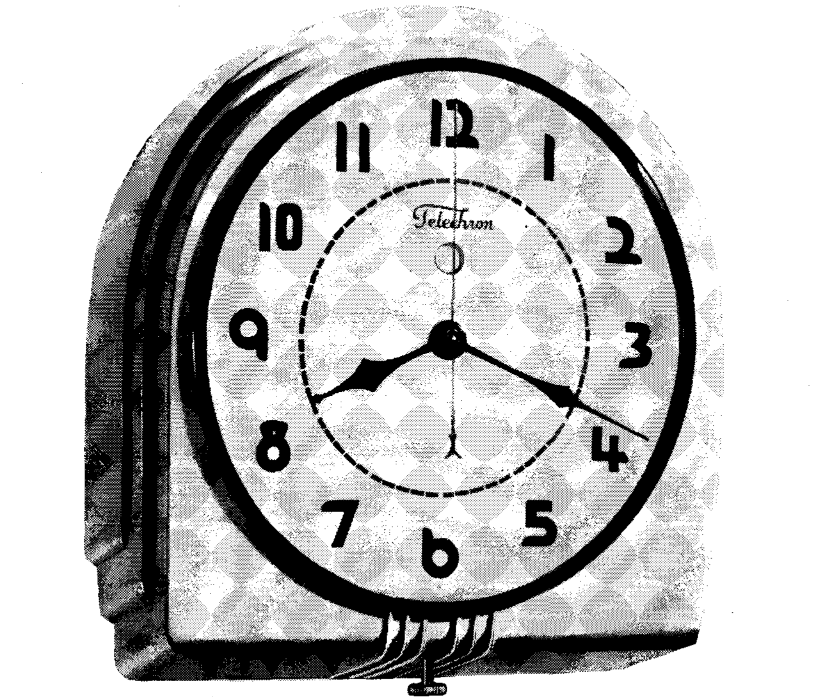
74-M5—This new Admiral has everything! Open the doors . . . out slides the "Slide-A-Way" phonograph with automatic record changer. Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records. Has Admiral "Lifetime" needle. Big powerful superhet radio has special Audio Circuit developed by Admiral. Record compartment provides space for 8 albums.

4210-XA3—Now . . . a phonograph with automatic record changer at half the usual price! Just the thing for the "jitterbug" as well as the lover of good music. Plays ten 12" or twelve 10" records. Multi-tube amplifier gives plenty of power.

69-M5—The lowest priced phono-radio with automatic record changer ever built. Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records. Equipped with Admiral "Lifetime" Needle. Superhet radio has super Aeroscope, beam power output, volume control, "Sofglo" dial. New audio circuit produces tremendous power. Tunes standard broadcasts.

Admiral Radios Are Equipped With RCA Preferred-Type Tubes

Admiral radios are priced from $12.95 and up. See these sensational values at your nearest Admiral dealer. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, 3800 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill. Originators of Slide-A-Way . . . Aeroscope . . . AC-DC-Battery Bantam . . . Tilt-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic.



FATHER TELECHRON SAYS

"DON'T ROAST THE COOK—IF THE ROAST ISN'T RIGHT!"

Just put **BUFFET** on her kitchen wall! Choice of red, blue, black, white, green or ivory plastic case. Accurate, attractive, and only $3.50

SECRETARY — Handsome alarm in brown plastic, **$3.95.** Ivory color, $4.50. Same design, luminous numerals and hands, $1 more.

VASSAL — Rich brown wood with metal feet, **$5.95.** Telechron clocks in different rooms help to keep the whole household *on time!*

BARRINGTON — Graceful mantel model in brown wood, **$9.95.** One good reason why Telechron is the best known electric clock.

BANCROFT — Distinctive modern design. Brown wood, **$6.95.** Other Telechron models at all leading dealers from $2.95 to $35.

Telechron ELECTRIC CLOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.
In Canada: The Canadian General Electric Co.

Prices subject to change without notice

on bygone crimes. Instead he narrated simply the circumstances in which Carla Lemarchant had sought him out.

The small, elderly lady in the neat, shabby dress listened attentively. She said, "It interests me very much to have news of that child—to know how she has turned out."

"She is a very charming and attractive young woman, with plenty of courage and a mind of her own."

"Good," said Miss Williams briefly.

"And *she* is, I may say, a very persistent person. She is not a person whom it is easy to refuse or put off."

The ex-governess nodded thoughtfully. She asked, "Is she artistic?"

"I think not."

Miss Williams said dryly, "That's one thing to be thankful for!"

THE tone of the remark left Miss Williams' views as to artists in no doubt whatever. She added, "From your account of her I should imagine that she takes after her mother rather than after her father."

"Very possibly. That you can tell me when you have seen her. You would like to see her?"

"I should like to see her very much indeed. It is always interesting to see how a child you have known has developed."

"She was, I suppose, very young when you last saw her?"

"She was five and a half. A very charming child—a little overquiet, perhaps. Thoughtful. Given to playing her own little games and not inviting outside co-operation. Natural and unspoiled."

Poirot said, "It was fortunate she was so young."

"Yes, indeed. Had she been older the shock of the tragedy might have had a very bad effect."

"Nevertheless," said Poirot, "one feels that there *was* a handicap—however little the child understood or was allowed to know, there would have been an atmosphere of mystery and evasion and an abrupt uprooting. These things are not good for a child."

Miss Williams replied thoughtfully, "They may have been less harmful than you think."

Poirot said, "Before we leave the subject of Carla Lemarchant—little Carla Crale that was—there is something I would like to ask you. If anyone can explain it, I think you can."

"Yes?" Her voice was inquiring, noncommittal.

Poirot waved his hands in an effort to express his meaning.

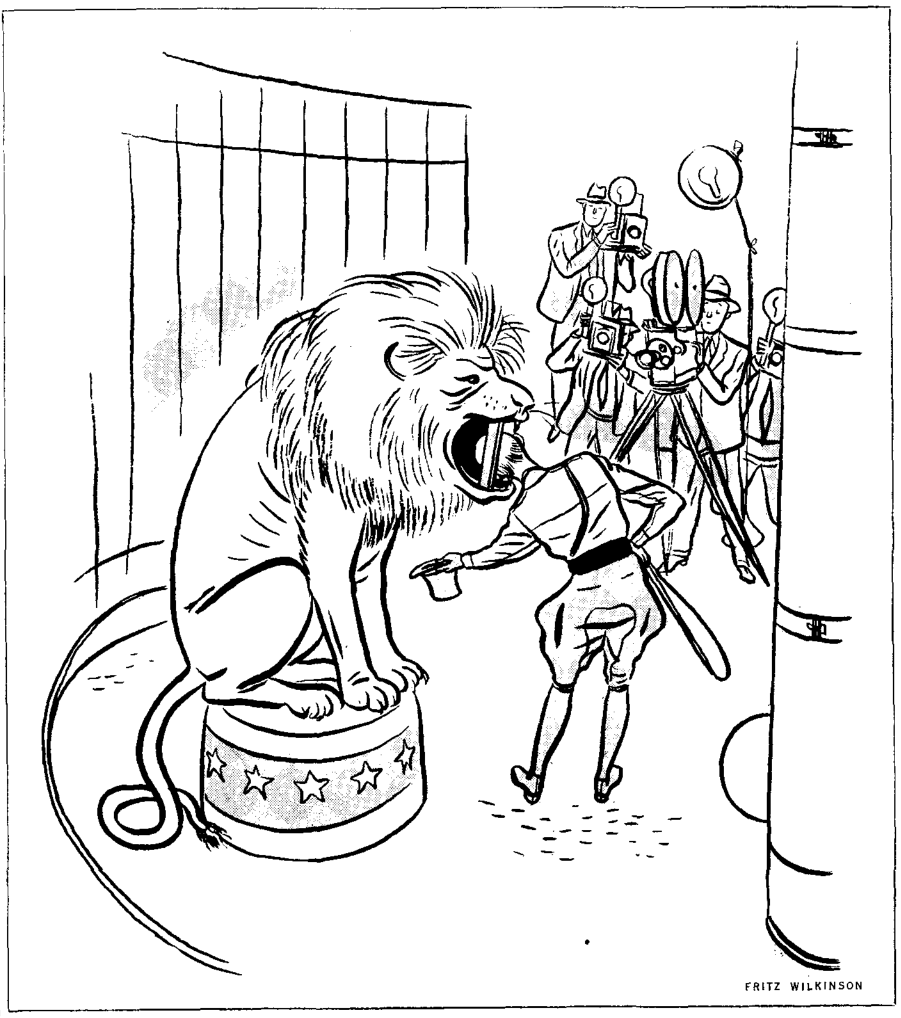
"There is a something—a *nuance* I cannot define—but it seems to me always that the child, when I mention her, is not given her full value. When I mention her, the response comes always with a vague surprise, as though the person to whom I speak had forgotten altogether that there *was* a child. Now surely, mademoiselle, that is not natural. A child, under these circumstances, is a person of importance, not in herself, but as a pivotal point. Amyas Crale may have had reasons for abandoning his wife—or for not abandoning her. But in the usual breakup of a marriage the child forms a very important point. But here the child seems to count for very little. That seems to me—strange."

Miss Williams said quickly: "You have put your finger on a vital point, M. Poirot. You are quite right. And that is partly why I said what I did just now—that Carla's transportation to different surroundings might have been in some respects a good thing for her. When she became older, you see, she might have suffered from a certain lack in her home life."

She leaned forward and spoke slowly and carefully:

"Naturally, in the course of my work, I have seen a good many aspects of the parent-and-child problem. Many children, *most* children, I should say, suffer from overattention on the part of their parents. There is too much love, too much watching over the child. It is uneasily conscious of this brooding, and seeks to free itself, to get away and be unobserved. With an only child this is particularly the case, and of course mothers are the worst offenders.

"The result on the marriage is often unfortunate. The husband resents com-



FRITZ WILKINSON

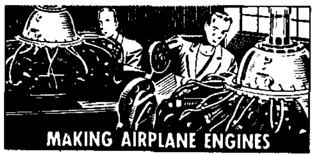
FOR THE SERVICE OF AMERICA

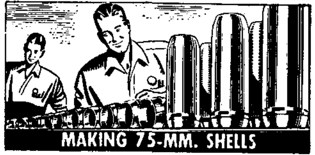
IT PAYS TO BUY THE LEADER AND GET THE LEADING BUY

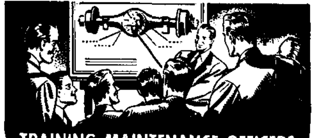
CHEVROLET
1942

CHEVROLET AIDS NATIONAL DEFENSE

MAKING MILITARY TRUCKS


MAKING AIRPLANE ENGINES


MAKING 75-MM. SHELLS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Your own eyes and your own tests will tell you that this newest Chevrolet brings you more quality, more beauty, more comfort, more performance with economy than you have ever before obtained at low prices. . . . And, of course, under today's conditions, Chevrolet gas, oil and upkeep economy is both a personal advantage and a national asset.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DESIGNED TO LEAD IN STYLING

Chevrolet alone of all low-priced cars has new "Leader Line" Styling, swank new "Fender Wings" and Body by Fisher with No Draft Ventilation.

DESIGNED TO LEAD IN PERFORMANCE

Chevrolet alone combines a powerful, thoroughly proved Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine, Safe-T-Special Hydraulic Brakes, Unitized Knee-Action Ride, and Extra-Easy Vacuum-Power Shift at no extra cost.

DESIGNED TO LEAD IN ECONOMY

Chevrolet is the most economical of all the largest-selling low-priced cars from the all-round standpoint of gas, oil and upkeep.

THE FINEST CHEVROLET OF ALL TIME

ing second, seeks consolation—or rather flattery and attention—elsewhere, and a divorce results sooner or later. The best thing for a child, I am convinced, is to have what I should term healthy neglect on the part of both its parents. This happens naturally enough in the case of a large family of children and very little money. They are overlooked because the mother has literally no time to occupy herself with them. They realize quite well that she is fond of them, but they are not worried by too many manifestations of the fact.

"But there is another aspect. One does occasionally find a husband and wife who are so ill-sufficient to each other, so wrapped up in each other, that the child of the marriage hardly seems very real to either of them. And in those circumstances, I think, a child comes to resent that fact, to feel defrauded and left out in the cold. You understand that I am not speaking of *neglect* in any way. Mrs. Crale, for instance, was what is termed an excellent mother, always careful of Carla's welfare, of her health, playing with her at the right times, and always kind and gay. But, for all that, Mrs. Crale was really completely wrapped up in her husband. She existed, one might say, only in him and for him." Miss Williams paused a minute and then said quietly, "That, I think, is the justification for what she eventually did."

"You mean," Hercule Poirot said, "that they were more like lovers than like husband and wife?"

Miss Williams, with a slight frown of distaste for foreign phraseology, said, "You could certainly put it that way."

"He was as devoted to her as she was to *him*?"

"They were a devoted couple. But he, of course, was a man."

Miss Williams contrived to put into that last word a wholly Victorian significance.

"Men—" said Miss Williams, and stopped.

As a rich property owner says, "Bolsheviks," as an earnest Communist says, "Capitalists," as a good housewife says, "Black beetles," so did Miss Williams say, "Men."

From her spinster's, governess' life, there rose up a blast of fierce feminism. Nobody hearing her speak could doubt that, to Miss Williams, Men were the Enemy!

Poirot said, "You hold no brief for men?"

She answered dryly: "Men have the best of this world. I hope that it will not always be so."

HERCULE POIROT eyed her speculatively. He could quite easily visualize Miss Williams methodically and efficiently padlocking herself to a railing, and later hunger-striking with resolute endurance.

Leaving the general for the particular, he said, "You did not like Amyas Crale?"

"I certainly did not like Mr. Crale. Nor did I approve of him. If I had been his wife I should have left him. There are things that no woman should put up with."

"But Mrs. Crale did put up with them?"

"Yes."

"You think she was wrong?"

"Yes, I do. A woman should have a certain respect for herself and not submit to humiliation."

"Did you ever say anything of that kind to Mrs. Crale?"

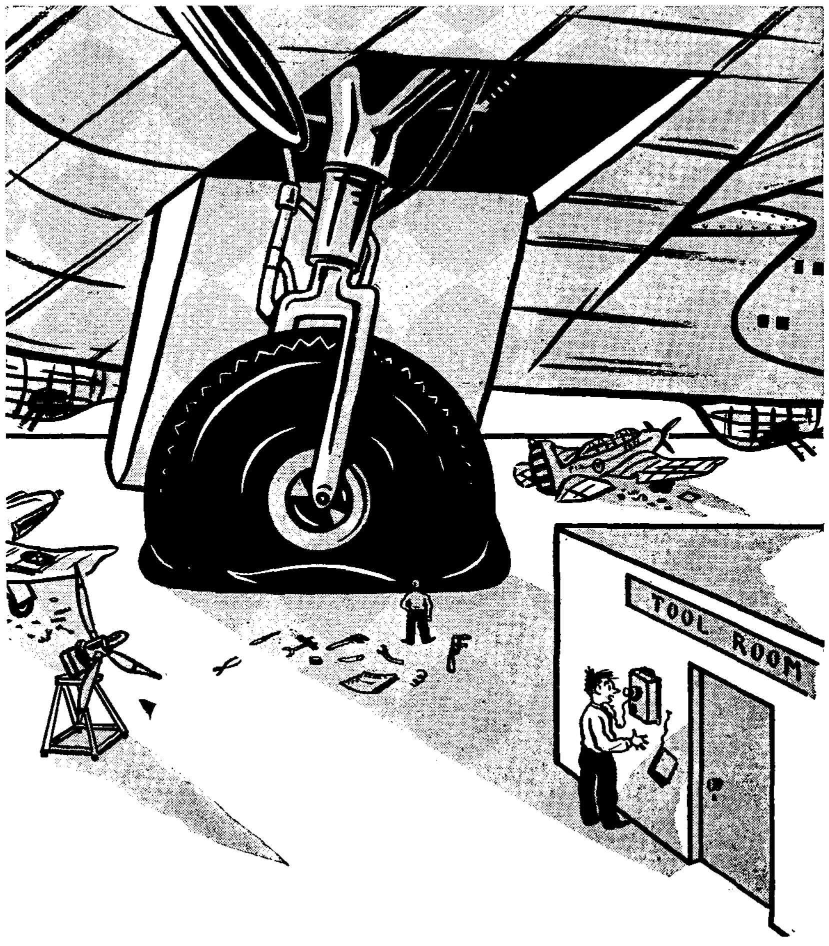
"Certainly not. It was not my place to do so. I was engaged to educate Angela, not to offer unasked advice to Mrs. Crale. To do so would have been most impertinent."

"You liked Mrs. Crale?"

"I was very fond of Mrs. Crale." The efficient voice softened, held warmth and feeling. "Very fond of her and very sorry for her."

"And your pupil—Angela Warren?" Poirot leaned forward, his eyes fixed hard on Miss Williams'.

(To be continued next week)



"I'm sorry, Alice, but my leave has been postponed indefinitely. I've got to change a flat tire"

GERALD GREEN

"I CALL 'EM LIVELY SOLES"

TRED-FLEX MAKES NEW SHOES FLEXIBLE AS A FENCING FOIL

HOST: In some things, flexibility is built in. Take fencing foils, fishing rods, bare feet, and Bostonian Shoes.

GUEST: Yes, that new Tred-Flex idea is a honey. How do you suppose Bostonian makes a leather sole so pliable?

HOST: By treating leather and fitting it together in a new way, I hear.

GUEST: However it's done, I know that ten steps broke mine in completely. It's like walking barefoot with your shoes on.

WIFE: If that's not a man for you! No mention of Bostonian style, yet they're also the best-looking shoes you ever wore.

Bostonians . . Whitman, Mass.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, so your foot bends in Tred-Flex. Easily! Get Walk-Fitted in *Kenwood*, a tan wing tip in soft tweed leather, shown above. Custom Bootmaker finish.

Tred-Flex Styles $8.95 to $11.00
Other Bostonians $8.50 to $12.00

TEN STEPS BREAK IN *Nyland*, because it has lively Tred-Flex soles. Their easy Walk-Fitted action puts wings on your feet.

BAREFOOT COMFORT with your shoes on is a big order, filled only by Tred-Flex. Try *Wellington* (above) for alert obedience to every motion.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT *they're Walk-Fitted*

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Chesterfield
200
20s
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ANGELA CUMMINS
Chesterfield's
Girl of the Month

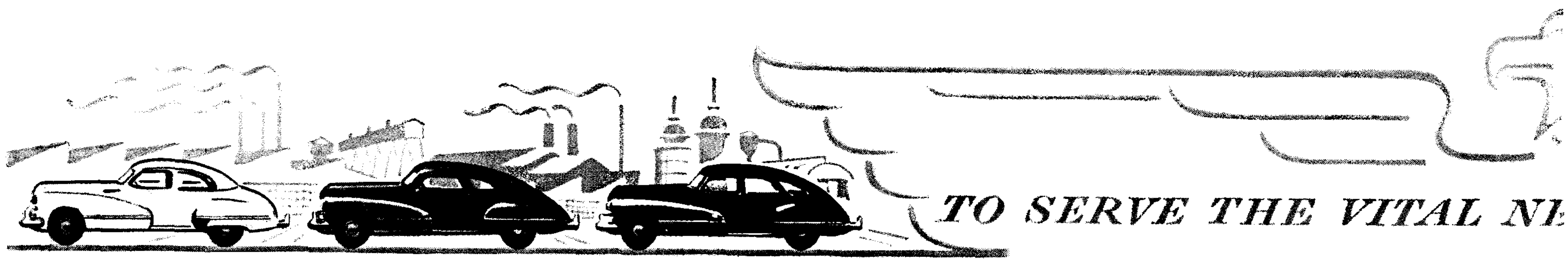
At all the Games IT'S CHESTERFIELD

For **MILDNESS**, for **BETTER TASTE** and **COOLER SMOKING**, Chesterfield is the winning cigarette . . . they're quick to satisfy with their *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

All around you, pack after pack, you'll see Chesterfields giving smokers a lot more pleasure. *Join in, light 'em up, and you've got a cigarette to cheer about.*

Everywhere you go . . .
it's have a Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1941, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.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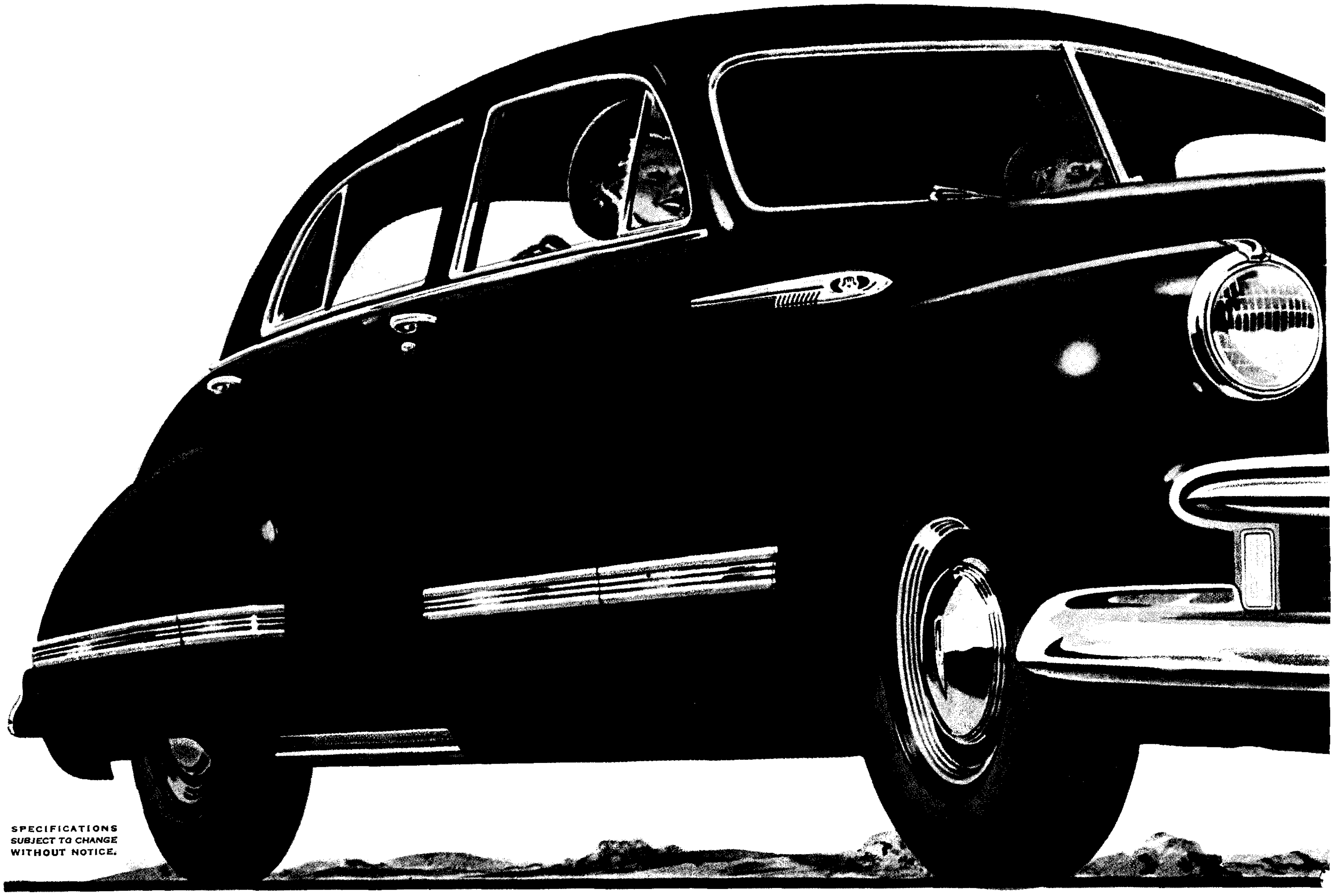
THE NATION'S OLDEST MOTOR CA

NEW OLDSM



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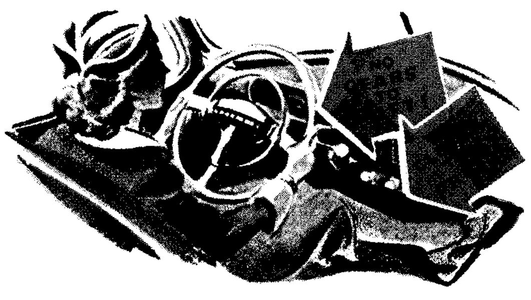


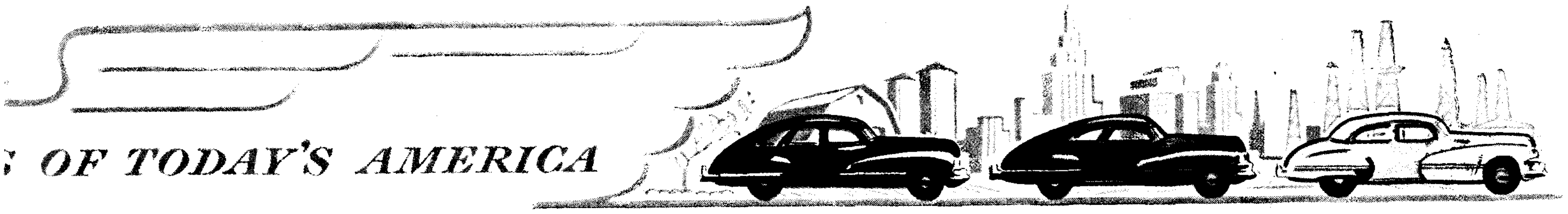
PROVED AND IMPROVED FOR "42"!

HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE★

THE GENERAL MOTORS CONTRIBUTION TO SIMPLER, SAFER, MORE EFFICIENT DRIVING!

Proved in the hands of more than 130,000 owners — and still further improved for 1942 — Oldsmobile's world famous Hydra-Matic Drive now enters its third great year. With no clutch to press and no gears to shift, it adds immeasurably to driving efficiency — saves time and conserves energy for the driver — improves all-round performance and reduces gasoline consumption by 10 to 15 per cent.

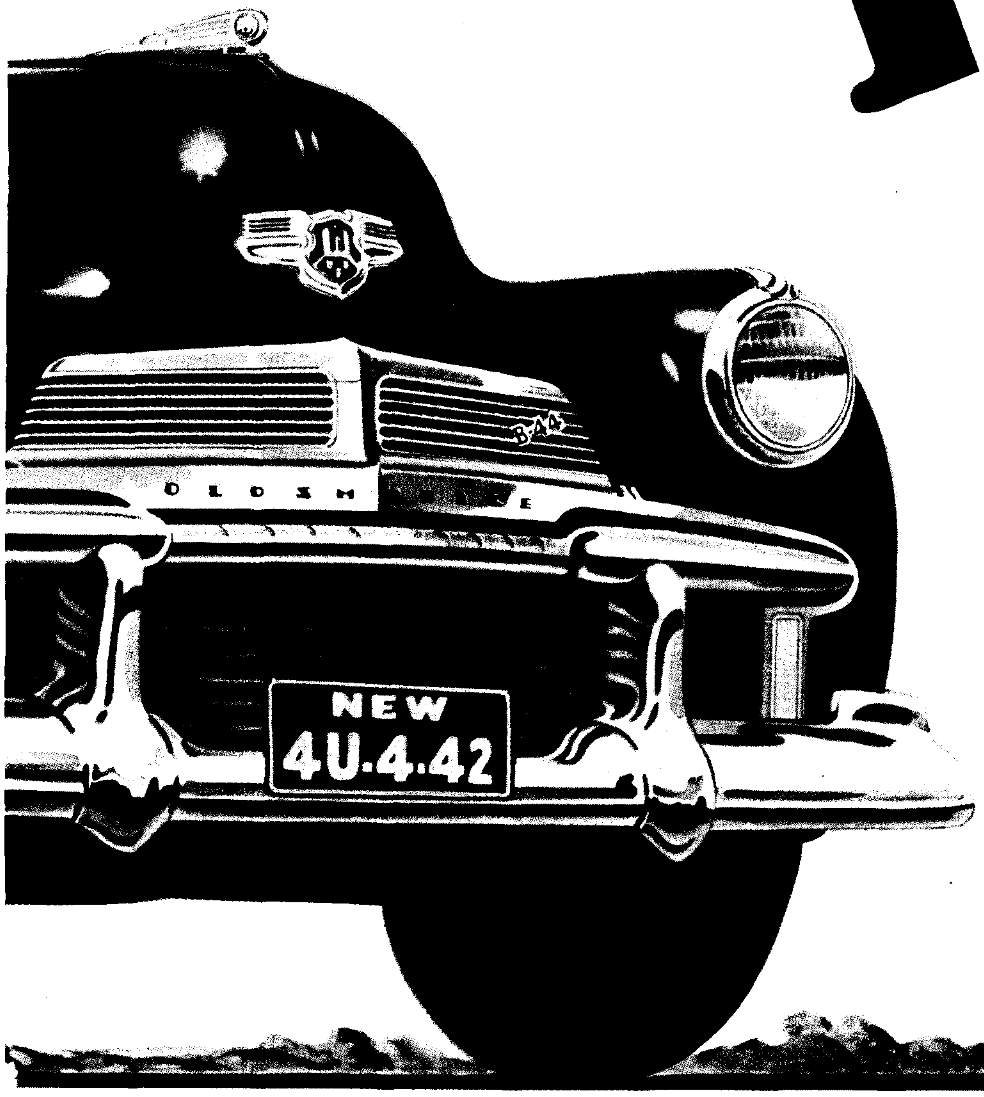
★Optional at extra cost on all models.



OF TODAY'S AMERICA

BUILDER CONTRIBUTES THE

OBILE "B-44"



EVEN BETTER *LOOKING, EVEN* BETTER *LASTING, EVEN* BETTER *BUILT THAN ANY OLDSMOBILE IN* 44 *YEARS !*

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

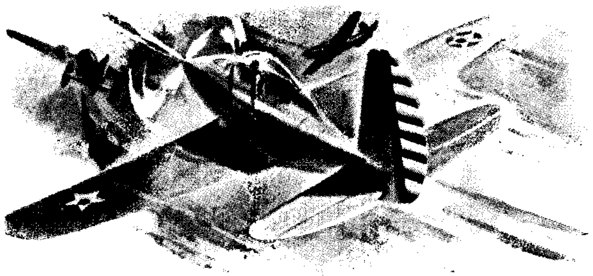
WHETHER it's shell and cannon for the army and air corps, or motor cars for the folks at home, *you can always count on Oldsmobile!*

The nation's oldest motor car institution has been serving the needs of the American public, dependably, year after year, since 1897. And today, Oldsmobile offers, along with its large-scale output of arms and ammunition, a new car for the nation—the Olds "B-44."

This new automobile is built to keep America on the move—to step up the tempo of going places and getting things done. It is "stamina-styled" in a bold new military mode. It has new "Double-Duty" bumpers, new "Fuselage" fenders, new "Dreadnaught" frame and an engine of greater "fire-power," combining alert action with long-time dependability and rigid economy. Down to the last detail, it is traditionally and truthfully Oldsmobile in quality—in materials, craftsmanship and modern design.

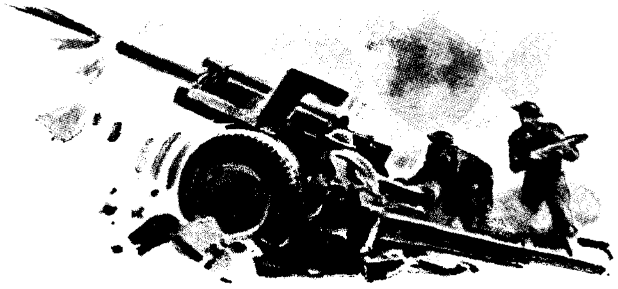
Your Oldsmobile dealer stands ready to show you how ably our engineers and craftsmen have met the challenge of the new times—with a new "Olds-quality" car. Priced below your expectations. Available in five new series—two Sixes and three Eights—all offering Oldsmobile's Hydra-Matic Drive.

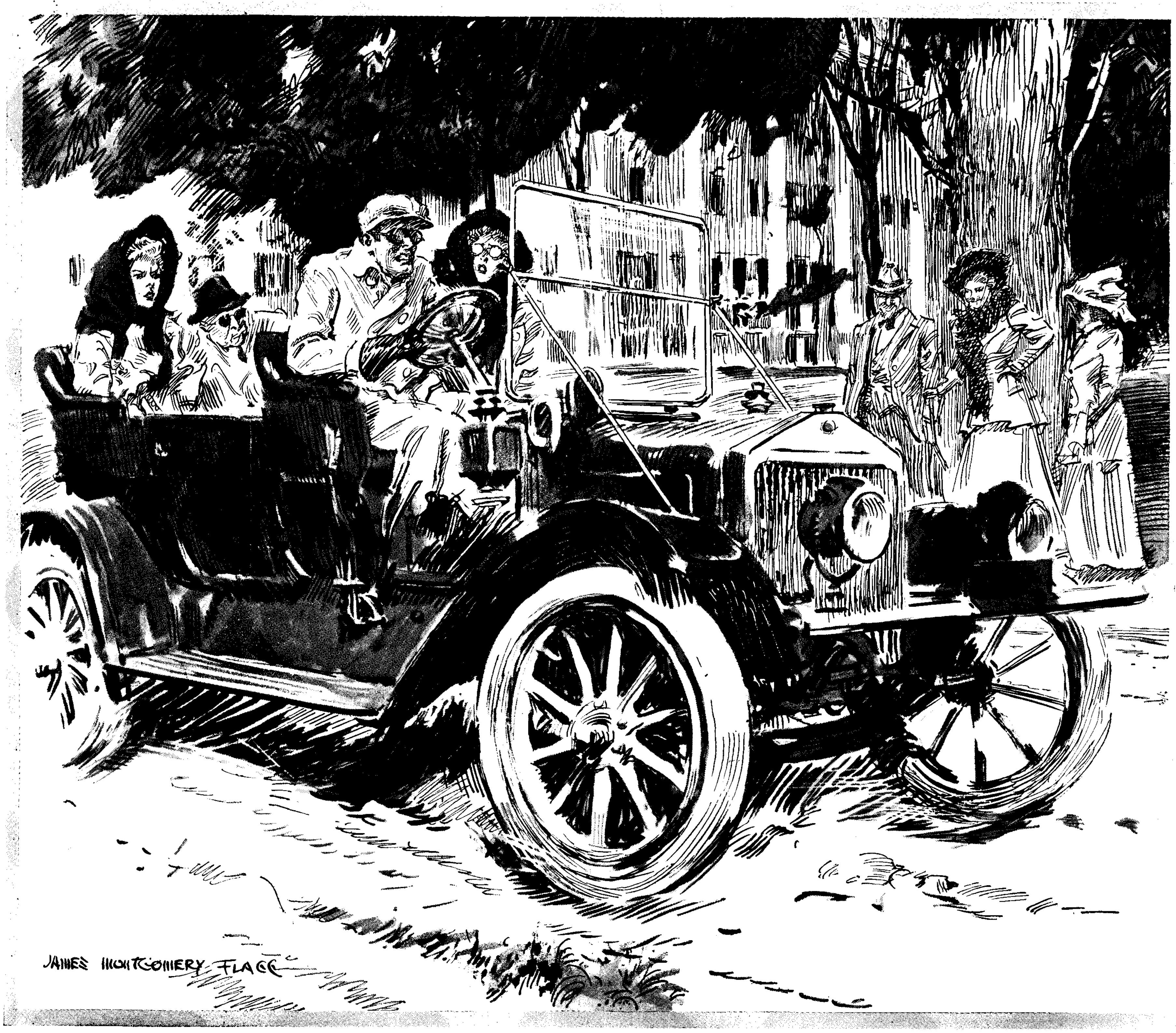
**'*YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON OLDSMOBILE*
IT'S QUALITY-BUILT TO LAST !**



OLDSMOBILE IS TURNING OUT CANNON FOR FIGHTING PLANES — SHELL FOR THE ARTILLERY

Defense comes first, with Oldsmobile! From Olds' 50-acre manufacturing arsenal at Lansing, Mich., pour large-caliber artillery shell at a rate of many thousands a day—while in a new Oldsmobile ordnance plant, automatic airplane cannon are now going into mass production.





It shook us up... in more ways than one!

THE early motor cars were crude and uncomfortable. They shook us up, and they shook the country up too; shook it into a new pattern of living.

In those days, lubrication was crude, too. And when Quaker State Motor Oil was first introduced, over a quarter of a century ago, it was so advanced in its performance that it shook the automotive industry into quick attention.

Today, the motor car industry has surged to undreamed-of heights . . . and Quaker State has kept pace. In fact, the New Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil is actually far ahead of any lubrication requirements of the modern automobile engine.

Quaker State has perfected a new method of eliminating the unstable elements from motor oil to produce a new kind of oil which resists oxidation and its resulting sludge, varnish and corrosion.

The remarkable quality and stability which have been painstakingly attained in Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil give you surest possible protection against repairs and depreciation. It's engineered to battle heat and friction successfully! This greatly improved oil still sells for 35¢ per quart. And you'll probably find it costs no more than cheaper oils because you won't have to add so many quarts between drain-and-refill periods.

Have your crankcase drained, cleansed and refilled with *Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil*. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED
Retail price 35¢ per quart

GUARANTEED 100 PER CENT PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL
QUAKER STATE

STABILIZED QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

THE OIL OF CHARACTER

Russian Women at War

Continued from page 18

combines, and in the east housewives have unhesitatingly left their kitchens to go into the mines. At a place called Karaganda five hundred volunteered as miners within the first week of war. In Moscow the women are to be seen driving most of the busses, trolleys and trucks, often with red-varnished nails which look odd on hands holding big steering wheels. (Incidentally, Russian men are the only ones I ever met who really like red fingernails. They are continually reproaching me for not lacquering mine.)

There are women enrolled in the police force known here as the militia. Sometimes they direct traffic, but mostly they are on duty in the streets to keep order. One I interviewed, Natalie Petrovna, was a servant girl until she became interested in social work and got herself elected to a minor post in the local soviet. It was in 1929 while serving there that someone suggested she had the makings of a militiawoman. It seemed a good idea and she promptly joined up. After a month's training, learning duties and how to shoot she began to get practical experience and is now a full-fledged lieutenant. "Are you a good shot?" I asked. "You bet," she answered, patting the revolver on her hip proudly. "What's more, I'm a good shot with a revolver, rifle, automatic rifle and machine gun."

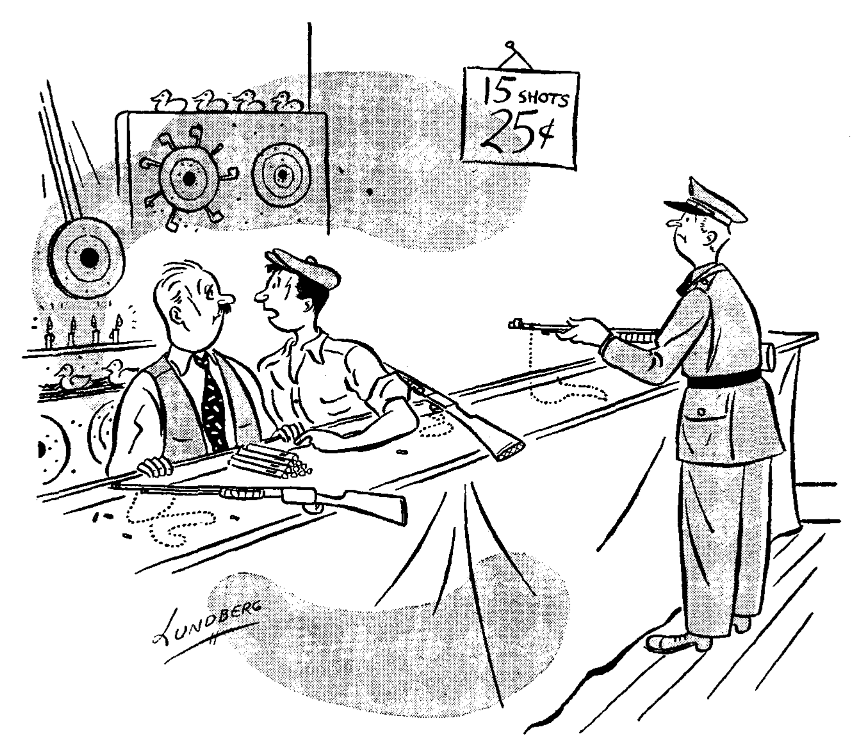
When she came into the room, wearing the regular blue uniform of the militia, except that instead of breeches and boots she had on a skirt and oxfords, she clicked her heels together and saluted smartly. Before sitting down she took off her cap, displaying a haircut that must have been perpetrated on her by some fifth columnist. It looked like any short bob from in front but was hacked straight across at the back, with the neck clippered to a whiteness that was in startling contrast with the leather-brown face.

She told me that she lives with her mother and her seven-year-old child; her husband is at the front and their nineteen-year-old adopted son is with the Baltic fleet. "I wish I had thought to bring his picture," she said, speaking about the latter. "You have no idea how handsome he looks in his blue uniform."

Like all the militiamen, Natalie Petrovna is on duty eight hours a day. Now that war is on she must remain on call another eight hours in case of emergency. Sunday is her day off, but this week she joined the "Voskresenie" (group volunteers who work Sundays giving their pay to the war fund) and helped unload freight cars in a railroad yard. Her job is to stand on the street, rifle in hand, keeping an eye on things. She says the war has done one good thing—it is keeping people too busy to have time to get into much trouble and she has not had to pull in any drunk for disturbing the peace since the twenty-second of June. Twice in recent weeks she has picked up suspicious characters. One girl who for no definite reason aroused her mistrust was found to have forged papers. The second was an old man whom she noticed in a streetcar because he was talking too much and asking a great many questions of his fellow passengers. She demanded to see his papers and when he couldn't produce any she arrested him. He turned out to be an escaped prisoner from Murmansk, who either had odd tastes or treacherous intentions, for his pockets were filled with flares. When I expressed astonishment at her being able to spot dangerous characters at a glance she explained it by saying, "As a militiaman one develops an instinct."

You Get Used to Bombs

The moment the air-raid siren sounds, all militiamen must report at the stations with their steel helmets. Natalie Petrovna was on duty only one night when a high-explosive bomb struck a house near by. She called for assistance to form a cordon around the house as crowds must not be allowed to form and panic must be prevented. She then helped carry out the wounded and what furniture was left intact and, when there weren't enough ambulances, commandeered passing cars to carry the victims to the hospitals. "What do you do when you see that a bomb is going to fall near you?" I asked. "I step back a few feet," she replied. "We are not



"He says he's only experienced in firing blanks"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

HOW I RETIRED ON A LIFE INCOME OF $150 A MONTH

To men of 40 who want to retire in 15 years

"FIFTEEN years ago I made a discovery that changed my life. I believe it will interest you.

"At that time, I was worried about myself and my future. I seemed to be living in a circle. I used to dream of being able to relax and enjoy life, without money worries. I longed for security.

"But dreams like that seemed hopeless. I wasn't rich. I probably never would be. Like millions of others, I would simply live and work and die—spend a lifetime making ends meet.

"But that was 15 years ago. Now I have retired on a life income. I have no business worries—my security is guaranteed. I can work or play, as I like. Each month the postman hands me a check for $150 and I know that I will receive another $150 every month as long as I live.

Here's What Happened

"My friends are envious. They want to know how it was possible. How, without being rich, I ever managed to retire on a life income. The answer is simple: When I was 40, I discovered the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The minute I read about this Plan I realized it was just what I needed. It showed me how to get an income for life beginning in 15 years. It showed me how to get immediate protection for my family in case I did not live until then. It even included a disability income for me if, before age 55, total disability stopped my earning power for six months or more.

"Best of all, the cost of this Plan was within reason. In fact, the Plan called for far less money than ordinary investment methods would require to get the same income.

"Today, at the comparatively early age of 55, I have the things I want—life-long security and freedom to do as I please. I can laugh at the worries that used to haunt me. With an income of $150 guaranteed me for life, I can be sure of comfort and happiness in the years ahead."

This story is typical. Wouldn't you like to make sure of your own future?

Wouldn't you like to find out, for yourself, how the Phoenix Mutual Plan works? You can get the facts, without obligation, by sending for the booklet offered below.

Send for Free Booklet

Send the coupon and you will receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about the Phoenix Mutual Plan and how to qualify for it. This booklet explains how to get a life income of $10 to $200 a month or more, starting at age 55, 60, 65 or 70. It shows how the Plan can protect you against emergencies, and how you can fit the Plan to your own needs. Don't put it off. Send the coupon for your copy *now.*

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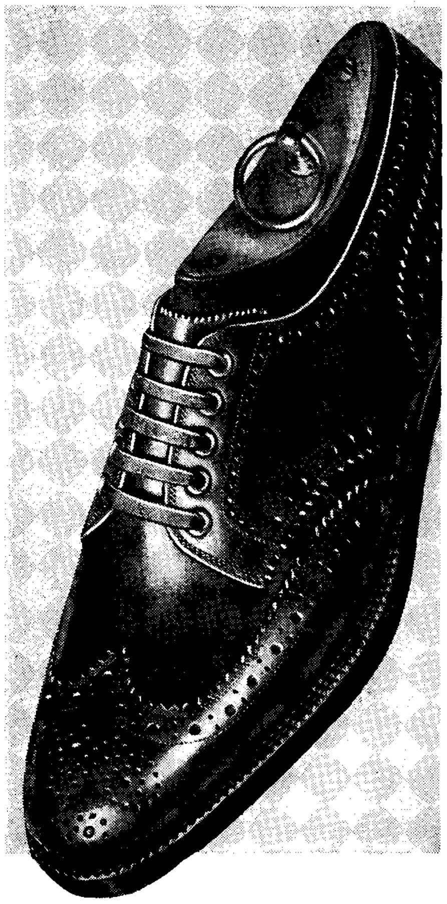

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WALK·OVERS
Need no breaking-in

allowed to do more than that." I pursued the subject by asking if she wasn't scared during raids. "No," she said, "one gets used to them very quickly."

When the head of the British military mission, General Mason MacFarlane, returned from a trip to the front he told correspondents that he had seen four women very far forward in the lines. One was a clerk, another a chauffeur, the third a nurse and the fourth a telegrapher. The last doubled in brass that evening by cooking a goose which had been killed for the general's supper. The nurse, he said, had greatly distinguished herself by her courage when she carried wounded men off the battlefield while under fire. She is only one of many nurses who are writing a heroic chapter in the story of this war. Every day the papers publish stories of nurses' exploits at the front, and one in the north even earned the praise of Marshal Voroshilov when she carried six wounded men out of occupied territory.

Women at War

So far it has been the definite policy to send men doctors to the front in preference to women, but nevertheless there are many working in the first-aid stations and field hospitals. Also they have plenty to do behind the lines. It is possible to get a picture of their activities from the story told me by Lydia Alexandrova, who is head of her department with a staff of twelve doctors in a hospital for wounded soldiers which used to be a clinic until civilian patients were evacuated to another Moscow nursing home at the end of June. There are a hundred beds in her section, some filled with men so badly wounded that they were flown directly from the field in special planes. Many of those who were in base hospitals first have been wounded twice, once on the battlefield and once when the base hospitals were bombed. According to her the only things they want read to them are the newspapers, as they are eager for the latest news from the front, and talk of nothing but getting well quickly so they can return to fight.

She is on duty from nine in the morning to two-thirty in the afternoon except twice a month when she takes twenty-four hours' duty. Sunday is free and she spends the time at home with her husband, who has volunteered for the People's Army because he is over military age, and her children—an eighteen-year-old daughter who is studying to become an aeronautical engineer, and twins, aged eleven, who help edit their school paper and write rousing articles about patriotism and the duty of everyone to help his Fatherland. When the regular hours are over Lydia Alexandrova spends several more working in the laboratory and during the time when the raids were on insisted upon remaining nights at the hospital as she wanted to be on hand to see her patients moved down to the cellar and help keep their minds off the noise of bombing. If, however, she is caught at home during a raid she immediately joins the sanitary corps of her house. That's what might be called a full schedule.

Women who feel they would be most useful as nurses but haven't the necessary training join the sanitary corps, whose members work in the first-aid stations in the cities and are attached to battalions at the front and do first-aid work. I know three girls who put in an eight-hour day at regular jobs as typists and clerks, then go off to medical classes for training to become nurses. Three nights a week they serve as unpaid volunteers in one of the hospitals where they fetch, carry, dress and wash patients and generally assist the nurses. Once they were given leave from their offices to go with their sanitary corps when it accompanied a battalion from the city part way to the front, where it picked up its own experienced sanitary corps. The idea was to have the girls on hand just in case any slight accidents occurred on the way. They were very much disappointed because they hadn't a chance to get any practice, since no soldier so much as stubbed a toe on the trip.

Two nights a week the girls join the street and roof watchers of their apartment houses. I couldn't quite figure out when they got any sleep and said as much. They shrugged that question off as unimportant. "On quiet nights we get a chance to sleep in the hospital," they said. It's true they didn't look tired and their clear eyes and pink cheeks offered ample testimony of the Russian woman's remarkable stamina.

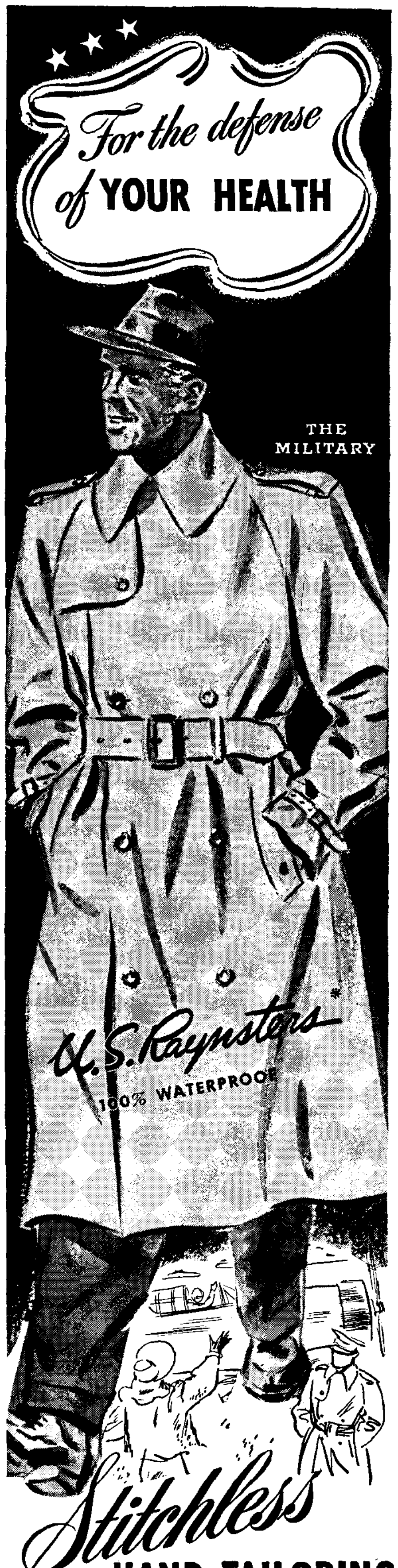
There are even female veterinaries attached to the army. Recently I read a story in the paper about one who went right up within a few miles of the front to look after the tired and wounded horses of the Red army battery. While she was there she cooked for the men and at night amused them with funny anecdotes and the story of her life.

Women pilots who were already in the air force when the war began are now being allowed to stay with it, in some cases even seeing active service at the front. No exact figures on their number can be obtained, but it apparently is small. Four or five have already distinguished themselves and have been awarded decorations for bravery. Others are staying at the home airdromes in various capacities. Captain Urasova, whom I met, is an instructor. She has the Badge of the Order of Merit, given her because of competence both as instructor and flier and she also wears the Parachute Badge pinned on the breast of her khaki tunic, showing she is a qualified parachutist.

At the age of twenty, after having worked three years in a textile factory, she decided to take up flying and entered the school for army pilots. It was a step which led not only to a military career but to the acquisition of a husband, for she married her instructor. He is now a colonel flying at the front, which makes her very envious as more than anything else in the world she wants a chance to take her pursuit ship up against the Germans. Unlike the militiawoman, Captain Urasova carries pictures of her husband and child, which she produced, asking me to note the Order of Lenin, which her husband was wearing. I inquired whether she had continued to fly while expecting the child, and she replied she had during the first five months, after which she was given a desk job. Somehow the idea of having to buy army officers' maternity uniforms struck my sense of humor. She laughed with me about it but explained that hadn't really been necessary since Russian tunics are full. All she had to do was keep punching holes in her Sam Browne belt.

Girls Who Fight Fires

Women are not excluded from the regular fire brigades. I know two female fire fighters, Valentina and Katie, who are nineteen and twenty-one. Valentina is a good-looking girl with a magnificent complexion, who looks very smart in her blue uniform and high boots. Katie is plump and snub-nosed and brims over with vitality and enthusiasm. They both think fighting fires the most wonderful job in the world. Theoretically they are on duty twenty-four hours, with a lay-off period for the succeeding twenty-four, but during the period of raids they often stayed on much longer. Valentina during a fire stays on the telephone to keep the firemen in touch with the sta-



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tion. However, if there is a very big fire she also goes out and helps with the hoses. On the second night of the July raids she was given a chance to take an active part when a house burned from one in the morning until six.

Both girls are the only women in their companies, although there are several others acting in the capacity of clerks and telephone operators with whom they share rooms, for they live at the station. I started to tell them about the poles American firemen slide down when they have hurry calls, but they interrupted to say their firehouses also had poles. According to Valentina sliding down poles is a fine idea but it ruins a girl's clothes.

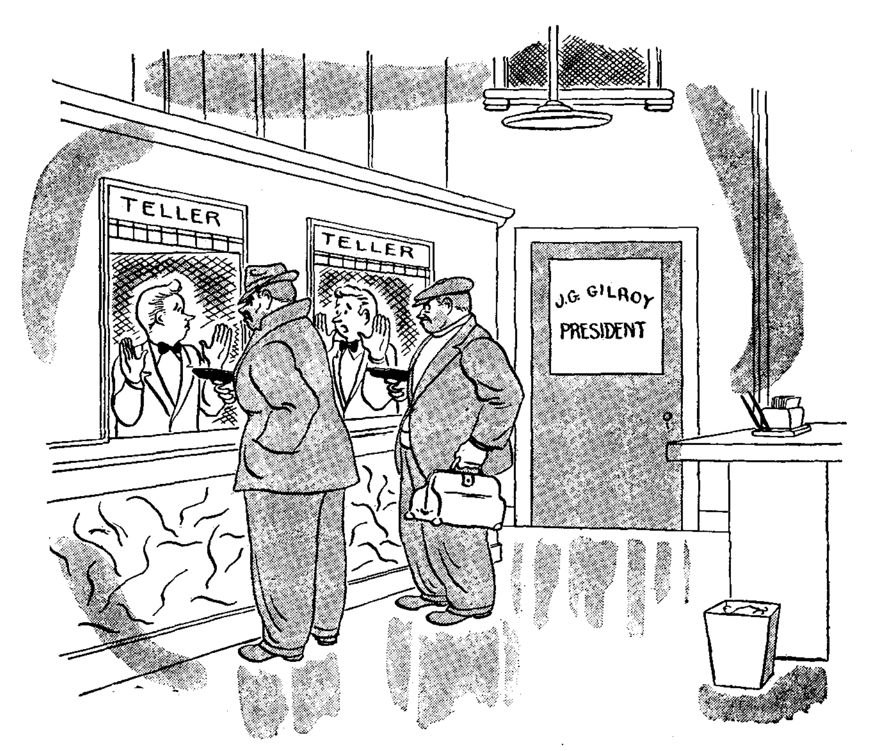
Incendiaries Are a Cinch

Katie drives a fire engine and tests new ones for the brigade. She considers herself lucky because during the month when the Germans were flying regularly over Moscow her company happened to be called out in every raid. Once, while at a fire, the street where she parked continued to be a target and three incendiaries fell around her truck. With the aid of another chauffeur Katie put them all out, getting badly burned in the leg during the process. She was too excited to notice it at the time and didn't realize she had been hurt until she got back to the station. She thinks women make as good fire fighters as men, if not better, and considers herself an excellent driver and mechanic. Her engine, she says, is very fine and in perfect condition; she knows because she looks after it herself. "I've been in the fire department only ten months," she told me. "Before that I drove a bus. This is a more interesting job because it is so full of variety and thrills. Besides, I just love to ring a bell." ARP workers act as volunteer fire fighters. Practically every woman in Moscow can be said to be a member of ARP since everyone at some time takes her turn on the roof or street to deal with bombs. Once when I was watching a raid from a window I saw a girl dash into the street where an incendiary had fallen and, finding nothing close at hand to put it out with except street refuse, she grabbed that, clapped it over the bomb and sat down on it with a look of triumph.

Actresses and ballet dancers take their turns too as roof watchers and between rehearsals attend fire drills in the theaters. There were fifty-six actresses in five Moscow theaters who studied to become trained nurses and had finished their courses by the end of September. On nights when they weren't acting they went to the hospitals to get practical experience in caring for the wounded. Others are doing their bit by traveling up to the front with their companies to put on shows for the soldiers. One troupe has just returned from Odessa; another recently got back from the Gomel area.

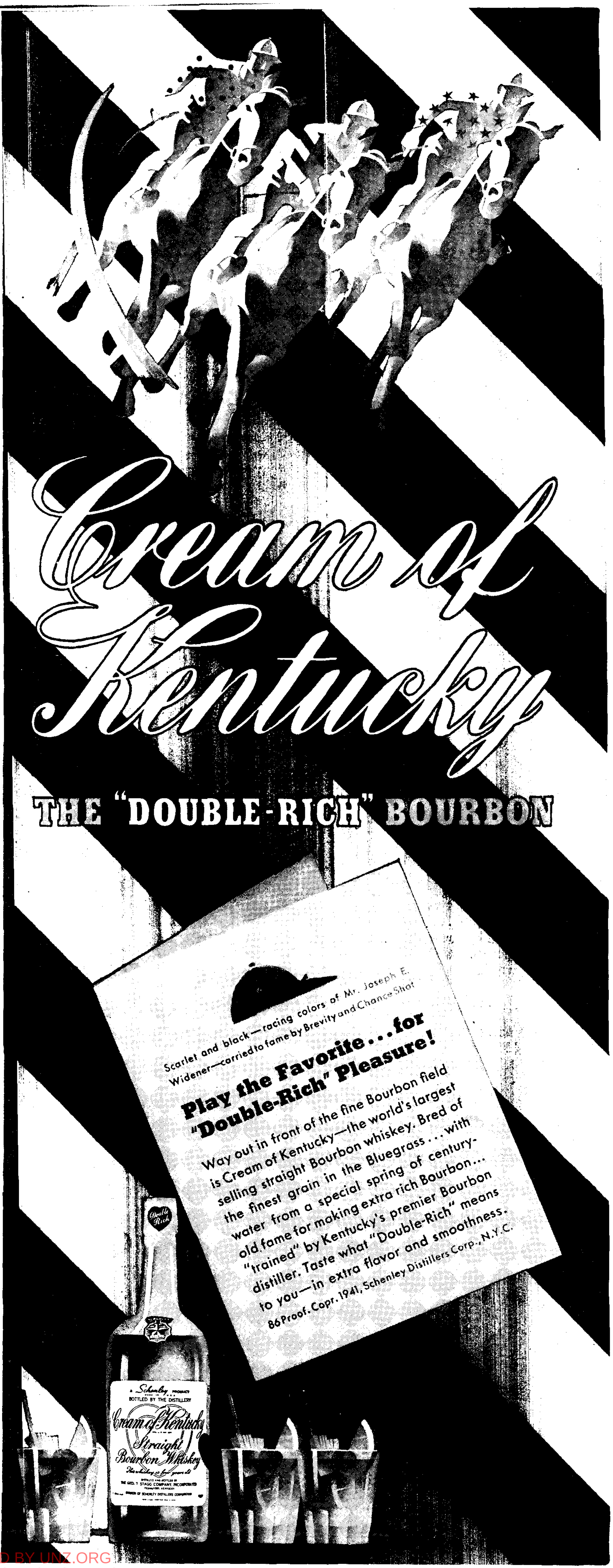
I spent a couple of hours one afternoon with Maritta Chaginian, the popular author of fifty-eight books, who besides continuing work on her thesis for a degree in philology and doing her regular writing, writes articles for the papers explaining Naziism to the Russians. She is soon bringing out a small book on Rosenberg, a criticism of his theories. We talked about the war work being done by women and she told me that her daughter, who is six months pregnant, has insisted upon taking her turn on the roof and has helped put out several incendiaries. Chaginian herself enlisted for the same kind of work in her house but was turned down because of deafness. She was indignant at first but since then has had to admit maybe there was some point in refusing her services as one night when she was sitting in the cellar reading an American detective story (her favorite air-raid reading matter), she was jolted off her chair. She turned on a neighbor, crying, "Stop pushing me." The man looked surprised, as he was entirely innocent; the jolt had been caused by the explosion of a bomb across the street which Chaginian had not even heard.

Five ARP workers were brought to a press conference one afternoon to tell the foreign correspondents about their work. All had been decorated and one held the record for extinguishing sixty-six incendiaries one night. Another was a very young girl with a pudgy face and a high, child's voice who looked as if she should have been out with the other kids skipping rope. Instead she works in an electrical plant and wears the uniform of a regular ARP worker—blue skirt, full-belted khaki tunic and forage cap. When we asked her what she would do if a German parachutist landed on her roof she answered, "I'd break his neck." No one doubted for a moment that she would.



"I think we better call Mr. Gilroy. He likes to handle these important matters himself"

SALO ROTH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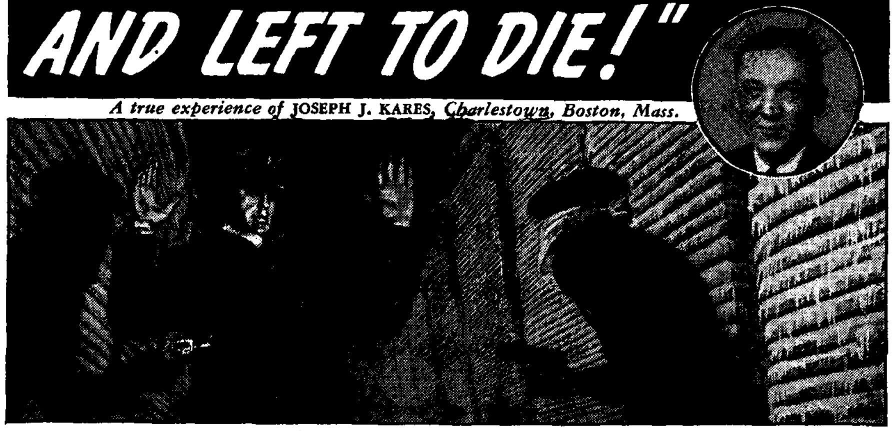
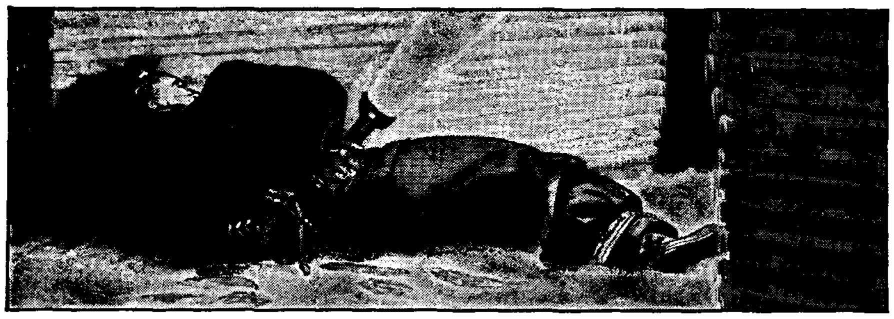
"I WAS BOUND AND GAGGED AND LEFT TO DIE!"

A true experience of JOSEPH J. KARES, *Charlestown, Boston, Mass.*



"THUGS HELD ME UP one bitterly cold night as I left our docked lumber ship," writes Radio Operator Kares. "After taking what cash I had, they left me bound and gagged in an inky dark alley between great piles of stacked lumber.



"FURIOUS STRUGGLING only tightened my bonds. My arms and legs grew numb with cold. My plight was desperate! Then, remembering my flashlight, I managed to reach it . . . started flashing SOS against the top of the lumber.

"FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR I kept signaling. Half dead with cold . . . about to give up hope . . . I was at last rescued by two officers from my ship. If it hadn't been for those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries I would have been a goner.

(Signed) Joseph J. Kares"

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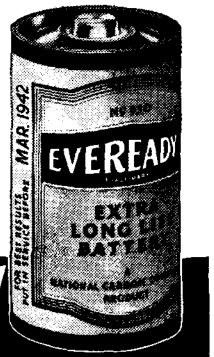

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

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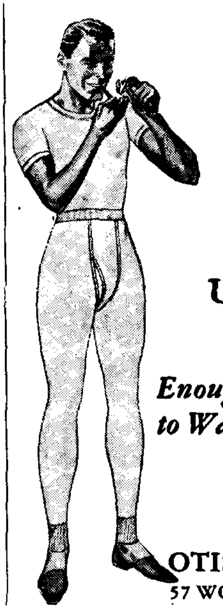

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Surprise in Armor

Continued from page 15

to yell words above the motor's grunting, the two soldiers relapsed into silence.

A hand reached in through the driver's door and beckoned. Dimly a voice shouted:

"Come outta that, Terry, and stand by to tow!"

The driver climbed out through his doors, which opened like horizontal cellar flaps, while MacGinnis went up the turret. Outside all was pitch-black, with now and then a drop of rain. Behind them, in the dark, MacGinnis and Terry, the driver, could hear the pounding of hammers as the crew of a disabled tank took out the towing clevis and attached their towing cable.

"Tank behind us is in the ditch or over a culvert," decided Terry. "These damn' things will stick if you look at 'em."

"Well," suggested MacGinnis, "let's go get the rear clevis workin' before the sergeant comes back an' takes away our appetite for even a chocolate bar."

THE towing cable of the forward tank was run back and attached to the cable of the disabled one, then, climbing back into his seat, assisted by MacGinnis repeating the sergeant's signals through the side door, Terry snaked the ditched tank back to the road again. Then the towing cables were strapped into place and the crews prepared to descend into the lower regions to take their places again. From the darkness appeared the sergeant, and seized MacGinnis by the arm.

"LeClaire's tank hit a concrete milepost, it knocked him cold an' the tank commander hit the gun and *he's* cold, too. So me and Red are gonna take over the tank. Tell Terry. We ain't far from bivouac. We got the maintenance truck behind us, the rest have gone on. You act as tank commander, see, an' when you see two parallel blue lights close to the ground, that's the battalion bivouac. There'll be somebody there to meet you."

"Sergeant," faltered MacGinnis, "I ain't had much service. I'll do as you say. My father was in the last war, an' he says, 'Use your discretion about doin' what some second looey tells you, but when a sergeant speaks, you just co-operate.' So now, whatever you say, I'll do, but I never guided a tank in my life, an' after dark, with the brigade loose in this part o' the country an' operatin' without lights, I just as soon not be in a tank turret directin' the driver."

"A'right," the sergeant said. "I'll go first. You folly me."

The two tanks lurched forward, tracks clattering, engines panting, down the road to catch up with the column.

A hand tugged at MacGinnis' coveralls, where he stood in the turret. He bent down. Dimly he could see Terry's goggled face looking up at him in the glow of the radio dial. Terry, seeing that he was observed, touched his goggles. MacGinnis obediently wiped them with a piece of waste. Terry signaled impatiently that that was not the trouble, then returned to his controls, and MacGinnis saw him pull back the steering lever that threw the tank to the right and off the road. Clank! the long gear-shift arm went into neutral. The roar of track and motor died.

"I can't see a dad-blamed thing!" roared Terry's voice up the turret. "Why don't you give me a signal once in a while? Yuh playin' solitaire up there or readin' a book or what?"

"I can't see nuthin' neither!" protested MacGinnis. "So *how could I* read a book?"

"Ah, don't be no dumber than you was born! When did you see the other tank last?"

"Not since we took off."

"You ain't! Why didn't you do somethin' about it? You dope! What a recruit! What'd yuh think we come out here for, our health? Just whaddyuh think we're doin' out in this neck o' the world this time o' night—snipe huntin'?"

MacGinnis crawled down out of the turret and leaned over the driver.

"Why, it's to prepare us for war, an' see if we could live with no chow on that chocolate bar the colonel invented, an' to meet the enemy in the shape o' them five milishy divisions. The colonel's got a plan, I heard tell, that is pretty near perfect, about a penetration an' then wide envelopment, only the envelopment comes from behind the enemy, instead of in front of them. Guy sleeps next to me in the barracks, he's the striker for a major, was talkin'—"

"Ah, bolts an' nuts!" With a gesture of reach, Terry swept the switch open and cut the motor. Silence that hurt at once ensued. "Listen, MacGinnis," continued Terry, his voice ringing now in the steel walls, "you pay attention to what you're doin', an' stop wanderin' in your mind like a pasturin' jackass in a field of oats! We were right close to bivouac an' we probably run by it! We shoulda been in long ago. We had eight miles to go an' we've gone ten by my speedometer. The sergeant an' them is in bed by now, you cluck!"

MacGinnis at once projected himself from the turret, like a grub from a hole, and listened.

"Nah!" he called down again. "The outfit *ain't bivouacked. I can hear it.* Maintenance is still behind us. I can hear 'em, too. G'wan down the road courageously. My father was in the last war. 'Always go courageously,' he says, 'if you want to get somewhere.'"

DIMLY MacGinnis could see the larva-like form of the driver project itself from the door and hold on to the cannon, while he listened. All about them, coming in waves like the beat of the ocean on the shore, was a steady vibration of sound, the thunder and the roar of the armored brigade on the march. Tracks clanking, motors throbbing and backfiring, four hundred armored monsters were surging forward through the streaming darkness.

"They are too, bivouackin'," cried Terry. "The outfit don't make all that noise on the march!"

"Well, if they're bivouackin', we can find 'em, then, can't we?"

Terry climbed all the way out, and stood on the lap of the tank.

"That ain't the point," he announced. "That noise we hear is what they call the bulk of the brigade. Our regiment was to turn off to the west, so they could do that envelopment you spoke about."

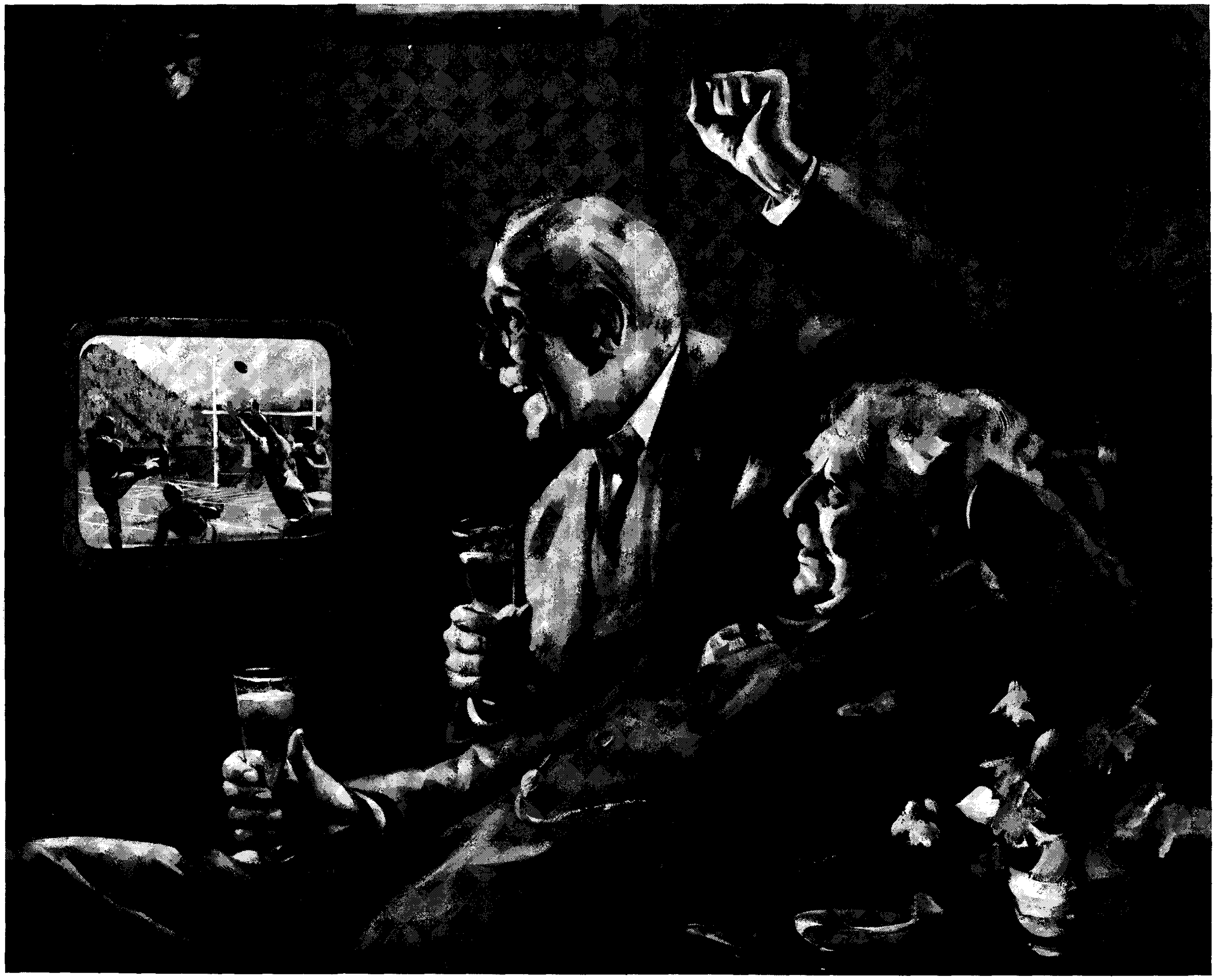
A third voice spoke from the darkness: "Hey, what's the matter with you guys, broke down?"

"Who wants tuh know?"

"Maintenance. If you're broke down, say so, an' let's get at it. If you ain't, dump the lead outta your britches an' let's get on. We wanna get to sleep tonight, strange as it seems!"

"Just keep on your coveralls, will yuh?" barked Terry. "This stupe I had in the turret went to sleep an' I think we lost the column. They turned off west somewheres."

"I never went to sleep. I didn't lose



Defeat and victory...both grow sweeter with a glass of kindly beer or ale

The blare of bands...The roar of the crowd...The thud of hard young bodies on the autumn turf. It's a great sport!

But, greater than the game itself is the spirit football fosters! For, once the final whistle has blown, friend and foe alike among the spectators, forget the strife and partisanship of battle over their glasses of mellow beer and ale.

To fight to the bitter end and yet be gracious in victory or defeat...*that* is the very essence of American democracy and unity.

We, the nation's brewers, are proud that beer and ale are so often the favorite beverages at these autumn gatherings of lovers of good sportsmanship.

Yet, it is only natural that beer and ale should be so honored! Brewed from Nature's rich grains and fragrant hops, beer and ale are delightful to the taste, relaxing, wholesome. But above all, they are the "beverages of moderation," which traditionally go hand-in-hand with a wise and tolerant way of life.

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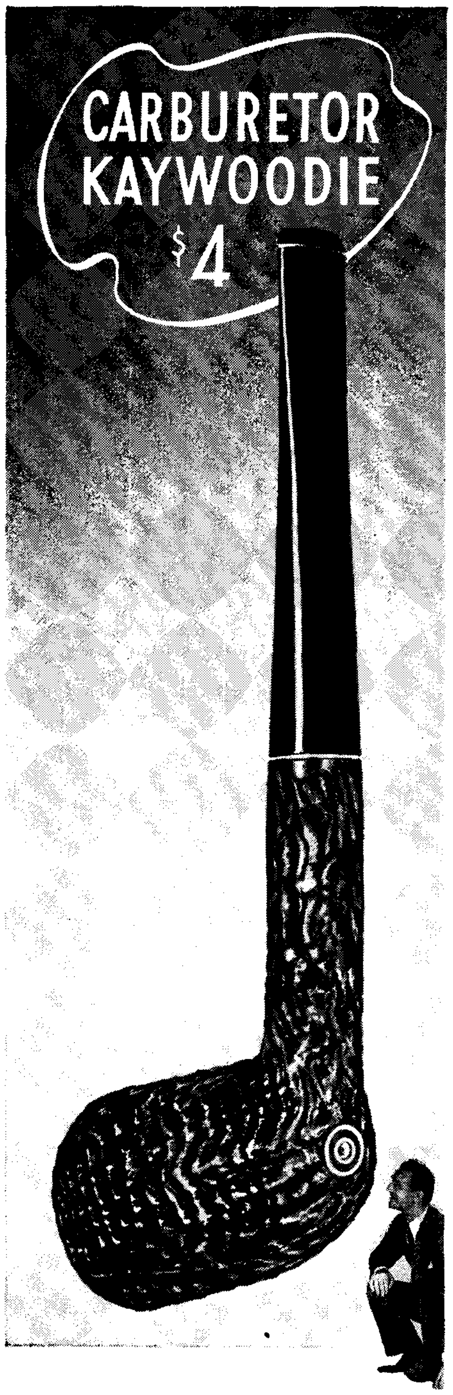

Do you smoke fast?

When you're nervous or excited, do you puff harder on your pipe? Then you're a candidate for a Carburetor Kaywoodie. There's a tiny Carburetor at the bottom of the bowl, that lets in a tiny geyser of air. The harder you puff, the more air comes into the bowl through the Carburetor. Your smoke stays cool, serene, no matter how furiously you puff away. Of course, that ingenious "Carburetor" is only part of the enjoyment story. Kaywoodie pipes are made from the costly, rare old briar, imported before the war, that produces an incredibly sweet smoking pipe.* Four dollars initiates you into the society of Carburetor Kaywoodie devotees.

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.

Here you see a giant imported briar burl cut in cross section to show the "prime cut" segment from which Kaywoodie pipes are made. Only this prime cut produces pipes with the sweet-smoking qualities of Kaywoodie pipes.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*

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no column. You stopped an' cut your motor. You got rattled, so there. My father said that when a guy got rattled, he was already three-quarters licked."

"Pay no attention to him," advised Terry. "He's a psychological case, like the medicos say. The regiment has swung west, an' we come straight on. I figure if I turn around an' go back we can find the turn."

"There ain't no left turn," said the maintenance man. "I wasn't asleep, I was watchin'. If they turned off, they went cross-country. I heard the bivouac area was Eelbeck. Let's get there an' get to bed."

A wild burst of rain ended the council of war. The maintenance man ran back to his truck, Terry climbed into the tank, and MacGinnis slid halfway down the turret.

"Keep your eye peeled!" admonished Terry. "I gotta button up my doors, or drown. Now, kid, it's up to you. If I go off the road or over a cliff, or smash this tank, you'll regret it! An' what I mean 'regret' with a capital 'R'. Jumpin' James! An' all this for a chocolate bar!"

THE motor was started, the gears clanked, the patient tank shook its head and settled into the collar to haul its fifteen tons along the streaming road.

The road was unpaved, and the swift rain soon turned it into a butterlike consistency. The tank banged and lurched out of deep potholes dug by preceding traffic. They had, thank heaven, plenty of gas.

The motion of the tank became easier after a time; it lifted and fell to the inequalities of the road with the easy rise and fall of a small boat over moderate waves. When he was certain of the motion, and that it did not change to the violent thump and jar of the potholes again, Terry cut the gas, put the gear shift into neutral, and pulled on MacGinnis' leg.

"Hey, MacGinnis, we're off the road. We're goin' across country. I can tell by the motion."

"I know it. It's all right. You can't run into no ditches here. I was scared to death on that damn' road. This is a good wide field by the looks."

Terry raised his head to look up the turret.

"You dish-dashed fool!" he called. "You ain't got the sense God gave a bedbug. This is no time to go wanderin' around fields. It's late! We're due in bivouac. Why didn't you stop me the minute we got off the road? Whaddyuh want to do, promenade around these turpentine swamps the rest o' your life?"

"I see lights," admonished MacGinnis. "I'm directin', ain't I? I thought we could cut across country. There's a string o' lights over there, that's the main highway."

Terry cut the motor. "Climb out an' open my doors!" he ordered. Then, when it had been done, he climbed out and looked about him.

All around was blackness, palpable, almost. Rain hissed on the hot mufflers, and rattled on the armor. There was no sound of the other elements of the brigade.

Terry spoke his feelings, blue flame, splashes of fire, like a cold tank backfiring.

"Show me that road where you seen all the lights!" he demanded.

There were no lights now. Maybe they turned the lights off at one o'clock or something. Those small towns did. Or then maybe it had come on to rain so hard that you couldn't see the lights. At these thoughts of MacGinnis', Terry sneered.

"Applesauce!" he raged. "Them was the lights of a bunch of motorists held up by a column. They was goin' home to bed. You know my thought on this? We're lost."

There was a silence. The rain, which had ceased for a time, once more fell heavily.

"I can't go on," said Terry. "I can't. I'm too tired."

Pause.

"Well," said MacGinnis, "I ain't had but about five hours on a tank, but if you'll say so, I'll drive for you."

They re-entered the tank.

"Wind her up!" crisply ordered Terry. "You can't fall off no cliffs, nor hit no tanks in front account of because there ain't no tanks in front. If we get stuck, we c'n spend the night like I planned to anyways. Let's go!"

The motor subsequently woke to thundering life, the gears clanged into position, and with a growl of tracks the tank lumbered into the night, tossing its head like a plow horse as it crossed the furrows. The road where MacGinnis had seen the lights was not far away, not more than a field or two. He kept his door open despite the streaming rain that ran down his windpipe.

The crew of a tank in motion are celled in from one another and the world outside by more than steel. With the roar of the motor and the beat of the tracks, speech is impossible. The driver can see little, even with the door open in the daytime. The man in the turret, who guides the beast as the front man of a stage horse guides his fellow, can see in the daytime, but not at night. The only perception that can register on the tank crew is the cracking of trees torn down by the ponderous march of the pachyderm of steel.

The crackling of wood, and the brushing of the branches under the belly of the tank apprised MacGinnis that he was entering woods, big timber by the sound. But he had seen no woods! There had been no woods between him and the lights he had seen on that road, else he could not have seen the lights! Crrrrack! Down went another tree.

In such circumstances, it is better at night to have a man dismount from the tank and, walking ahead, feeling with his hands if he cannot see, lead the willing monster between the trunks it cannot knock down. A tank is steered by two huge levers, and the gear shifted by another one almost as big as the reverse lever of a locomotive, and requiring almost as much strength to operate.

MACGINNIS' hands flew from one lever to the other, as he thought he felt the track biting into a tree. The rain beat in remorselessly, to the point where he finally had to drop his door in self-defense. It seemed to him that he was at the bottom of the sea. He had felt the descent of the tank going downhill, the speed had increased so that he had not had to use his accelerator to keep the engine revolutions high, but there had been no corresponding climb on the other side. He could not tell now whether he was still in the woods or not. Well, what did Terry say? MacGinnis put the tank into neutral and turned. The turret was empty.

MacGinnis was out of the seat like an eel, he had a flashlight out of its socket, and, shielding it with his hand, he swung it into the turret. No, Terry was not hiding there. The turret was "buttoned up"; that is, the cover had been closed. Then MacGinnis found Terry, a tumbled heap in the hole behind the driver's seat. He was alive, there was no sign of blood on him; he had fallen down the turret and had the wind knocked out of him. Or maybe worse. The first thing to do was to open the turret and get some air in there. Then to find out where they were. But the turret would not open. The latch was not locked, yet some invisible force held down the lid.

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(*from a letter by* J. B., Portland, Ore.)

Yoo-Hoo, General!

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(*from a letter by* F. P. B., Cuthbert, Ga.)

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(*from a letter by* G. A. T., Clifton, N. J.)

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(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MacGinnis did not have strength enough to open the driver's doors alone. Then he bethought him of a canteen, the water from which he emptied over Terry's face, to the detriment of the personal equipment with which the floor of the tank was strewn. Terry opened his eyes, fumbled for his helmet, looked blankly upward at the white steel walls, then visibly returned to himself.

"Put out that doggone light!" he choked.

"The turret's buttoned down," soothed MacGinnis. "No one can see us. I hit a tree. Musta knocked you cold like it done LeClaire when he hit the milepost!"

"No hittin' no tree knocked me cold!" groaned Terry. "I got crowned! My helmet's down around my ears. Someone conked me with a crowbar!"

"They couldn't!" protested MacGinnis. "You buttoned up the turret!"

"I didn't button the turret! Open it up so's I can get some air!"

"I can't," said MacGinnis. "It seems like it's tied down on the outside!"

"Well, let's get outta here! I feel like hell! Let's go! I'll try to guide you by lookin' out the pistol ports."

MacGinnis obediently threw in the clutch. The motor stalled. He started the motor again, but each time he engaged the clutch the motor would stop.

"Terry," said he, "we're stuck!"

Terry at once lay down again upon the pile of equipment on the floor. MacGinnis climbed out of his seat and fumbled across the tank.

"What are you doin' now, before I roll over to die?" demanded Terry.

"I'm tryin' to find somethin' on the radio," answered MacGinnis. "Some music or somethin'. I ain't goin' to sit here alone in the dark an' just listen to myself be frightened."

THE chilling wind that comes before the dawn awakened the colonel of MacGinnis' regiment in his "black" tent in the depths of the regimental bivouac. Instead of burying his head beneath the blankets again, he leaped out like a strong man eager to run a race, and pulled on his boots.

"Torbert!" he called. "Come, get up! We're to be queen of the May. Come on, the blitzkrieg takes off! I'm goin' to hit the defending infantry in the solar plexus. Rouse out! Come on, Torbert, get up those lazy umpires, and let's have a cup of coffee!"

Shortly a knot of sleepy officers gathered in the black tent, rubbing their eyes and sipping gingerly at scalding coffee.

"Gentlemen," began the colonel, "we are some two miles on the enemy flank in concealed bivouac. This regiment will attack just at daybreak, generally west. The brigade will simulate a withdrawal, the enemy will pursue, thus getting stretched out in front of us, then we hit their command installations, their communications, and when we're right smack behind them, the bulk of the brigade counterattacks. Armored-force tactics, gentlemen!"

The umpires made notes on their score sheets. In maneuvers, since no one gets killed, umpires have to pass on the probability of success of a projected attack, and decide who wins an encounter, based on the disposition of the forces, and the weapons employed on both sides. Their chief was a hard-bitten colonel, who chewed upon a cigar.

"We'll allow it!" he said decisively. "They didn't have a single outpost nor road block, nor antitank measure that I saw. And I was out on the roads until midnight. All right, let's hear your attack order."

"Have it all written out for distribution!" smiled the colonel. "Have some more coffee? We heat it over an alcohol stove, sir. Tasty, don't you think at this time of the morning? . . . Yes, orderly, what is it?"

An orderly stood there, like an attendant slave in the darkness. He held aside the tent door. Three shrouded individuals entered. They wore campaign hats, on which blue bands could be made out in the light of the gasoline lantern.

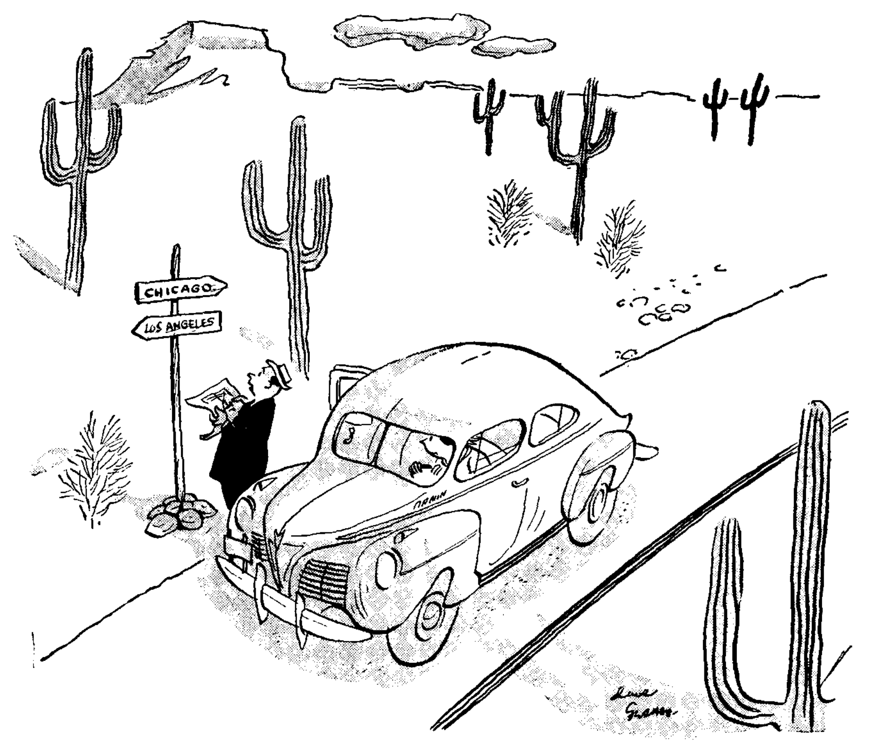
"Colonel Mell?" smiled their leader. "Landers is my name. Chief of staff to General Collins."

"Yes, but you men are Blues!" expostulated the colonel. "What's the matter? The maneuver off? What are you doing here in my post of command? Dammit, I've a good mind to take you prisoner!"

"No," smiled Landers. "We regret to inform you that you are ours."

"What is this folly?" thundered the colonel. "I'm in my own bivouac!"

"About to be bombed from the air,



"Hmm-m, Chicago the other way. That probably explains why the sun rose in the west this morning"

DAVID C. GERARD

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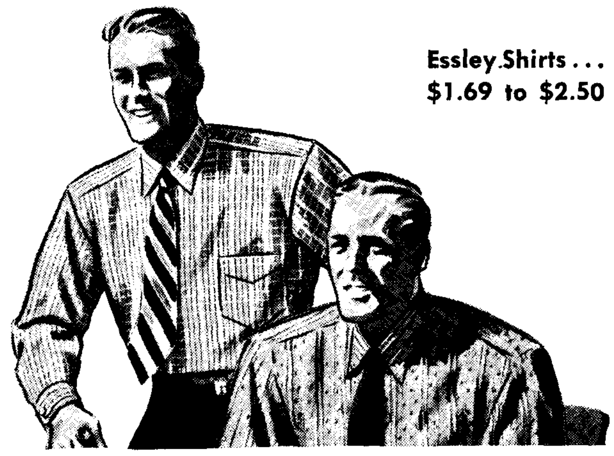

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taken under artillery fire, and destroyed. In addition we have every exit covered by antitank weapons."

"We'll run 'em down!"

Landers smiled. "I have my umpires present. May I present them for conference with yours?"

The coffee turned cold while Colonel Mell waited. The umpires muttered together. Finally the hard-bitten senior spoke:

"He's got you, Mell. You surrender or wait attack?"

"Never! Bring on your ding-donged attack! *I don't believe it!*"

"You'll hear the planes in a minute," said Major Landers, consulting his watch. "The artillery umpires will be here fifteen minutes after the batteries open fire. If you want to inspect the antitank measures while you're waiting—"

"*I didn't see any last night,*" said the senior umpire.

"We kept them concentrated, sir, to be emplaced about the bivouac under cover of darkness."

Colonel Mell, held by the maneuver rules, could not leave the tent until the first planes appeared overhead. He beat upon the table in his impatience. His language smoldered like a burning coal.

"Got a piece of that famous Ration Z chocolate of yours?" smiled Major Landers. "I'd like to try it."

The colonel paid no heed. He was listening for the drone of planes overhead that would mark the destruction of his regiment.

A quarter of an hour passed.

"Where are your planes?" asked the senior umpire.

"Well, they'll be here any time!"

"Colonel Mell now planned to be moving from bivouac," continued the umpire, "according to his order. Go ahead, Colonel, you're released. See where the planes catch you."

"Well, the first thing I do is to declare Landers and all this bunch of jokers prisoners!"

"Allowed."

"But the artillery—"

"Where is it? Produce the smoke pots and the artillery umpires! I don't see any. Nothing is simulated in this maneuver. Produce 'em; if not, then we don't count 'em!"

"Well, sir," pleaded Major Landers, "the antitank guns are emplaced. I can show them!"

"And I can show you what a hundred tanks will do to them!" exulted Colonel Mell.

Five minutes later, with the roar and thunder of an advancing hurricane, the armored regiment burst from its bivouac to the assault.

ABOUT eight-thirty that same morning, two command cars, one bearing the white flag that marked it as an umpire vehicle, steered across a field toward where a lone tank rested, all enmeshed in telephone wire, much like a fly imprisoned in a spider's web. Gnome-like tank soldiers were already busy about it, snipping the wire, hacking with axes at the enveloping strands.

"What happened here?" demanded Colonel Mell, getting down from his car.

"He knocked down a telephone pole, sir, in the dark, an' kinda got wound up in the wire." Thus explained a sergeant who directed the untangling operation.

The senior umpire got down from his car, accompanied by the disgruntled Major Landers. The ground told its own story. A trunk telephone line here cut across open country. Two telephone poles were down, one underneath the tank. *Their wires had finally* caught and held the impetuous monster. After all, even a tank cannot tear down ten lines of telephone wire and a mile or so of poles. But the tank revolving sprocket, and the lower track had drawn this wire tightly over turret top and driver's doors, imprisoning the tank's crew.

Major Landers turned pale, then red.

"Sir," he cried, clutching the chief umpire's arm, "I protest! This was done on purpose! No wonder the attack on the bivouac didn't come off! We were going to telephone the airfield, instead of using radio to start the attack. The Germans used commercial circuits in Flanders; I guess we can! It was to preserve secrecy! So Colonel Mell goes and destroys the commercial *circuits!* That's forbidden!"

"Well, he didn't know your plan, so why would he wreck the telephone system? What's the crew got to say?"

First out was Terry. Then MacGinnis. Both reeled from stiffness as they got down, and regarded the group of officers with apprehension.

"What happened here?" asked the colonel.

"Sir," replied Terry, "I do not know. I was knocked cold by some enemy."

"*I couldn't go no further, sir,*" said MacGinnis, "account it's against regulations to move a tank with no one in observation in the turret. So I stayed, too. Anyways, we couldn't get out; we was tied in."

IT COULD be seen also that this was true. The sheaf of wires on the telephone pole's crossarm had been caught in the running gear of the tank, drawn down across the bow, and then slid over the turret as the tank advanced. The wire catching beneath the lid of the turret which opens forward, had slammed it down upon the head of the unsuspecting Terry. More of the same, with the help of one of the recumbent poles, had finally stalled the tank.

"And look," cried Major Landers, "there's the umpire wire all tangled up with the rest of it! That's why the artillery attack didn't come off either!"

"H'mmm." The senior umpire grew grave. "Didn't you see the red tags on those umpire lines?" he asked MacGinnis. "You should have known the umpire lines followed the commercial poles. How can we run a maneuver if the umpires have no telephones?"

"Sir, there was lights here," said MacGinnis. "I thought they was a road. When I got here they were gone an' so was the road."

"Probably signal-corps trucks checking the umpire lines," said the senior umpire. "Being neutrals, they would keep their lights burning. Well, it could have happened in battle. My ruling stands." He coughed. "But I don't really know who's going to pay for this destruction of property, two poles, telephone, and some miles of wire."

Major Landers turned like a pouncing hawk. "Why didn't you men use your radio if you were lost?" he demanded.

"We ain't radio operators, sir, either one of us!" answered Terry. "We can receive, but it's somethin' else again to run a transmitter. You have to zero-beat it, an' that."

"You men run along now and get some breakfast!" growled Colonel Mell. "The less questioning here, the better."

"We ain't hungry, sir," replied MacGinnis. "We had the Ration Z chocolate bars *that the other men in the tank* hadn't eaten, sir. We ate them two meals straight and liked them fine!"

The colonel strolled away, the proud smile of the inventor on his calm countenance.

"You liar!" marveled Terry, when the officers had gone. "It was the sergeant's *sardines we et for breakfast! What made* you say it was that chocolate bar?"

"Huh. Do you want us to find all them poles and wire on our pay roll? I didn't *have a father in the last war for* nuthin'!"

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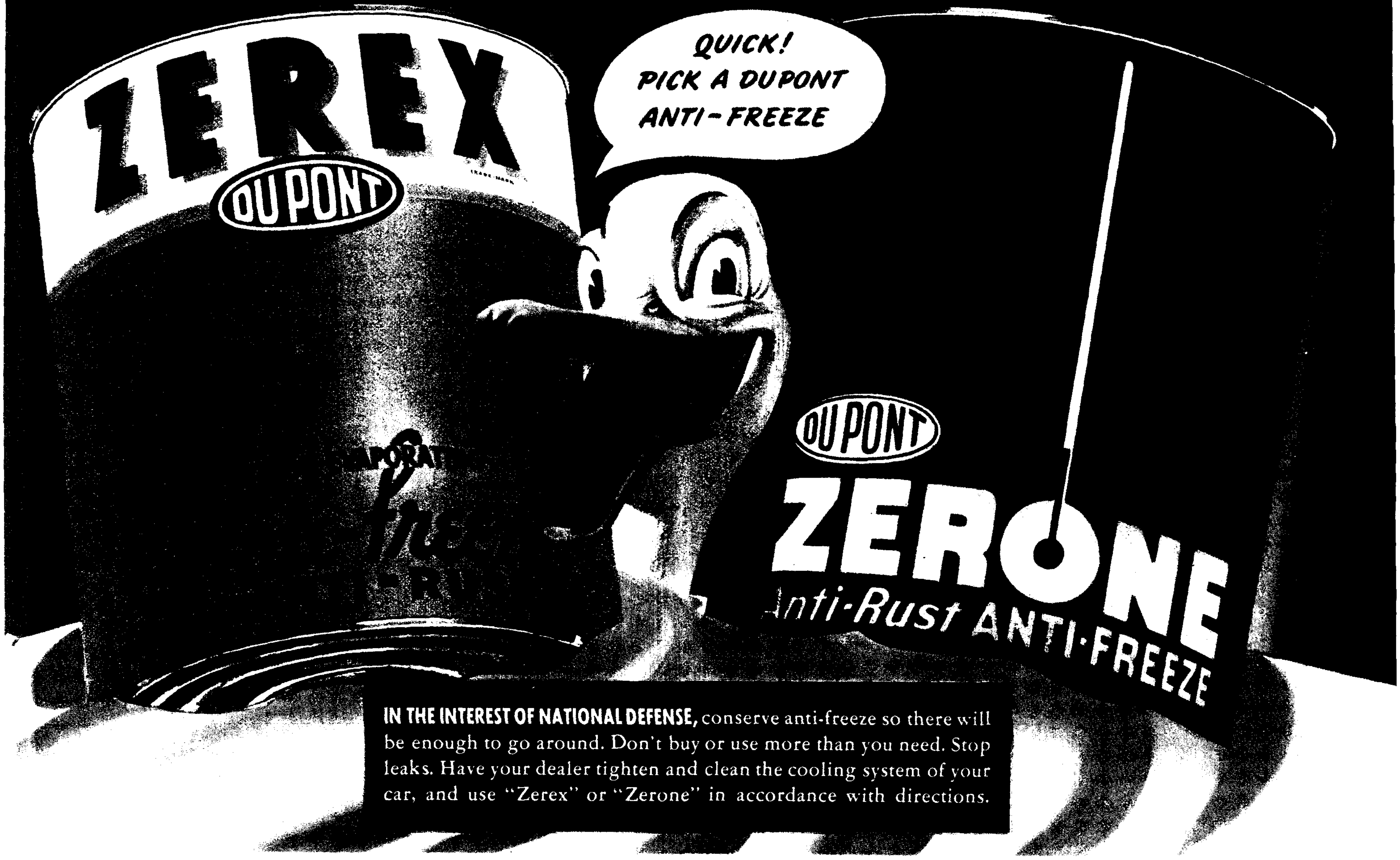

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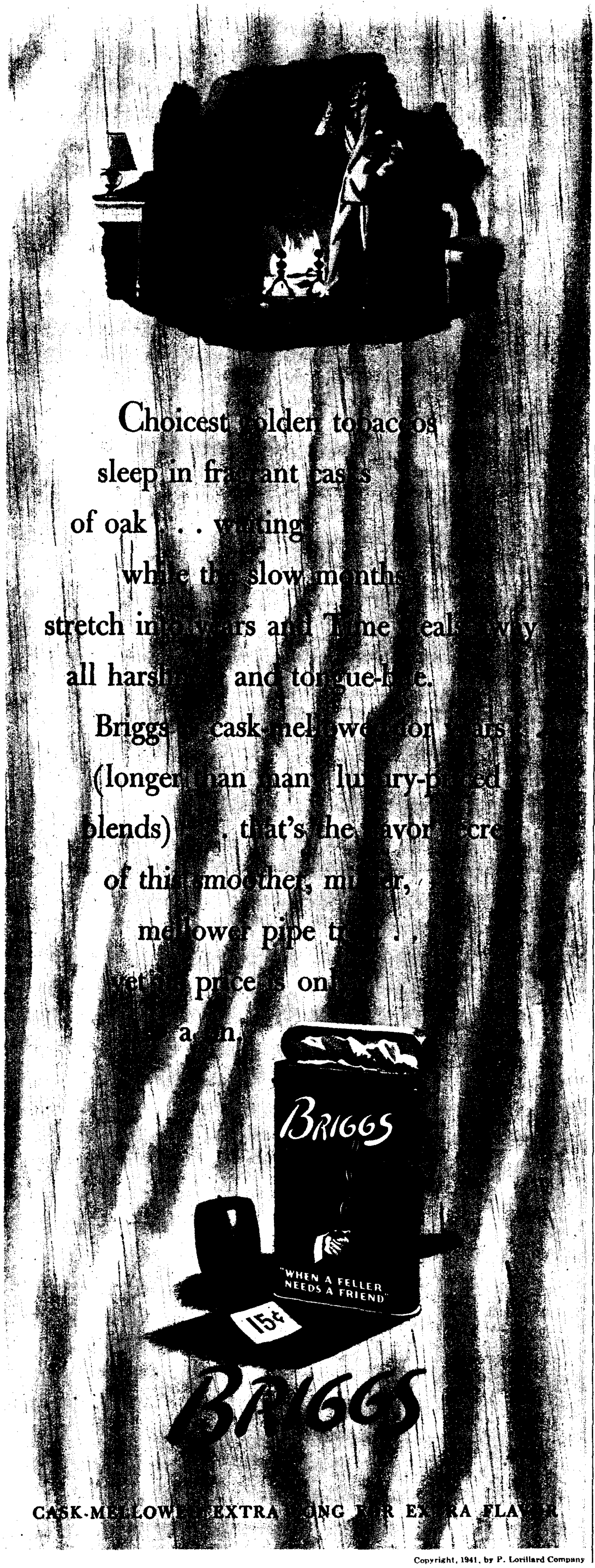
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Bringing Rubber Home

Continued from page 35

Growing rubber consists of a great deal more than simply sticking a seed in the ground and waiting for it to grow big enough to tap. Bringing Hevea back to the Western Hemisphere—its original home—posed a thousand problems.

What areas had the 80 inches of annual rainfall needed? (Denver has 14; Chicago, 32; New York, 43.) What localities had a mean temperature of 72 degrees? And good soil, available transportation and adequate labor supply? What could be done about rubber's chief bugaboo—the leaf-blight disease? This disease, unknown in the East, had wrecked previous efforts at plantation culture in the Guianas and Trinidad. It doesn't hurt wild trees growing in the jungle—they are too widely separated. But when trees are packed tightly together on plantations it goes through them like influenza through an army camp.

Fortunately, the U.S.D.A. had a man thoroughly equipped to handle the job: Dr. Elmer W. Brandes of the Bureau of Plant Industry. He is forty-nine, grayish and biggish; looks something like *OMP Director Knudsen.* Most of his professional life has been spent solving problems of tropical agriculture. He has worked with diseases of bananas and other fruits. His biggest achievement was conquering the sugar-cane mosaic disease.

Brandes had the rubber campaign perfectly planned long before Congress voted money. He knew where he could put his hands on soil scientists who had worked in Sumatra, pathologists with experience in Liberia, and plant breeders trained in Java. He began recruiting by telephone the day Congress made funds available.

From the University of Michigan he got Dr. Carl D. LaRue, botanist with wide experience in British Malaya. H. H. Bartlett of Michigan knew Sumatra rubber culture. E. C. Stakman of Minnesota was a plant pathologist. C. B. Manifold, of the Department of Agriculture, had studied rubber-growing in the East. The big rubber companies sent along top-ranking technicians. Altogether, twenty men joined up.

In the jungle, their chief job was to find spots suitable for rubber culture. With soil augers they took soil samples. Microscopes told the story of insect pests and plant diseases in each area. Types of vegetation discovered told the experienced botanist what the mean temperature of the area was and how much rainfall it had.

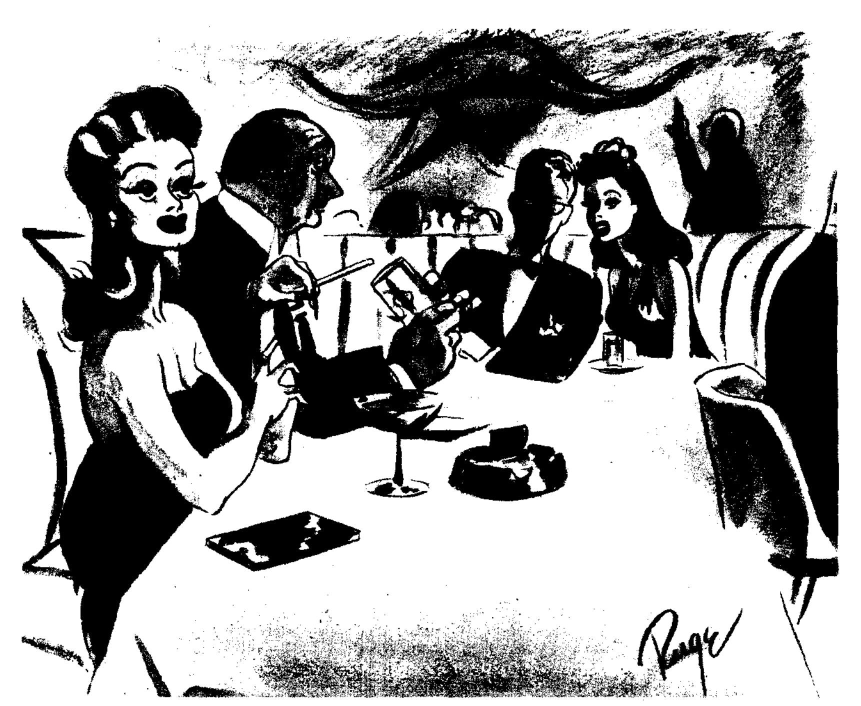
Out of this exploration work came one solid fact: Immediately to the south of us we have millions of acres of land capable of growing rubber—several times as much land as is planted to rubber in the Middle East. Much of it is already cleared and available for immediate planting. For the better part, this land was formerly planted to bananas but abandoned when disease struck the crop.

Seeds via Army Bomber

Whenever party members found interesting specimens of wild rubber growing in the jungle they gathered seeds—large, mottled affairs that look like pecans. These had to be handled quickly because rubber seeds lose power to germinate in a few weeks' time. This fact had been planned for in advance. While exploration parties were poking around the Amazon headwaters and through Central American swamps, other men had been busy clearing and fencing land for nurseries. Twelve of these were established—scattered from Haiti to Peru. Seeds were rushed to them—sometimes by Army bomber.

Meanwhile, plant breeders were busy in three experiment stations: one in Brazil, one in Panama, one in Costa Rica. There are a few facts about rubber culture you must know to understand what they are up to. Rubber trees are as unalike as human beings. One tree will be disease-resistant; another will not. One tree may produce only 3 pounds of rubber a year, while a second produces 50 pounds! Poets may have their ideas about who can make a tree, but so have plant breeders. And the breeders are out to produce a tailor-made tree having all desirable characteristics.

To get a high-yield tree they rely on grafting. They take a pea-sized bud (which would have eventually grown into a branch) from a high producer. Four or five inches from the ground,



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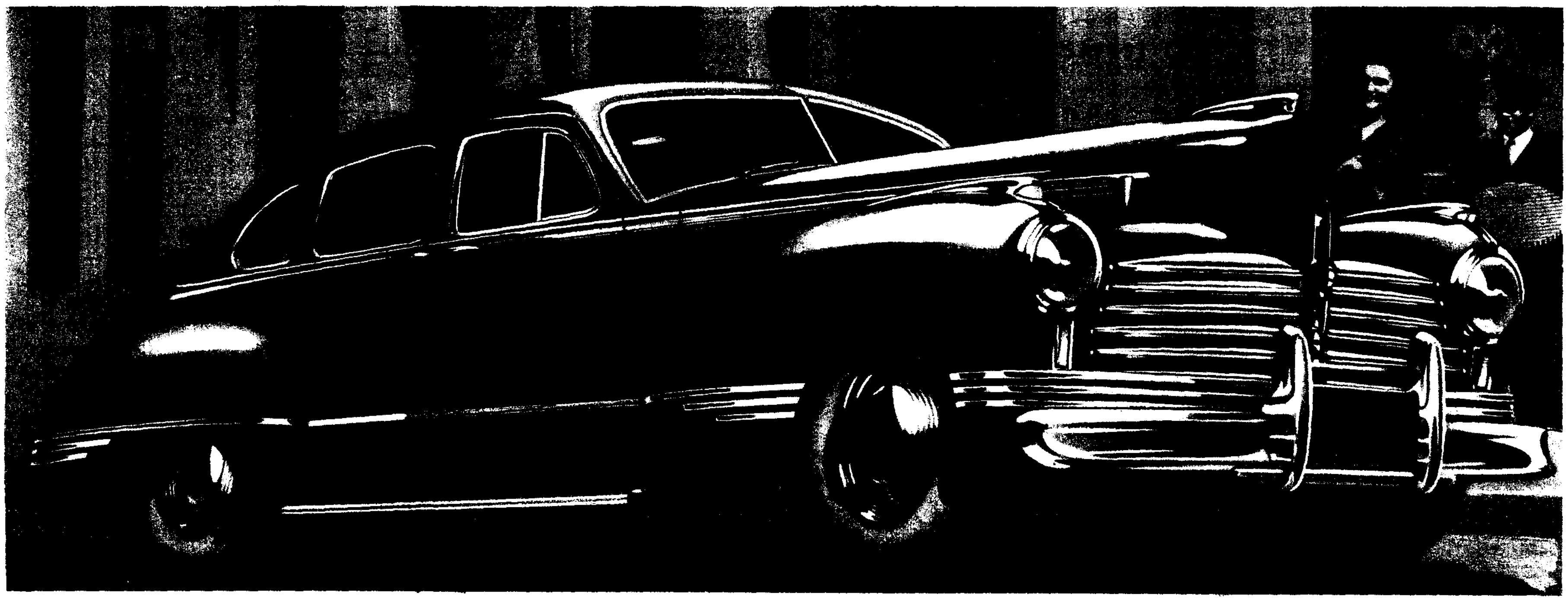

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FLAYS DEFENSE BUNGLERS
in "Patriotism or Politics?"

they graft this on the trunk of a low-yield seedling. If the bud takes hold, the old tree is lopped off. The bud makes the new trunk.

The plant breeders have a mass of high-production budding material available. And it is fortunate that they have. In 1933 an embargo was placed on exportation of seeds and budding material from the East. Before it went into effect the Goodyear Rubber Company moved samples of its best material to a 2,500-acre plantation in the Philippines. In 1935 and 1936 the company moved part of this stock to experimental plantations in Panama and Costa Rica. Represented in these plantings are some of the finest rubber-producing trees in the world—the result of 25 years of careful selection.

All this is available to the government researchers. It should supply them with the high-production features needed in the rubber tree they are putting together. The fact that they have this material should give South America a tremendous advantage over the East. Probably 80 per cent of rubber grown in the East comes from seedling—not bud-grafted—stock. It produces an average of 350 pounds of rubber per acre. The new trees now in the making should produce six times this amount. This spread should more than offset increased labor costs on this hemisphere —where there are no Chinese or Javanese willing to work for 25 cents a day.

Goodyear's foresight and wisdom in shipping its planting stock out of the embargo belt has one ironic twist. Brazil similarly locked the door—when it was too late. In 1876 Henry Wickham, a British planter, slipped out of Brazil with a half ton of rubber seeds, and took them to London. The Kew Garden greenhouses were hastily emptied of valuable plants, and rubber culture began. Out of the original collection of seeds, only 2,000 germinated. Every tree on the nine million acres in the British and Dutch East Indies traces ancestry to these seedlings. When it saw what had happened Brazil slapped on an embargo—too late. Plantation culture thrived in the East; and drove the haphazard Brazilian industry out of existence.

Blightproof Rubber Trees

The next problem of the plant breeders is leaf blight. This tree sickness is unknown in the East. Wickham's seeds didn't carry it and extraordinary precautions have kept it from slipping in since importation of the original seedling stock. But it is widespread in South and Central America.

It has thwarted efforts in the past to grow rubber on a plantation basis in the Guianas and Trinidad. And it has been a curse to the vast Ford plantation now struggling in the Brazilian jungle. Ford started operations in 1928 on a 2,500,000-acre tract on the Tapajos River, a tributary of the Amazon. Bedeviled for five years by lack of moisture and by leaf blight, plantation managers finally decided to move. Eighty miles downstream they chose another site and started again. The 3,000,000 blight-resisting trees now growing should be in production by 1943.

The plant men know that they can breed almost any degree of resistance into the new plants. Here, again, they have lots of good material with which to work. For the better part, it comes from old plantations that have been destroyed by blight. One derelict plantation in Costa Rica, for example, had 3,600 surviving trees out of an original planting of 36,000. The trees still standing must, of course, have a high degree of resistance to leaf blight. Otherwise, they would have perished.

Breeding this resistance into a line is tricky business but it can be done precisely and positively. Trees—like barnyard stock—are selected for mating. Platforms are built around them and cheesecloth bags are placed over blossoms—to avoid accidental matings. Then pollen from a wanted parent is introduced under the blossom covering.

Resulting progeny is tested for resistance—by spraying with the spores which cause leaf blight. The leaves of some will shrivel, blacken and drop off. Others that have inherited the characteristics of their parents will go untouched—and these are the interesting ones.

The Groundwork is Done

The job of producing the wanted tree, and persuading people to make large-scale plantings, is admittedly large. It will take time. Seedlings must stay in nurseries for one year; and four years more on plantations before tapping can begin. But the important point is this: The groundwork is completed. Promising seedlings are already available. Earlier exploration parties filled files with the facts they gathered, but the present one wrote its report in trees.

Co-operating countries have responded enthusiastically. Brazil put up $175,000 for a big research laboratory at Belem. Mexico, Peru, Haiti and others similarly appropriated funds and assigned their best scientists to the job.

Meanwhile, plans are afoot which promise a short-range solution to America's threatened rubber shortage. This is cultivation of guayule. This tough, spidery bush grows in semiarid regions —from Texas south to Mexico and west to California. These bushes are harvested like hay and fed into ball mills which pound them to pulp—the rubber being extracted by flotation. Mexican guayule once supplied about 7 per cent of the world's rubber requirements!

Estimates indicate that it can be produced for 25 to 30 cents a pound (as opposed to 20 cents, the present price of Hevea rubber). Even at this higher price guayule represents a good hedge against a rubber shortage, and efforts are being made to get the government to finance a 45,000-acre experimental plantation.

This project, along with the one in South and Central America, makes it apparent that rubber is on the way home. Several million seedlings are already growing in nurseries. Distribution to big plantations, and to small native farms, will begin in a few months.

It is hoped that balance between large and small producers will be fairly even. Hoping to encourage native growers, an educational campaign is already under way. Small landowners are being taught the rudiments of rubber culture. And field demonstrators are showing how to prepare latex for the market: how rubber is coagulated from sap; how it is squeezed through wringers that look like ordinary clothes wringers; and how the resulting sheets are smoked.

Successful termination of this widespread effort doesn't necessarily mean the end of rubber culture in the East. With uses of rubber constantly expanding there should be room for all. Big Army trucks, remember, have as many as ten wheels which require tires. Big tanks need half a ton of rubber; and farm machinery is beginning to run on rubber-tired wheels. Yet, even after considering these things, there is every indication that the greatest agricultural upheaval in history is beginning. The stakes are enormous.

The scientists working on the problem have no doubts about the outcome. Dr. Brandes is very confident about the whole thing. "It is just another job for scientific agriculture," he says.

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3 HEADS
4 HEADS
REMINGTON DOUBLE HEAD
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HERE IS the greatest concentration of shaving power that has ever been turned loose on man's whiskers. Here are electric shavers that don't rely on just *one* shaving head. They've got *two, three* and even *four* heads to whisk away the whiskers before they know what clipped them. No wonder men are cleaning out dealers' stocks of Remingtons as fast as our overtaxed factories can turn them out. So see your dealer right away, try one out and at least get your name on the "priority" list! *General Shaver Div. of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.*

USED AND RECOMMENDED BY LEADING BARBERS. Already over 16,000 barbers—including the Terminal Barber Shops, world's largest chain—use and recommend Remington multiple-head shavers—agree that no other shaver can match them for fast, close shaves!

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* * *

At first Mrs. Clark was mighty disappointed when they turned down her order for a water heater with a Monel tank. But now she understands why.

For that Monel, instead of delivering rust-free hot water for dishes and baths is now helping deliver protection for her country.

Naturally Mrs. Clark is glad to help. She knows that Monel is a strong, tough, rustless metal, good for years of service. And what makes Monel an A-1 metal for hot water tanks makes it an A-1 priority metal for Defense.

So while hundreds of thousands of existing Monel tanks are giving rust-proof, trouble-proof hot water service, tons of Monel that were headed for other water heaters are now going into National Defense. And thousands of housewives like Mrs. Clark are willingly waiting.

They know that *their* Monel is helping speed the day when they *can* have a new water heater with a Monel tank.

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Don't run the risk of heavy financial expense for Hospitalization in case of sickness, accident or maternity. Avail yourself of complete, reliable protection under the new North American Plan. At the low cost of only 3c a day you may go to any Hospital in the U.S. under any doctor's care. WE PAY DOCTOR, HOSPITAL and MATERNITY BILLS. No medical examination. Entire family can be covered. Claims paid within 48 hours.

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Prove it to yourself! For a *limited time* you can get the big 75¢ Noxzema Jar for only 49¢. Get yours *today*. On sale at all drug stores.

SPECIAL OFFER

Limited Time only

75¢ JAR 49¢

The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 21

developed. In a few had come dishonest, racketeering leadership.

The history, however, of capital, of industry, of finance, in their own periods of rapid expansion, had shown the same kind of faults, the same excesses, the same irresponsibility—even in greater degree.

Enemies of labor were quick to condemn in 1937. From familiar circles came the old cry of the Tories: "Something drastic must be done to curb labor; it is getting too powerful." Of course what these people really want and strive for is to return to the good old days when labor was unorganized and weak, and starving for jobs. It used to be so easy to bargain with one man who had a family to support when fifty other men wanted the same job. You could always reason with a starving applicant for a job. But it is so inconvenient to bargain with a strong, united group of employees who know that they are entitled to a fair share of the profits of an industry.

From a few hysterical sources came even the demand that federal troops be called out to put down the strikes.

Plants Must Be Kept Busy

I consider the calling out of federal troops during a strike, except in a national emergency, one of the most dangerous things that can happen in a democracy.

Similar demands to use the Army came again during the strikes in some of the defense industries in March and April, 1941.

I have always felt proud and gratified that during my service as Governor of New York and as President of the United States, up to June, 1941, after the full unlimited national emergency had come, I have not once called out the militia or the troops in a labor dispute.

As of the date of writing this note, in July, 1941, the single exception I have made in all my public service was in June of 1941, when I directed the Army to take over the struck plant of the North American Aviation Corporation, which was engaged in making airplanes for the defense of the United States. This was a vital spot in our armament program which, in the interest of our national existence, could not be permitted to remain idle. Besides, the responsible leaders of labor in the United States all realized that this was not a bona fide labor dispute, but a form of alien sabotage, inspired and directed by Communist forces, interested not in the advancement of labor, but in the defeat and overthrow of the United States.

The history of strikes in 1937 and in 1941 has justified the validity of the calm, sensible, peaceful approach to the settlement of strikes.

NOTE ON THE LEND-LEASE BILL

IN THE decade since 1931, international lawlessness practiced successively by Japan. Italy and Germany has been casting a lengthening shadow over the world. Repudiation of solemn treaty pledges, invasion of independent countries, bombing of civilians, enslavement of captive peoples—those are the principles which have seemed to guide the aggressor nations.

The policy of our government has been consistently designed to keep war out of the Americas. Clearly this will become impossible if the last European bulwark of democracy, Great Britain, falls before the Axis powers. For over a century, Britain's fleet has been standing guard in the Atlantic Ocean, complementing our own fleet in an almost consistently friendly fashion, and helping to give us in 1941 the naval protection which we otherwise would not be able to build quickly enough for the present crisis. We now understand that one of the ways in which we must defend America is by enabling the British fleet to stay on guard so as to preserve the integrity of the seas.

Our defense policy has had to be developed in response to the spread of international brutality. In my message to the Congress on January 4, 1939, I proclaimed the need for methods to curb the aggressors. Even before the outbreak of the European War, I urged the repeal of the embargo upon arms and munitions contained in our Neutrality Act, which operated to the detriment of peace-loving nations and for the benefit of the dictators. But those who claimed "better private information" about the danger of war refused to act to remove this handicap to the democracies.

When Hitler plunged Europe into war, I again asked, and this time secured, the repeal of the arms embargo. Yet, as the cruel forces of lawlessness crushed nation after nation, America's peril became greater and greater. We needed time to expand our productive facilities to meet the threat of aggression in this hemisphere. We needed time to build up our land and naval defenses. And time was getting short, with aggression on the quick march which modern warfare had developed.

In June of 1940 it became clear to us that it was necessary immediately to send to Great Britain much more aid than the matériel which she and France had ordered in America, and which was then coming off the assembly lines. Accordingly, in that month we sent to Great Britain more than $43,000,000 worth of our surplus stocks of rifles, machine guns, field artillery, ammunition and aircraft. This was equipment which would have taken many months to manufacture and which, with the exception of the aircraft, had been produced during the World War period at a cost of $300,000,000. Most of this matériel would not have been usable if we had kept it much longer. It arrived in Britain after the evacuation at Dunkirk, where great quantities of guns and military supplies had been lost by the British. No one can tell how much of an effect these supplies had upon the success of Great Britain's resistance in the summer and fall of 1940.

Efficient Production for All

Since June, 1940, this government has continued to send surplus war matériel as well as matériel which had been produced by private manufacturers. A part of this supply was the fifty overage destroyers turned over to Britain in September, 1940.

As 1940 drew to a close, Britain's financial assets reached a dangerously low point. In her heroic fight to repulse the Nazis, her gold reserve and dollar exchange assets left small leeway for additional purchases in this country. Action became imperative to bolster her position and at the same time strengthen our own defenses.

In my annual message to the Congress (January 6, 1941) I pointed out that a mere loan of dollars would not be as quick and as productive of results as a loan of war materials, to be repaid in kind after the close of hostilities. By manufacturing war supplies for all the democracies, we could fit our own needs into theirs, and could provide more efficient and speedy production for all of us.

Pursuant to these recommendations, the Lend-Lease Bill was introduced into the Congress on January 10, 1941, as H.R. 1776 and S. 275. . . .

After several days of debate, the House of Representatives passed the Lend-Lease Bill on February 8th by a vote of 260-165. The Senate opened debate on February 17th, and amended and passed the bill on March 8th by a vote of 60-31. The bill was then returned to the House for concurrence in the Senate amendments, which was obtained on March 11th by a vote of 317-71.

I signed the bill (Public No. 11, 77th Congress) on March 11, 1941. Within a few minutes thereafter, army and navy war materials were speeding on their way to Great Britain and Greece. . . .

In the first five months of the year 1941 we have sent more than twelve times as many airplanes to Britain as we did in the first five months of 1940; more than ten times as many aircraft engines in the same comparative periods. During the first four months of this year seventeen times as much explosives and ninety times as much ammunition and firearms were sent to Britain as during the first four months of 1940. . . .

How Lend-Lease is Working

It should be borne in mind that lend-lease orders, although they are based on the requirements of a foreign government, are actually United States government orders, and are treated the same as any other United States defense contract. When they are delivered pursuant to a lend-lease contract, they can be transferred to the custody of a foreign government only with the consent of the President.

The Act made possible the placement of orders on the basis of requirements submitted by those countries the defense of which the President deems vital to the United States. As of May 31, 1941, over $4,275,000,000, or 60 per cent of the $7,000,000,000 appropriated by the Congress for lend-lease orders, have already been allocated for specific purposes.

In addition, as of June 11, 1941, $75,000,000 worth of defense articles have already been actually physically transferred by the Departments of War, Navy, Treasury, Agriculture and the Maritime Commission under the provisions of the Lend-Lease Act. These defense articles consist of aircraft, water craft, ammunition, explosives, ordnance equipment, clothing and medical supplies, signal and chemical equipment, machinery, agricultural products and raw material and metals.

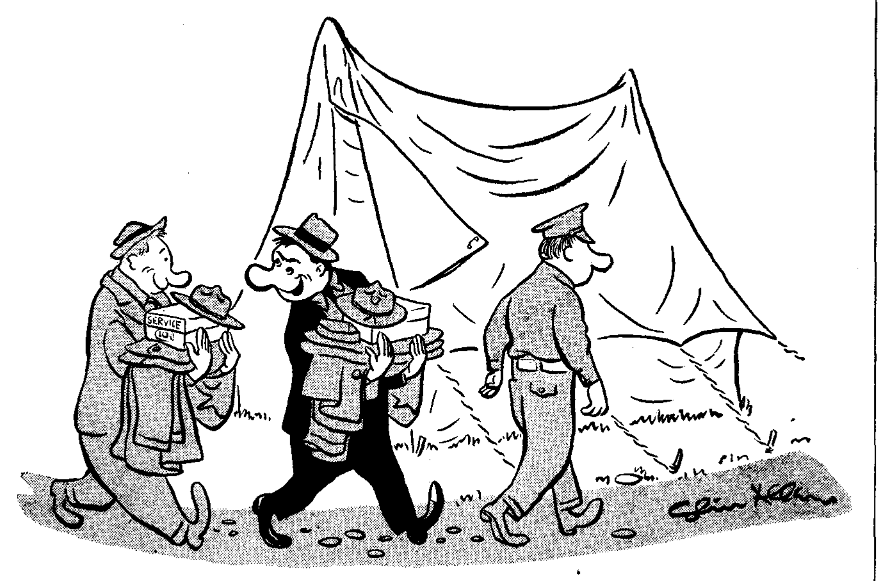
In order to carry out the operations under the Lend-Lease Act, I established, by executive order dated May 2, 1941, the Division of Defense Aid Reports in the Office for Emergency Management. This division provides a central channel for the clearance of transactions and reports, and co-ordinates the processing of requests for aid under the Lend-Lease Act. It also maintains a system of reports and accounts, and acts as a clearinghouse of information for agencies participating in lend-lease operations.

Under the Act, actual purchasing operations are carried on by each department operating in its own field, in the same way as for any other defense contract. The Division of Defense Aid Reports acts as a co-ordinator, and its work falls into six categories, namely: processing of requirements, fiscal accounts, statistical operations, transportation co-ordination, liaison between governmental agencies and foreign governments, and legal problems.

The general procedure is as follows: The request from the foreign government desiring defense aid comes first to this division on formal requisitions and is then forwarded by this division to the proper procuring agency of the United States Government. This agency determines whether the items called for should be supplied from stock on hand, whether they should be supplied from existing contracts, or whether new contracts should be executed for them.

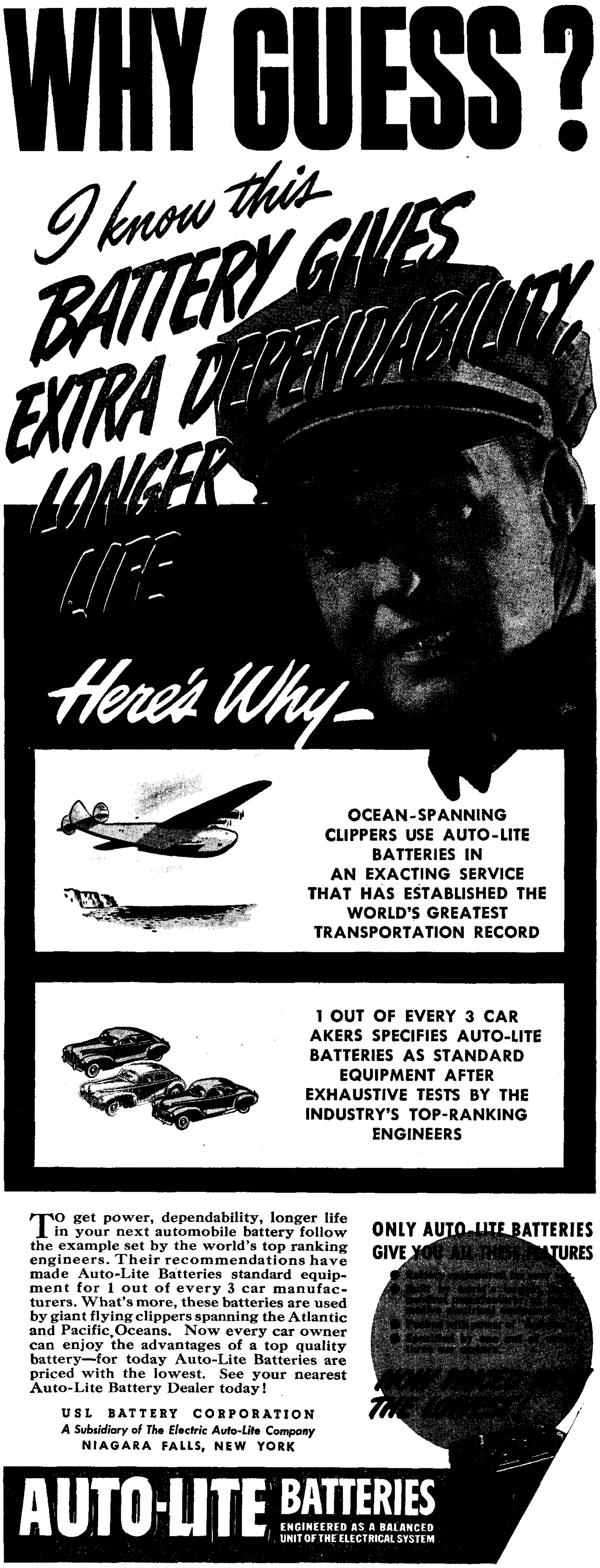
The division thereupon proceeds either to secure presidential authority to transfer the articles to the foreign government, or secures an allocation of funds so that the procuring agency may actually place a new contract for the defense items. Even such allocation of funds, however, still requires the approval of the President before the defense article can be transferred to the foreign government.

Of course, as of the time of the first report and as of the time of this writing, the lend-lease operations have really only just begun. When they are operating in full swing, and when the defense industries of America are functioning at their full expected capacity, America will really be performing the function which its Congress and its people have outlined for it since last January, of becoming "the great arsenal of democracy."



"At last I have some clothes my brother-in-law isn't gonna wear"

COLIN ALLEN



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Mr. Brown Goes to Town

Continued from page 22

But if that was part of Brown's showmanship, the painstaking coaching work was what provided the crushing football squads. The systems in the two junior highs were also under his direction, with the result that a steady flow of material was poured into his high-school teams. In a survey made last year it was established that only Minnesota and Columbia, among the colleges, bettered the equipment of the Massillon team, which spends $7,000 every season on uniforms and paraphernalia. Each player has three playing suits and a practice suit.

As a coach Brown is a strict disciplinarian. A player caught having a date with a girl during the season is bounced. Smoking and drinking are of course taboo and the boys must be in bed at ten o'clock week nights and eleven on Saturday. Any Brown players who lay on the field to rest during a game would be yanked immediately and never used again. They are not allowed to take a drink of water during the game.

"It's psychology," they explain. "The other guys look at that bunch and think *they're supermen.*"

Behind the Massillon team is a Boosters Club of 1,000 members that supports the players. They found a boy from a destitute family, who was living a life of squalor. They rescued the family, put it on its feet and later kept it going while the boy attended Ohio State. When L. W. St. John, athletic director at Ohio State, congratulated the boy on his arrival, the kid said:

"Mr. St. John, if it hadn't been for Paul Brown, I'd have been down here in Columbus before this, but in another institution."

He was referring to the state penitentiary.

Five athletes turned out by Brown were All-America candidates last year. One of the five, Eddie Molinski of Tennessee was an almost unanimous choice for the 1939 All-America. Other headliners last year were Mike Byelene and Jim Miller of Purdue, Charley Anderson, the giant colored end at Ohio State, and Don Snavely of Columbia. Miller will be captain this year at Purdue.

Right into the Lion's Den

Brown's influence on Massillon is extraordinary. On a recent trip out there we tried hard to find somebody who would knock him but it was impossible. They think he is a great guy and the greatest football coach in the world. The idea that he might fail in the Ohio State berth that has been a nightmare for every coach that has tackled it is scoffed at.

The campaign for him aroused some resentment in quarters where it was felt that he was being fobbed off on Ohio State but that all disappeared when Brown met the interested parties.

"Won 'em over in five minutes time," they say proudly in Massillon.

He has a good personality, speaks well before public gatherings and possesses an astonishing knowledge of football. Around Massillon the folks know him as "Pee" Brown and he keeps open house for all fans and players. Football in Massillon is like politics in New Mexico; they work at it all year round. One of the features of the Boosters Club meetings were nights when Brown ran off motion pictures of the games and explained the strategy of the combats. As many as 2,500 people attended those evenings, with the result that the average spectator at a Massillon game knows as much about what is happening as the opposing coach.

In taking over the Ohio State job, he is certainly entering the lion's den. Nowhere in the country is the yearning for victory so great as at Columbus, and nowhere is a coach criticized so harshly when the team loses. When hearts break in that neighborhood they break with a loud report and there have been plenty of occasions for it.

There was the day in 1926 when 90,000 people saw Michigan take a pathetic 17-16 victory. The state almost died in 1935 when Notre Dame snatched an 18-13 victory away in the last few seconds in what many contend was the most exciting football game ever played in America.

Strictly High-School Stuff

Schmidt came north from Texas with a great reputation for razzle-dazzle football but eventually succumbed like all the others. Not the least remarkable thing about the accession of Paul Brown was his decision to stand or fall with his high-school associates. With him he took Widdoes of Otterbein, McGranahan of Mt. Union and Heisler of Miami, his assistants at Massillon. With that group of men from small colleges, whose only coaching experience has been in high school, he is facing the best men in the Middle West. Among his opponents will be Harry Stuhldreher, also a Massillon boy, who now coaches Wisconsin.

From last year's Ohio State team he loses such stars as Don Scott, Jim Langhurst and Charley Maag. Despite that and a schedule that calls for games with Missouri, Southern California, Purdue, Northwestern, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan, you can get plenty of bets around Massillon that he won't lose more than two games the first year. After the third year they will perish of chagrin if he ever loses one again.

Brown has two sons—Robin, nine; and Mike, five. Mike can't read as yet but he likes pictures and when he saw the heroic deeds Superman could do with a sheet, he stripped one off his bed, climbed a ladder to the garage roof and leaped off. A month later they removed the cast from his broken leg. It happened just before one of Massillon's big games and it made Papa Brown wince when Mike said:

"I'll bet you're glad it was me instead of Horace Gillom."

They tell that story around town with a wry smile but nobody denies that subconsciously young Mike had hit on something. They take their football seriously in Ohio and nobody fears that Paul Brown's strict training will work any less effectively at Ohio State than it did at Massillon. They contend that the college men will be eating out of his hand.

"What do you think all those high-school coaches recommended 'Pee' for?" they demand in Massillon. "Just to get him out of their hair?"

The answer could be yes but it probably isn't. We found general agreement over Ohio that Mr. Brown was going to put Ohio State on the map. In that event, the only one to feel sorry for is Bud Houghton, who was left behind in Massillon to coach Brown's old team. All he has to do to get a reputation is win *all* his games forevermore. And the folks in Massillon are certain he can do it.

"Why shouldn't he?" they yell, "with all those whiz-bangs coming up from junior high. What's the use of losing when you can just as easily win?"

CHORE!
SORE
—AND FAST RELIEF!

Help Nature Reduce Fatigue Acids in Sore Muscles!

Unusual exercise tires muscles, makes them hurt! But cheer up! An accumulation of fatigue acids is probably to blame and many of the muscles affected can be reached by the stimulating action of Absorbine Jr. Follow directions below.

Relief! Splash these sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids. This helps reduce swelling—ease pain and stiffness. Then your muscles can relax again. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE—write W. F. Young, Inc., 201T Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

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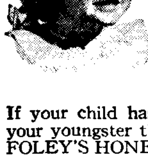
"My little girl had a bad cough from her cold. Results from Foley's wonderful. Cough gone. She's playing again." Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michigan City, Indiana.



Mommy, I've Quit Coughing ALREADY!

QUICK —*to soothe the throat*
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If your child has a cough from a cold, give your youngster the *quick results* formulated in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COUGH SYRUP. It's the cough syrup specially adapted to children; delicious, gentle-acting, does not upset the child's digestion, contains no narcotics.

Because of the FOLEY formula (result of 65 years of making better and better cough syrup), FOLEY'S aids your child's natural forces of repair in three vital ways: soothes throat . . . curbs coughing . . . acts internally to speed breaking up of cough.

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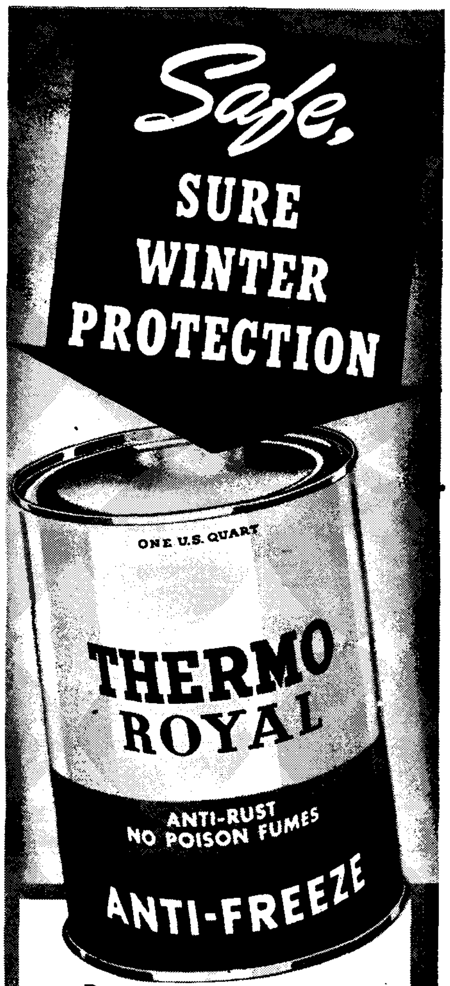
Honey & Tar
COUGH SYRUP
contains no Narcotics, Chloroform, Ipecac, Codeine

Check your child's cough before it gets worse. Don't fool! Check it with a triple-acting cough syrup . . . with FOLEY'S. Experience the joy experienced by thousands of mothers at the quick relief, continuous comfort, speeded-up loosening of the cough which FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COUGH SYRUP gives. At all druggists, 30c.



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***Awaken lazy scalp* with new finger-massage machine**

● Does your hair lack lustre, vibrant beauty . . . because scalp circulation is sluggish? Your own doctor will tell you: daily *fingertip* massage is the sensible thing to do to help.

Easy with Vitalator — amazing machine that imparts to *your own fingertips* the correct *rotary* vibration of Swedish massage. You need no special skill. Vitalator does the work, as you relax.

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SCALP CIRCULATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

GILBERT *Vitalator* $8.95

ALSO IN NATURAL PLASTIC OR CHROME $9.95

Green Freeze

Continued from page 32

move. But he still couldn't lift it. All he succeeded in doing was knocking the ball backward off the green and into a trap!

Wild Bill Mehlhorn was even more unfortunate at Dallas. He got his putter frozen behind the ball, found himself unable to move it and finally gave it a terrific and terrified jerk. The ball carried the hole on high and landed out on the fairway.

"Took me a thirty-yard chip shot to get back," reports Bill sourly.

These incidents are amusing enough in retrospect but they are tragedies for professionals who have big money riding on every shot. Johnny Revolta, supposed to be a deadly putter, started a tournament at Greensboro, South Carolina, with a spectacular 30-foot putt for a birdie on the first green—and then took five putts on the second green and bumped himself right out of the money.

"Each of those extra ones cost me about $150," says Johnny, "not to mention the agony."

Paul Runyan and Horton Smith are regarded as the greatest putters in the game today, with Craig Wood joining that pair in the spells when he is hot, but Runyan is as jittery about his putting as if he had taken up the sport last Wednesday. He reported for the National Open this year with a grotesque putter featuring the paddle grip. It looked something like an oar degraded to ordinary purposes. The U.S.G.A. made him take an inch off the grip and he did well with that, but it was plain that he was unhappy. Runyan is so careful about his work on the greens that on short putts he is down with his nose almost to the sod, holding his hands almost down at the club head and nudging the ball gently along.

Joe Turnesa went along for years, gaily banging the ball into the cup, and then suddenly everything went black. He couldn't hit the ball and the hole seemed to be a mirage. From being one of the superb putters of golf, he turned into one of the worst. As a last resort he tried putting one-handed—and won the Long Island Open in that strange manner, putting on the highly tricky greens at Lakeville!

Among historians it is maintained that the greatest exhibition of putting ever given was by Walter J. Travis at Sandwich, England, when he captured the British Amateur crown in 1904—the first time it was ever won by an American. His performance was so phenomenal that an American friend made a small fortune by betting that Travis would get his putt down no matter where it was on the green. Travis consistently canned putts from as far away as forty feet. The English refused to believe the evidence before their eyes and kept doubling the bets. If it had lasted long enough the empire would have been broke.

Mr. Jones Outdoes Himself

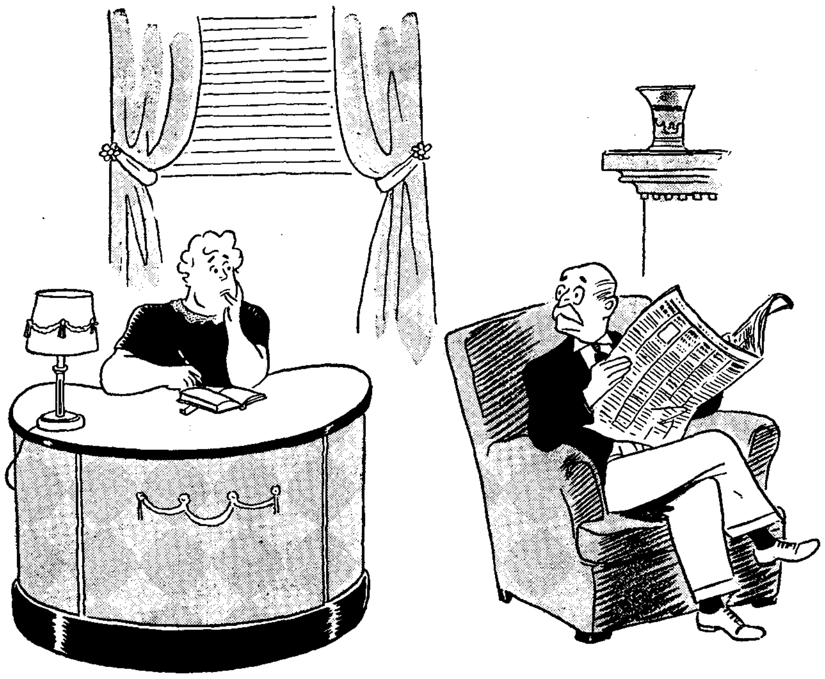
The world's longest putt was made by Bobby Jones at St. Andrews in Scotland the first time he won the British Open championship. The Scottish greens are so large that they are often used for two holes. Bobby, simply hoping to get close on an approach shot, took his putter 100 yards away and gave the ball a bat. It not only rolled up close but it rolled in.

The nearest approach to that was Walter Hagen's disgusted putt of 250 yards on a sand course in Phoenix, Arizona. The fairway had been burned so hard by the sun that it was like cement. Having tried several iron shots that had given indications of never stopping, Hagen took out his putter for the next attempt and whacked the ball severely. It almost holed out, the ball stopping a foot from the cup!

The most distracted of putters has been Leo Diegel, who twisted himself into a knot on every green and looked like a picture of terror over every inch-long putt. On one occasion when he was leaving to play in England, he went to a New York sporting-goods store, sat down among thousands of putter heads, carefully pulled off the little cotton sock that encased each one and finally selected sixty-eight, which he had shafted for his trip. To all remarks about this, Mr. Diegel had one answer.

"How do you think I'd feel if I got over there and found I had forgotten the right one?" he asked miserably.

The saddest case of all is that of Ralph Guldahl, who found a rusty-



"I don't know why I bother to keep a diary—I never have time to read it!"

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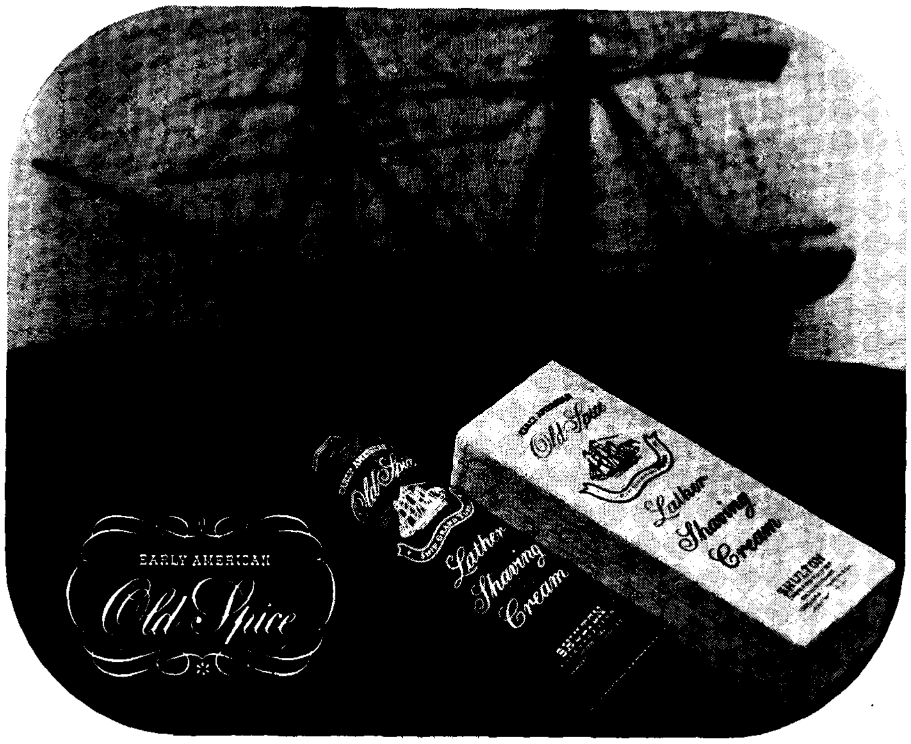

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bladed putter while rummaging around his attic and went on to win the opens at Detroit and Denver with it. Like all golfers, he had a moment of aberration and presented the club to Vic Ghezzi. Later on he regretted it and tried to get it back.

"I'll *pay* you for it," he moaned. "I haven't won anything since I lost that old wreck."

Johnny Rogers, who started the school of tremendous hitters and is reputed to have taught the art to Jimmy Thompson, once came east with a putter that he regarded as perfect. It was a gas-pipe putter a mile long. When he started a money match with Tommy Armour, he was putting with the handle somewhere around the top button of his shirt. As he lost, he kept whacking pieces off the shaft. When he finished he had lost all his dough and was putting with the same club, now about four inches long.

Shut Your Eyes and Swing

Bob MacDonald, the big, tall Scot with the magnificent swing, has been called the world's greatest "yipper" around the green. Yipper means jerker, a nervous gent. Alex Smith, another Scot, is the fastest big-time golfer. He fairly races around the course, charging up to the ball and taking a smack at it almost on the run. "If you're going to miss 'em, miss 'em quick," is the Smith motto. MacDonald's putting got so bad that he thought the matter over at length and came to a somewhat heroic decision.

"From now on I'm going to putt with my eyes closed," he declared—and did it. The results were not astonishing, nor were they any worse than they had been, and he had the comfort of not witnessing the horror.

Perhaps the greatest exhibition of putting courage ever seen was given by Johnny Farrell when he defeated Bobby Jones in the play-off for the National Open title at Olympia Fields in Chicago. On one hole when he had a seven-foot putt for a win, he held up his hand at the crowd and the bustling photographers.

"Just wait a minute till I can this putt, boys," he said, "and you can have all the pictures you want."

He was in such control of his nerves and had such confidence in his playing that he never considered missing. He went back and tapped the putt in without a tremor.

In the early days of golf, the greens were merely a continuation of the fairways, but the new greens are as soft as a Persian rug and are tended with equal care. It has always been maintained that Harry Vardon, the old English master, was the poorest putter of all the great stars, but his record shows that he must have been consistent. It was the arrival of Bobby Jones and his famous putter, Calamity Jane, that transformed the standards of putting. Walter Travis had shown what could be done; Bobby did it consistently.

Under present conditions of competition, the big professionals don't consider they are putting at all if they do worse than thirty putts for eighteen holes. Some of them are so much in the habit of going around in thirty or less that their idea of good putting means less than twenty-five putts a round.

The nearest approach to a perfect game was turned in by Charles H. Mayo, Jr., Long Island amateur champion, who one-putted seventeen consecutive greens until he came to the home green. His drive over the hill wasn't much to talk about, but he could have reached some part of the long putting carpet in two. Instead he elected to play short, so he would have a simple chip and an easy one-putt. But he fooled himself by chipping weakly—and then missed the putt. His chance for the one absolutely pure, nondebatable putting record went glimmering.

However, as is the custom of golfers, anything less than perfection would have been a signal for moaning rather than congratulation. In the Metropolitan Senior tournament this year August F. Kammer used up only thirteen putts in the first nine holes. Most of the putts were sensational, being from as far out as forty feet, but when the members crowded into the clubhouse to acclaim Mr. Kammer after the match, they found him immersed in gloom.

"Did you see those two that hung on the lip!" he moaned sadly.

And that's the way it is with golfers When the putts go in, that is only what is to be expected. When they stay out, it is murder; it is tragedy; it is hell on earth. Your drive may be great, your approach may have the finality of fate—but the little man with the tally card pays off on putts.

And that is why golfers rarely get a good night's sleep after a match. That confounded little ball acting in that confounded stupid fashion!

BROTHER BEN WAS A FUGITIVE FROM A BURNED-OUT LIGHT BULB . . . HE'S HEADED FOR THE STORE NOW TO GET SOME NEW
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Better Light means Better Sight
SAY, HOW MANY EMPTY SOCKETS ARE THERE IN YOUR HOUSE ?
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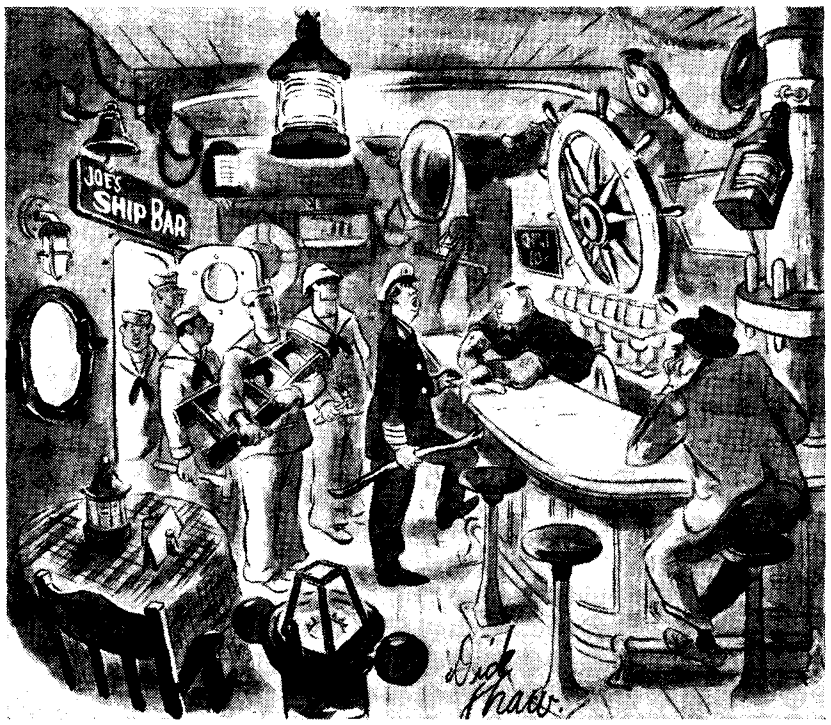

"Well, it isn't really so much you that the Navy needs!" DICK SHAW

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Sing It Again

Continued from page 20

of Sylvie. That was her gift and her power.

Jed didn't want to take advantage of her. It was only, thought Sylvie, looking at him out of quiet, steady eyes, that he was off on a bum steer. And he was right about himself, in a way. He had rung the gong once and he probably would again. Only somehow or other he'd got the idea that the way to do it was just to sit still and be good like a kid waiting for Santa Claus. And let Sylvie take care of him in the meantime.

I shouldn't let him, thought Sylvie. I shouldn't let him. He'll wait too long and he'll forget what he's waiting for.

Only what could she say, how could she begin, with a fellow as really proud as Jed was, and as really generous? And, she thought, It's all right. He knows where he's going. He's no fool. He's nobody's baby. It's all right.

NEVERTHELESS, she was relieved when they renewed her engagement at Chez Candide and she was sure of the next week's food and rent.

But with the relief she realized that she was tired. Three songs a night made a long assignment. She wasn't feeling just like herself. She wished that Jed wouldn't take it for granted the way he did, the cooking and cleaning up and singing till three. Did he know how much she wanted a good night's sleep?

She was really tired. The night Whit Halsey turned up the way he did she thought for a minute that he must be an answer to prayer.

She had been looking in the hatbox to make sure that she had forgotten nothing.

"Jed," she said, "look at that. A run. My last pair of stockings wrecked. Tomorrow we eat beans."

Jed was reading Variety.

"That's fine, dear," he replied at random. "That's swell. Listen, do you remember that punk, Hymie Bass, that was over at the Club Moro last year? Well, give you three guesses."

At that moment, Whit knocked briskly at the door.

Sylvie opened to him. She had never seen him before, but she smiled and threw the door open wide, for her upbringing had taught her the face of the salesman, the face of the man with trouble to make and the face of the man with a favor to ask, and this was none of them. So it was a friend.

Whit Halsey was a round, bald, red-to-purple little man in a hound's-tooth checked suit with a harmonizing tie and handkerchief. On his finger was a star sapphire in a fat platinum band. His voice was high and excited:

"Hello, hello, Jed. Well, you old so-and-so, did I have a time running you down. Just heard you got hitched. And this is the little bride. Not too late to kiss her, am I? Well, Jed, you sure can pick 'em. My name's Whit Halsey, Mrs. Wallace. Don't mind me."

Sylvie gave him her hand.

"I just recognized you," she said. "Glad to make your acquaintance. Come in, Whit."

He came into the room and looked around. With the bed up, no one could tell that it was the only room they had. The white paint and the draperies made the room look pleasant, comfortably off; but there was no splurge. And it was, after all, a walk-up over a delicatessen. Something, obviously, he still had, but he was far from being in the heavy sugar. Whit began without hesitation:

"I got something for you, Jed."

Well, thought Sylvie, listening, what luck! You couldn't tie Jed for luck. Must have been born that way.

Look at the whole thing. He makes money, and the old gang is outclassed. They're jealous, they're sore. They drop away and never turn up except once or twice for a touch or something.

Then he's broke, and he drops his new gang. Then he meets me. That's my luck, too, but it's luck all the same. He gets taken care of, while he's waiting, reading Variety and playing the piano and waiting. And then I feel that I got to stop work for a while, and what happens?

Well, out on Broadway nobody knows how many musicians are out of work, trying to bluff it, trying to shoulder a way into anything, anywhere. And Jed sits in here, and Whit Halsey has a dream about him or something and runs him down to hand him a job on a plate. He sits and plays the piano half the day and now he can do it with the Horse Marines again for three times my pay.

I never saw luck like that.

Then she turned perfectly white.

"What?" she said. "Jed, what did you say?"

"No soap," he was repeating. "No can do, Whit, no can do."

"Listen, Jed, that's more'n I paid Pink Tyler."

"The money's all right."

"Oh, for . . . Listen, did that—did Toddy Parks sign you on? He said last night he had a surprise for me."

"I'm not going with anybody else, Whit."

The little man turned to Sylvie:

"You tell me, darling. What's the dope? What's *with* him, anyways. What's the dope? Is he sore? It wasn't *me* that walked out on *him*."

Sylvie gathered up her hatbox. Her own voice sounded far away to her.

"You know as much as I do," she said. "So long. I've got to get going. I'm late to a date. And I'm a little sick to my stomach."

WHEN Sylvie came back at a little after three that morning, she thought that she had never been so tired in her life. She sat down at the head of the first flight of stairs with her head on her knees and remained so, motionless, for ten minutes before she could get up and go on. Her hands were cold and heavy and the arm that held the hatbox ached.

She pushed their door open. The lights were still on and Jed was still dressed. His face was small with unhappiness and his mouth pinched in hard. He looked like a child who wants to cry so bitterly that he doesn't dare let go. But she was too tired to give him more than a glance.

"Pull the bed out, will you, Jed? I want to lie down."

He opened it and stood over it, staring down at her, not daring to touch her.

"Sylvie, you're mad, aren't you?"

"I don't know, Jed. Yes, I guess I am. I'm sort of too tired to know, now."

He stood still by the side of the bed looking at her face.

"Sylvie," he said. "Don't be sore, Sylvie. I feel that I'll get it any day now. The song. I mean. You never know when it'll hit you, Sylvie. I should go monkeying around doing a couple of specialty numbers for Whit when any day now I'll get it! Why, a year ago he'd've been scared to come up and brace me for the price of a drink."

Sylvie looked at him, her throat aching with tiredness. If he would only stop talking, she thought. Till morning, anyway.

"I didn't notice he was bracing you

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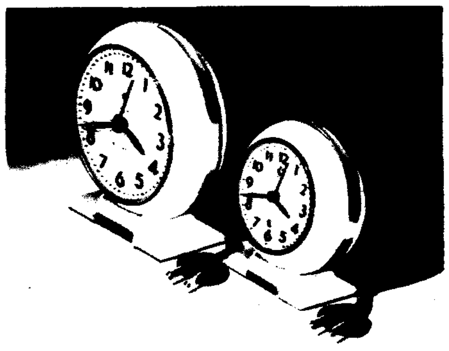

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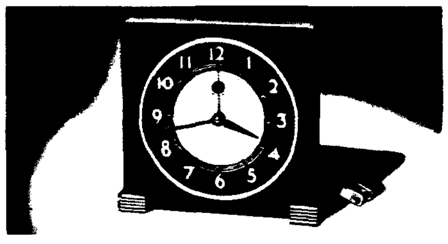

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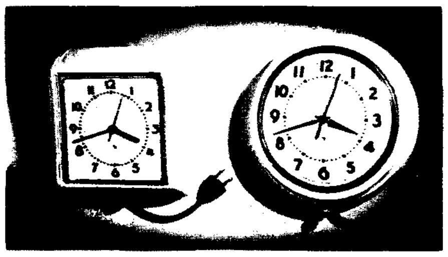

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I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

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But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

for anything, Jed," she whispered. "Looked to me as if he was trying to give you something."

"You don't get it, Sylvie. Why, any time, now, it'll hit me. It's just about time. I got a feeling. And then I'll make it all up to you, darling. We'll be on easy street."

It was like talking to a drunk, she thought, closing her eyes. He heard what you said and still he didn't. Like talking to a drunk. The words didn't get through.

"Oh, what's the use?" she exclaimed harshly. "Let's get some sleep."

She sat up and began pulling off her clothes. She threw them on the foot of the bed and let them lie there crumpled. Jed stood still, looking at her.

She *had* always been so orderly, brushing her clothes, hanging them by the open window, emptying ash trays and folding papers, making the room where he had spent the day into a fresh, quiet bedroom. Night after night he'd watched her, tired, perhaps, and late; and maybe he'd been sleeping across the in-a-door bed already or in it; but she'd say, "It's time for us to go to bed," and make the room all clear and quiet.

And now her clothes lay crumpled at the foot of the bed, and where was the kindness and the peace? Jed was frightened. He jerked out the light and got under the blankets. He lay by her side, not daring to touch her.

Then he felt her hand on his shoulder and he turned and held her.

"Look dear," he said. "I was dumb. I'll look up Whit tomorrow. Okay, Sylvie?"

She was so thin. She must've been getting so tired. A steady engagement and all the stuff she did for him. And worrying, too, about whether he was turning into some kind of a punk. There must have been that, too.

"Don't cry. Sylvie, Sylvie, don't cry."

"Oh, Jed, you are good. I always knew you were all right. You are all right, Jed. Everything's all right."

And it would have been, too, except for Whit's going out of town so that he couldn't get him that day. No one knew where he'd gone. No one was very friendly. Jed had been away too long.

Whit was gone for several days. And when he came back, he was sorry:

"Tough break. Rather have you, myself. But I signed Pink Tyler on again."

When Jed told Sylvie she sat for a while without a word, the silver-blond head bent forward, the blue eyes fixed on the edge of the table.

"I'm sorry for that, Jed," she said slowly. "Because you'll just have to find something else. Because, look, I guess I'll have to stop singing in a little while myself."

"Stop singing?"

"Well, look. What I mean is, Jed, I guess I'm going to have a baby."

SHE raised her face then and looked at him full and earnestly. For what he said now would tell her if things were going to be all right, or just nothing, finished, and better not started at all.

He got up and came around the table.

"You feel all right?" he said. "You ought to quit there this week. You got to get your sleep regular."

"What do you mean, Jed, this week? How can I?"

"I'll start around the agencies this morning. Now. What time is it, twelve?"

"Jed, you don't mind? You aren't sore? About the baby, I mean?"

He looked at her, trying to figure what it meant and what it would mean. Responsibility, a child. It didn't come into the picture up to now. It was new stuff. Maybe he was sore in a way, and scared. But there was more to it than that.

"No," he answered. "It's my kid."

His voice was full of tenderness and pride.

But the agencies didn't have anything. The people he looked up didn't have anything. They had resented his success, but they resented still more seeing him running around looking for something, anything.

The nightly story, however, far from alarming Sylvie, seemed to her to be the wholly natural course of events.

"Isn't that the way it goes?" she would say. "Lie down, dear, and take your shoes off. You ought to get a rest and drink some beer before you try to eat. Probably tomorrow you'll get a break."

And the next day:

"Gee, it's typical. My legs ache when I think of it. Do you know how long it was before I got that job at the Candide? Of course I didn't have anything on the ball like you. But I think, good or bad, it all comes down to luck, pretty much the same."

Then there were the less-reputable agencies, the little fellow who offers to get a band together for a night or two and does, at less than union rates. The first break was a nasty little job like that.

"See," said Sylvie. "I told you. Your luck's changed. It's going to be fine, now."

"It's dirty and it smells," he replied. "But it's dough. Beans are a lousy diet for an unborn kid."

That day Sylvie quit at the Candide. She was waiting up to tell him when he got in at four.

"I was just waiting for your luck to turn," she explained, cheerfully. "I told them my husband was in the money and I was going to loaf for a change. Beginning Monday they got Raoul and Margie. How was it out in Queens?"

And she was not at all surprised when he came home the next day, shouting up the stairs:

"Listen, Sylvie, listen. I got a steady job. I mean steady."

"It changed fast, didn't it?" she commented, happy and casual, as he came in the door. "Your luck, I mean. It usually does, once it gets started. What's the job?"

He loved her for being no more overelated than she had been downcast. It showed him how deep her confidence had been.

It was a good job, too. Radio. Sitting at an organ full of trick effects, waiting for a program to end too soon or begin too late or break down along the line; just waiting to make it perfectly sure that there should not be one minute of blessed silence during the full time that the station was officially on the air. That was the job, plus one fifteen-minute sustaining program called Reverie Time.

Sylvie looked at him, at his confident, satisfied face with doubt and apprehension. At length she felt impelled to put her misgiving into words.

"Won't it drive you wacky?" she said. "Now a band is natural to you. It's . . . well, look, dear, it's a place where you can show off. You're gifted. You're used to excitement. I'm the only quiet life you ever had.

"Maybe it isn't right, you to be in solitary all day."

"Nuts," replied Jed.

And he meant it.

SYLVIE expected him to hate the job, she hardly expected him to stick it; he stuck it, and what was more, he seemed to like it. They were respectable members of the middle class, the backbone of America, a man who worked at regular daytime hours with Sundays off, and a woman—occupation: housewife.

"Gosh," said Sylvie, "home was never like this, as the old song says."

Jed looked at her sitting across from him at the supper table. Her blue and white apron hiked up in front, now, and her color was higher than it used to be. He was not used to putting things into words, and still he wished that he could express the way it made you feel good to look at her, these days. As if things were quieter and more important than they used to be, sort of.

"What do you mean, never like this?" he said. "It was just like this, only more rooms and more kids."

It was what she loved to hear about, that unsuspected strange background of his, so unfamiliar to her.

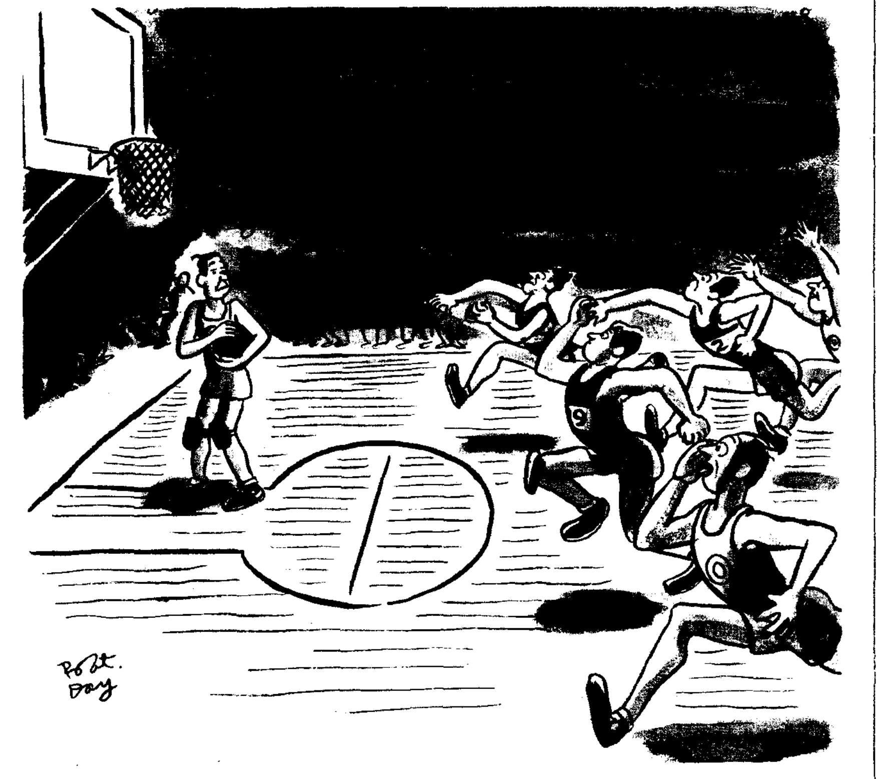
"Go on, Jed. Was it honestly called Fidelity?"

"Fidelity, Illinois."

"Some difference to me, isn't it, growing up in show business? It was awful nice and comfortable, though, till vaudeville went and died on us. I like traveling."

"Could your Ma cook?"

"Not her. Pop could make eggs and



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coffee, but mamma couldn't boil water. She was lovely, though. She was a real good mother, Jed. She always thought about keeping me fixed up pretty and making us laugh when the bookings weren't so good and everything like that."

"Sure," he replied gently. "Sure. Only what I always want to know is, how'd you learn to cook stew and sew a curtain and like that?"

"I don't know. I always liked to watch people, wardrobe mistresses and cooks in boardinghouses and people. Or maybe I'm just a natural. Pop said he had a bohunk grandma used to live on a farm out in the country someplace."

Jed rubbed his cheek with the flat of his hand.

"You're wonderful," he said. "You're beautiful and you're wonderful. Tell you what, after the kid comes we'll look up a place with a yard and I'll commute."

"Oh, Jed," said Sylvie. "I'd like that. I'd like that."

I knew it would come out all right, marrying him, she thought; but I certainly never expected it to come out as all right as this. I suppose it's the kind of folks he's from.

DAY by day serenity rose in her. Her confidence, her joy, were something to see. The doctor told Jed that she was perfect, that she was the way God meant all women to be, and that it was a shame that most of them had forgotten how. Jed said that the doctor wasn't telling him a thing. For three seasons of a year, they were completely happy.

Everything feels so solid, Sylvie used to think. I never knew that being alive could feel so solid. I guess I never did like excitement much.

There was no excitement, right up to the finish line. The child, their son, was born easily and well after Sylvie had been three hours in the hospital. He was named Jeremiah Wallace and like his father he would never admit it.

"We'll call him Jerry," Sylvie said, when he was a day old. "Hello, Jerry."

She smiled at him and at Jed, and settled herself to sleep. Then she opened her eyes again.

"I like having a private room," she whispered.

And she slept.

The private room had been a surprise. Jed had saved for it without telling her. The money to pay for it was all in the bank. That was what made it good, that was why she liked it so much. It meant nine months' love and care and patience. It meant that things had been steady for a long time. It meant that they would go on the way they were.

"I like having a private room," she said again, a week later.

It was evening. Jed came to see her every evening, after work. They let him stay to see the baby get his ten-o'clock feeding, because it was the only time he could get off all day and because it was a private room.

"I'm glad," said Jed. "I thought you would. It never seemed right to me, the idea of you stuck in a room with a lot of strangers, not the way you like it quiet."

"It was awful good of you."

"I liked keeping it for a surprise."

Jerry sighed, full to repletion. He hiccoughed once, gently, and smacked his lips. The dark blue eyes half-opened and closed again.

His father regarded him tenderly.

"Dead drunk," he said.

"Best boy in the world," said Sylvie. "Nobody in the world has a boy as good as Jerry."

She lifted the small, warm weight a little upward on her arm and breast and began to chant, slowly and tunelessly.

"Oh, Mamma hen has a very nice chicken, but it's not as nice as Jerry."

An electric silence trembled over the chair at the side of the bed, but she did not notice it.

"And mamma cow has a very nice calf, but it's not as nice as Jerry.

"And mamma sheep has a very nice lamb, but . . ."

A loud cry filled the room. Jed had sprung to his feet. He stood over her, waving his hands at her.

"Shut up! Sylvie, shut up! I got it! I got it!"

He began to pace around the room, muttering, scowling, flapping his hands at her for silence, but not looking at her at all.

Then he began to sing.

At the first notes, at the first line, Sylvie knew. He'd got it, all right. He'd got it.

"Oh, mamma hen got a very nice chick
But it's not so nice;
And mamma cat got a very nice kit,
But it's not so nice;
And mamma sheep got a very nice lamb
But it's not so nice,
Oh, it's not so nice-a like-a you."

She tried to speak, to say something, but still the hand flapped at her.

"Wait a sec, Syl. Hold on, hold on. It's *not* so nice, it's not so nice, yeah, that's better. . . ."

"You got it, all right, Jed."

"You bet, Sylvie. You bet. I got to get going. Want to look up a bunch and start working out a good arrangement while it's hot."

He began again:

"Oh, mamma hen she got very nice chick,
But it's not so nice. . . ."

The nurse, coming in for Jerry, turned her head. She tapped her foot and hummed after him.

"Say, that's cute," she remarked. "Never heard it before."

This particular patient's husband was a quiet young man whom she had always tended to overlook. Now, to her complete confusion, he drew back, handed her a single spank of remarkable force and precision and gave vent to a shout.

Then he spoke. "No," he said. "You never did. But you will, sweetheart, you will."

He leaned over the bed, kissing his wife, hitting her shoulders with rough, excited hands.

"I told you," he said. "I told you, I always told you. Tops on the Hit Parade. Jed Wallace does it again. It's Not So Nice. Everything I promised you, beautiful. Mink coats, go everywhere, everyone fighting to get near you. Oh, boy, Sylvie, we'll kill them. You too, Jerry. Papa's going to show you life."

HE WAS singing again as he ran out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"Is he crazy?" said the nurse. "I mean it, should I get someone to chase after him?"

"Not a chance," said Sylvie. Her fingers stroked the back of the child's head as she relinquished him, sleeping.

"Not a chance," she said.

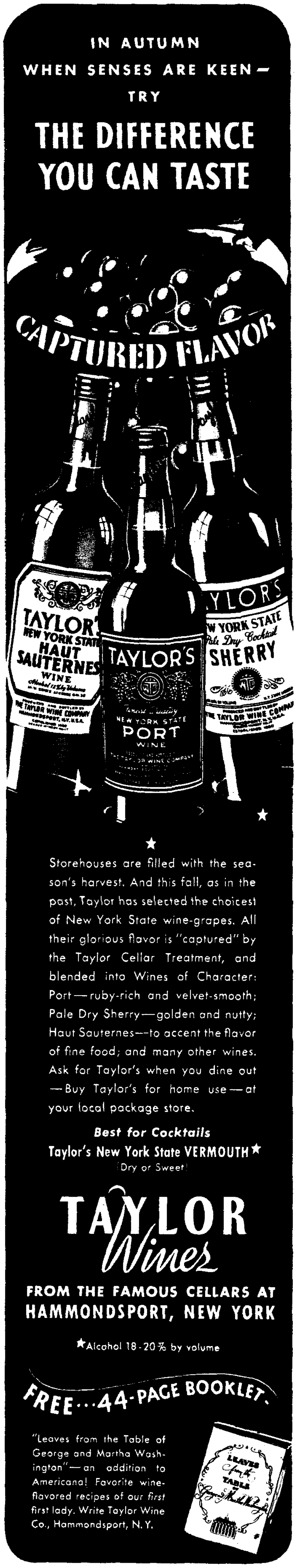
She closed her eyes.

"See you later, Jerry," she whispered. "And don't let it get you. Something we did once, we can always do again."

She heard the excited voice, she saw again the sharp, wild brightness of that well-loved face.

I guess that's life, she thought. Always being ready to do it again.

She sighed. Her lips puckered softly, and the ghost of a new-born tune went around the room.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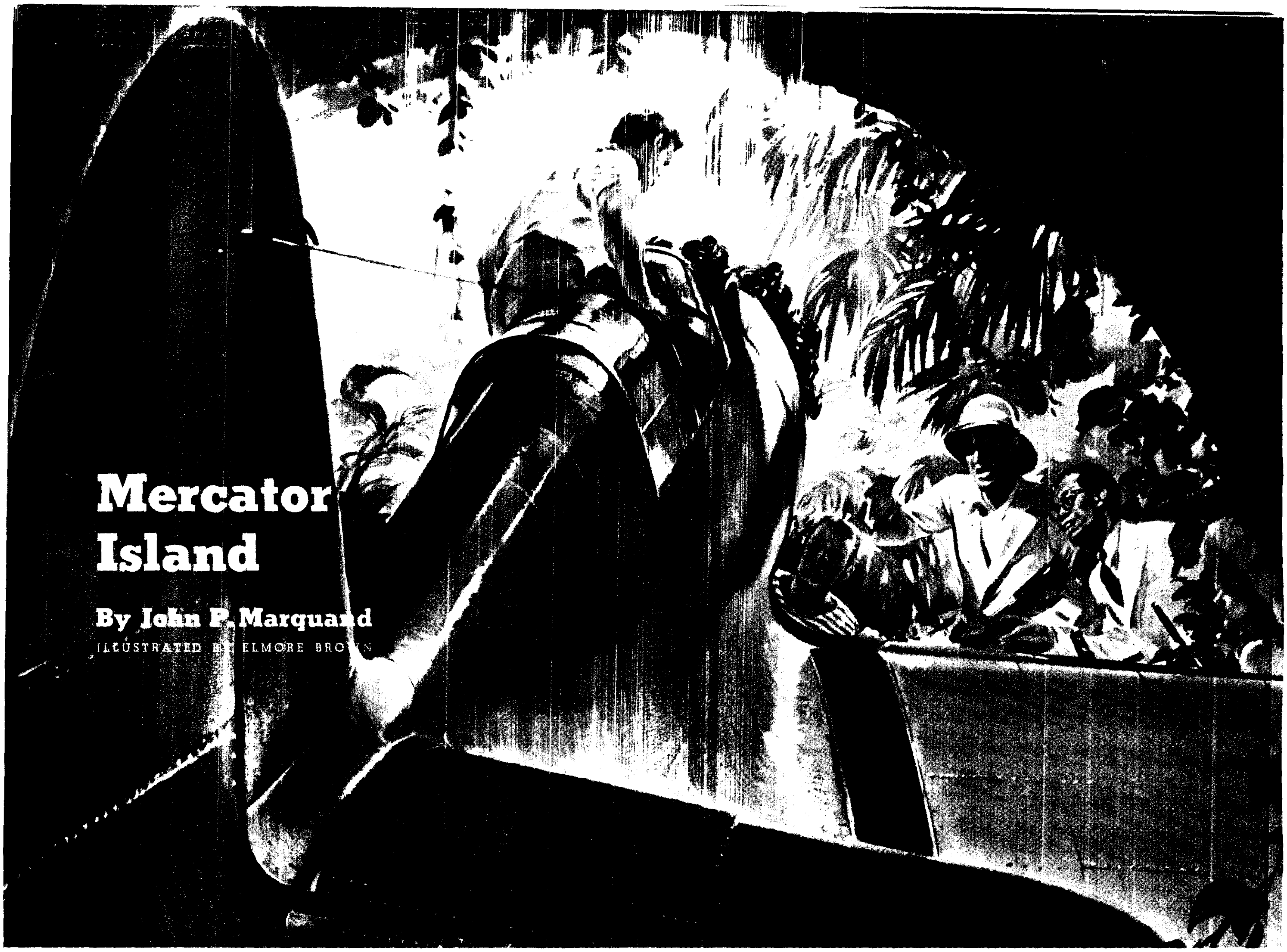

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"Never mind that wrench," Mr. Kingman said. "Do what you can with the one you've got"

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING resigned his commission in the Navy, where he has not been recommended for promotion, Bob Bolles buys a sixty-foot schooner—the Thistlewood; after which he cruises aimlessly about in the Caribbean.

In Kingston, Jamaica, Captain Burke, an American naval officer, tells him that he is searching for a crated airplane, left by a French vessel in some out-of-the-way Caribbean port. The plane, according to Burke, contains a remarkable war mechanism of which there is no duplicate. . . .

In the pay of the Kingmans—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen, who say they are New Yorkers—Bob takes them, together with Oscar, Mr. Kingman's valet, to Mercator Island, which they seem eager to inspect. There they find part of the crate in which the plane had been shipped. After which, a "Mr. Moto"—a Japanese who owns a little shop in Kingston—suddenly appears on the scene. He says that he has come on a motor launch, which has returned to Kingston. He says that he is trying to find the same thing that has drawn the Kingmans to the island: the airplane with its valuable apparatus.

Listening to the Japanese and Kingman, as they talk, Bob gathers that the Kingmans are agents in the pay of the Vichy French government: he gathers, furthermore, that he is in peril: the two men calmly discuss the advisability of doing away with him, and finally decide to spare him—for the time being, at least.

Bob has a one-man crew for the Thistlewood: Tom, a colored boy. Acting on Bob's orders, Tom had swum ashore before Kingman and the others had landed. He swims back to the boat and sails away.

Inspector Jameson (a stowaway on Mr. Moto's motor launch) is on the island. He suddenly appears and arrests Kingman on the charge of being an accessory to the murder of Charles Durant, a spy, whom (so he asserts) Oscar had strangled. Kingman does not submit to arrest—he knocks Jameson unconscious, gags and binds him. Then Oscar, angered by something Bob says, shouts: "You shut your mouth or I'll shut it for you!"

"Here," Mr. Kingman says quietly. "What's the trouble here?"

VII

OSCAR was still scowling. "By damn," he said, and he stabbed the muzzle of his rifle at Bob Bolles. "He talked to the Yap."

Mr. Kingman laughed. "All right, Oscar, let him talk," he said. "Perhaps you can have your fun with him later. Bob, I'm leaving Helen here to reason with you. She's a very sensible girl and a nice girl, isn't she? We've got to find some way of getting that boat back. I'd like a painless way. She wants to try to help you, Bob, don't you, my dear? And, Moto, you and I'd better start looking for that plane. We'll go down and try that sugar factory. Are you ready?"

Mr. Moto bowed. "It has been so pleasant. We have stayed so long," he said. "Yes, all ready."

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "then everything is hunky—hunky-dory, isn't it? Oscar, keep an eye on Mr. Bolles. If he makes a jump for it, you know what to do. And if you get a chance give that policeman a little water. We may need him later. You never can tell. Come on, Moto."

Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto walked out on the terrace.

"Heigh-ho," Mr. Kingman was humming, "heigh-ho."

Bob Bolles stood listening to their footsteps and then he said, "It's nice to be rid of him for a while. I wish I had a gun."

Mrs. Kingman was holding her sunglasses delicately between her thumb and forefinger. "Don't talk that way," she said. "You see, he knows I care about you. He's awfully, awfully clever."

"Care about me?" Bob Bolles repeated. He was utterly surprised. It was all so strange, given the time and place.

"Let's go out on the terrace," Mrs. Kingman said. "I don't like it here, and be careful. Oscar's watching."

THEY walked across the terrace and sat on the stone railing, while Oscar sat in the shadow of the gaping window, holding his rifle. Bob could see Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman, like two old friends, walking down the old avenue in the direction of the sugar factory—a logical place to look, since there had been nothing in the house—and he watched them disappear beneath the trees. When he looked at the blue of the sea and the waves on the reefs, when he saw the blackish-green contours of the island and its red volcanic earth, he could almost believe that he had been asleep, that Inspector Jameson had never appeared, that there had been no talk of sudden death. But parts of it were still with him, and last of all, that amazing speech of hers. It came so suddenly that he could hardly believe it.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

She was sitting on the rail beside him, looking not at him but straight ahead of her at nothing.

"Yes," she said, "of course I mean it! It happened somewhere on the boat, I suppose, or somewhere in Kingston. How do those things happen? I don't know. On the beach this morning—I don't know. But he knew. He can see through everything. There isn't even time to be nice about it. He'll use it if he can. And he says you care for me. Do you?"

He heard her question, but he did not answer immediately. Somehow he had never thought of it that way. He thought that he had been puzzled by her and sorry for her, but there had been something else. All at once he seemed to see it perfectly clearly.

"Why, yes, I do," he said, "now you mention it, but I don't know why."

"Nobody knows why," she said. "You were probably lonely, and I was sorry for you at first. Nobody knows why. But that's why he left us here."

"It's funny," Bob said. "I've never told you anything I've thought about you, and this doesn't seem to be the time or place, but listen—"

He was still surprised by it. He still found it hard to believe.

"Yes?" she asked. "What is it?"

"If I can get Oscar's rifle away from him—go up and talk to him and let me get behind him—we can get out of this yet."

His instinct had always been for direct action. In his present mood nothing would have made him more completely happy than to get his hands on Oscar. If he could get near enough, he was strong enough to handle it. Perhaps because she was sitting beside him he felt a complete confidence in his

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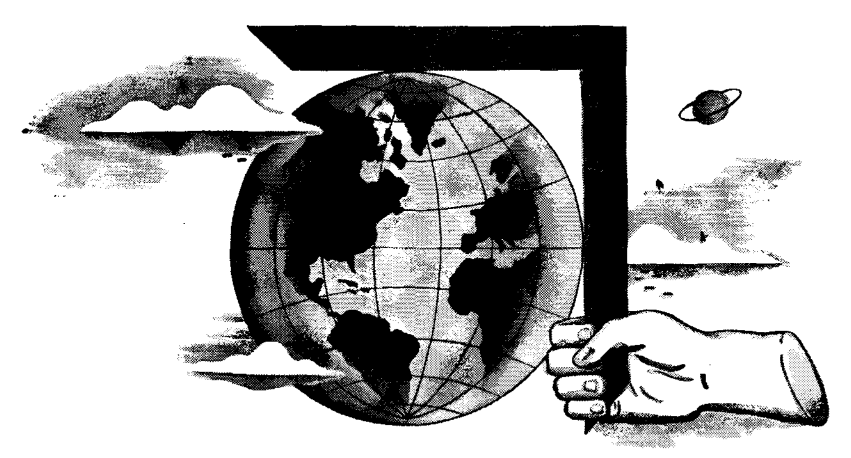

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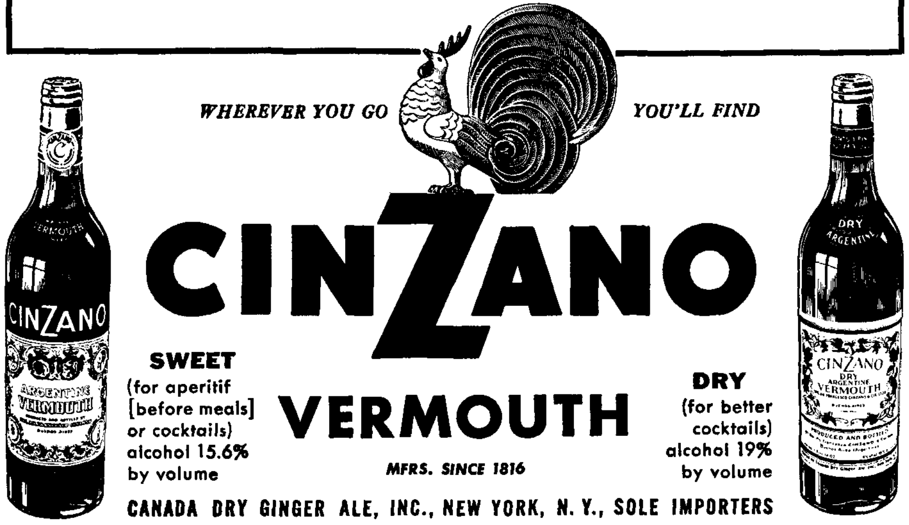

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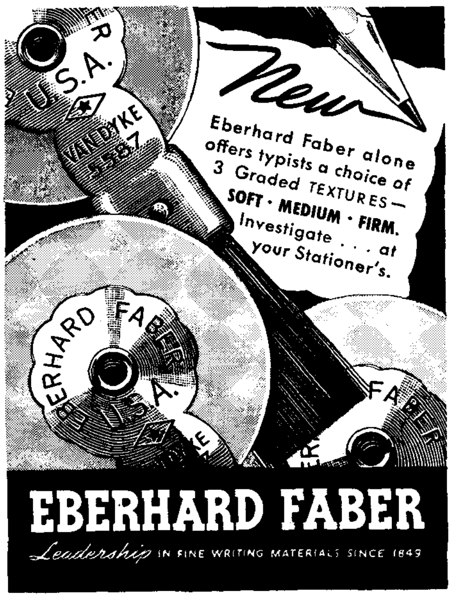

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strength. Once he was through with Oscar, he could untie Inspector Jameson. Jameson was stupid, but he was a good stout man. If he was not armed, and probably he was not, at least they would have Oscar's rifle between them.

"Come on. What do you say?" Bob asked. "Get me near enough so I can jump him and we'll bust this thing wide open."

From the way she looked he might have been telling her that she was beautiful, and she was almost unbelievably pretty. In spite of everything she still looked like a girl who was on a pleasant picnic. She seemed to be smiling at her own thoughts, staring straight ahead at nothing.

"No, dear," she said. "We might—but I'm not sure. I have to be sure. I'm going to play it another way. It's Mac I'm interested in. It's Mac—and that part on the plane." She looked down at her dark glasses. "You see, that's what I'm here for. I want that part of the plane."

"But you can't get it," Bob began. "When he gets back—"

"You're wrong there, dear," she answered quietly. "I think I can. At least I'm going to try. That's what I'm here for. Wait. We'll both wait and see."

HE KNEW then what it was he had always seen in her. It was something that had nothing to do with him, something he'd never be able to touch. She had warned him of it down there on the beach.

"Nothing's going to stop you, is it?" he asked. "I can see that. I guess I've always seen it."

"That's true, dear," she said. "Nothing's going to stop me."

"Well," he answered. "I guess that's why I love you. I said I didn't know, but that's why."

"It's sweet of you to say it," she answered, "because it's so impossible, and we can't think about ourselves now, not at all. You've never seen a man like Mac, but you know a little what he's like now, and he's going to be worse. He's got to get off this island or he'll be hanged. That was a mistake he made in Kingston. He's desperate, I think."

"All right," Bob said simply. "I hope to God he is. I'm pretty desperate myself."

"Listen, please," she said. "When you sent Tom away you must have arranged some signal to call him back. Mac knows it. Everybody knows it."

"Suppose he does," Bob asked. "Then what?"

"He's going to ask you and you've got to tell him."

"Oh, no, I won't," Bob said.

"You've got to, dear, or he'll make you. You don't believe it, but you'll tell him in the end. I know. I've seen it. Please—no, wait. I'll tell you something else."

"What?" Bob asked.

The insistence in her voice changed into a note of grimness: "It won't change what's going to happen. It won't do any good."

"What's going to happen?" Bob asked.

She shook her head. "I can't tell you that yet. Don't you see? I can't bear to have him hurt you. It's so unnecessary. Please, tell him."

Bob looked down at the gray stone of the terrace. "You're not just trying this on me? Saying that you care about me to make me tell?" he asked.

"No," she answered quickly. "Please, please, don't think that. It makes me sick. I hate all of it. I wouldn't do that, dear."

"All right," he answered. "I didn't think you would. I'm glad you wouldn't. Let's get this straight. You're working for what you believe in and I'm not trying to stop you. Well, I told you before—I don't know what it is you want on that plane, but I guess I've got the ace card. None of you are going to get it off this island. Either I get it or the British will. That's flat, isn't it?"

She was silent for a moment and their eyes met. Hers were deep and dark, like the colors on the sea, and she was not hurt or angry with him.

"I thought you'd say that," she said. "You're too honest not to."

"Then, let's forget it," Bob told her. "It doesn't do any good—that side of you or me—and the rest of it—why, the rest of it is as out of place as the way Jameson looked. But let's talk about the rest of it. Suppose we did live here."

"Yes," she said, "let's talk about the rest of it. I knew I couldn't make you do anything else. That's why I love you, dear. There isn't anything left but to talk about something else, but it's awfully sad."

But she never told him why it was sad. Instead she was gay again, and they seemed to be entirely by themselves, although Oscar sat there watching them. She was asking him about the island and about the trees, and he told her about how he had bought the Thistlewood. He never remembered how long they sat there talking, seemingly alone together—until she said:

"It's over now." Oscar was on his feet listening. A voice was calling in the distance. It was Mr. Kingman's voice and Mrs. Kingman slipped down from the stone railing.

"Oscar," Mr. Kingman was calling.

"I think they've found the plane." Mrs. Kingman sounded breathless and unsteady. "It's all over. He'll want the suitcase with the tools. Yes, they've found the plane."

OSCAR signaled Bob Bolles with the muzzle of his rifle, and Bob walked along the terrace to the front of the house with Helen Kingman beside him. When he stood by the stone staircase that led from the front door and looked across the open space he saw that Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto were far down the drive. When Mr. Kingman saw them he waved his hand and shouted again.

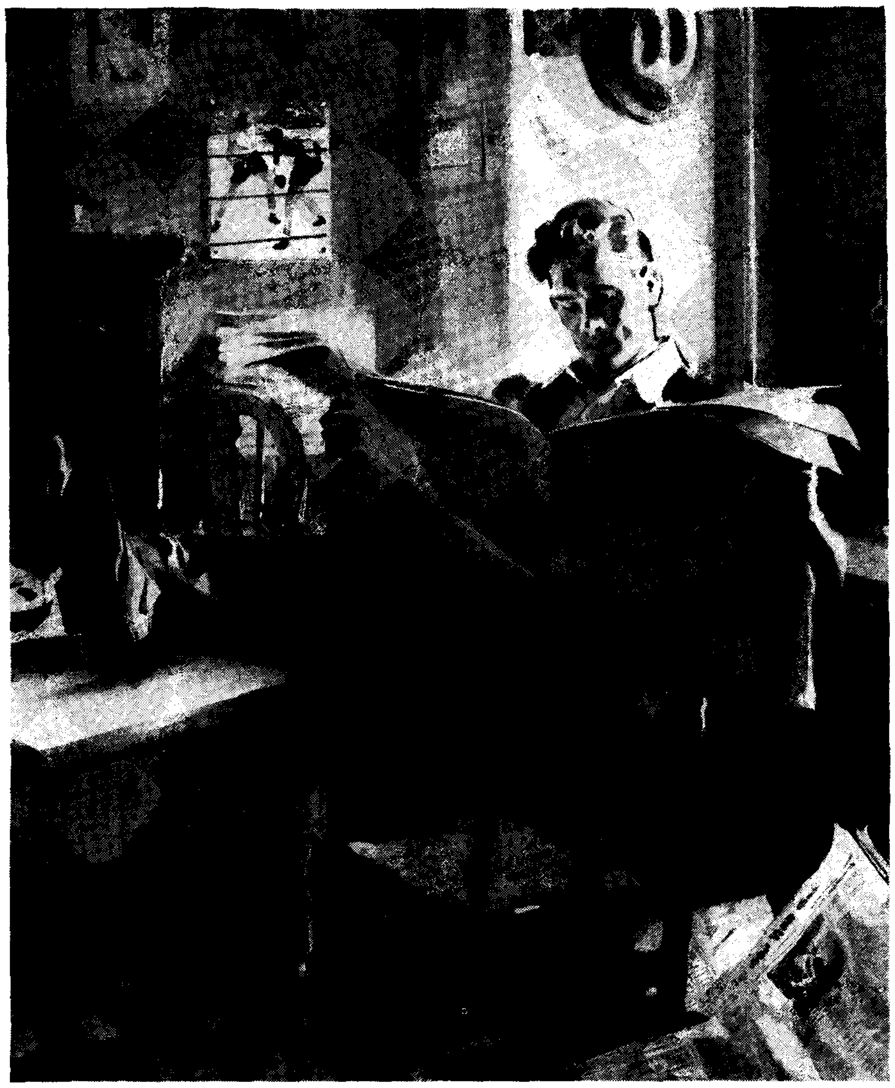
"Come on," he called. "Everybody come. The tools in the suitcase, Oscar. We've found it!" The case was where Oscar had put it when they had first ascended the steps, a heavy, practical piece of luggage with Mr. Moto's cardboard suitcase and his raincoat just beside it.

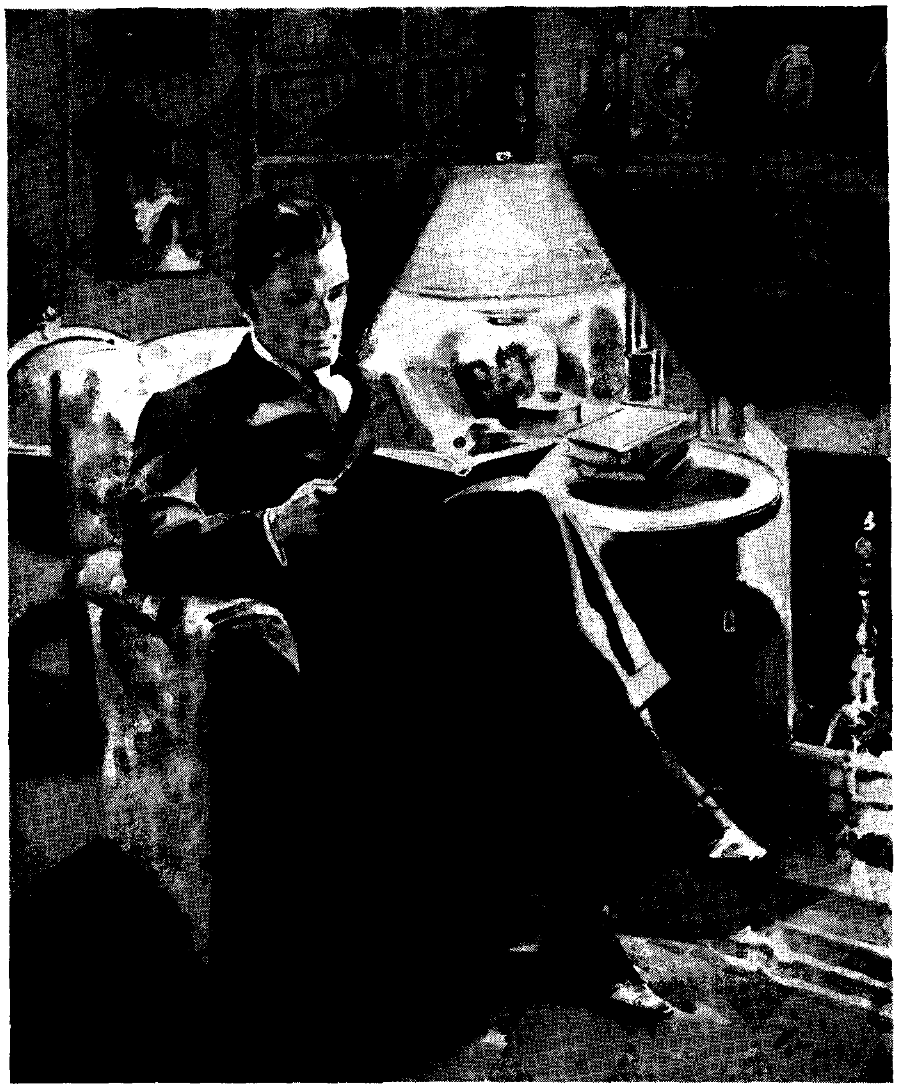
"You pick it up," Oscar said, and Bob picked it up. Its weight told him that it was certainly full of metal. Then they walked across the open space toward Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman. For a moment he wondered why Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman were both there, when it would have been as easy for one of them to have gone to the house, but almost at once he understood the reason. Neither one of them could have left the other. They had evidently been scrambling through the undergrowth, for their clothes were stained with mud and grass and they both looked hot and weary. Mr. Kingman was paler and his face was drawn and thin. Mr. Moto's jaw was thrust a trifle forward and his eyes were beady and restless.

Mr. Kingman pushed back his sun helmet and rubbed his sleeve across his forehead. "By jove, it's hot work," he said, "as—as hot as hell. It's in that sugar factory—in a cellar on the end of it, under the old chimney arch. We've been crawling through those confounded vines. It is very annoying to think we had a full equipment, axes and everything, on the boat."

"Is it all there?" Mrs. Kingman asked. Mr. Kingman nodded.

"All there. Not crated. They must





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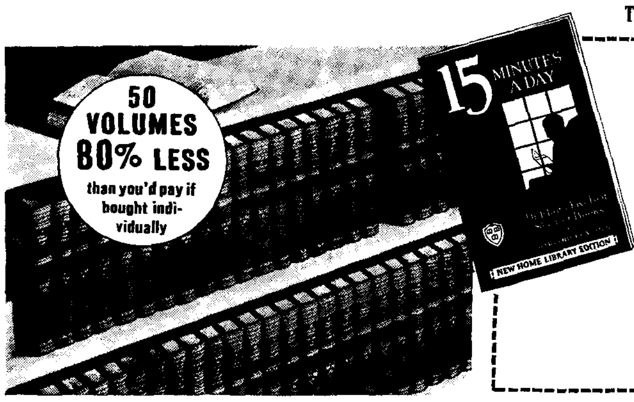

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have broke her out to cut down on the weight when they carried her—one of the newer convoy pursuits—BCS-38-B. That is right, isn't it, Helen?"

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said.

"All right," said Mr. Kingman briskly. "Then let's get going. You first, Bob. Let Oscar follow Bob, my dear. You'll see the path by the ruin, Bob. You'll see where we went through."

Then Mr. Moto raised his hand. "Excuse me," he said. "May I ask a question, please? From the house where you left, there was nothing on the sea?"

"*Nein,*" Oscar said hurriedly, "it was all clear."

Mr. Moto glanced at his wrist watch and looked happier. "I think that is very nice," he said. "There should have been at least smoke by now. At least I do not think the American ship is coming." The gold in Mr. Moto's front teeth glistened. "Does it puzzle you, Mr. Bolles?"

"I never said a ship was coming," Bob Bolles told him.

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. "Perhaps we may go now," and they walked along beneath the tall trees—Bob Bolles first, then Oscar, then Mrs. Kingman, and Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman brought up the rear of the party, walking side by side. There was a path down by the ruins of the sugar factory which Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman had broken through the brush and Bob took it, stumbling over logs and stones. Mr. Kingman was right—it was fearfully hot in there.

THE sugar factory had been built on the side of a hill and he could see the remains of its chimney through the brush. The floor of the factory had been supported by masonry arches and those arches were still intact, making shadowy caves. Before Bob Bolles saw the plane he saw a gap in the undergrowth toward the right which must have been certainly recently opened, but which now already was being choked with vines. The plane must have been wheeled up the avenue, and then through this opening to the sugar mill. A few steps farther on he saw its nose jutting out from beneath one of the arches, with a tarpaulin lashed tight over the engine.

Although he had been prepared to see a plane there, it was startling to see it, with all its paint still almost new, with the transparent plastic of the hood still shining above the observer's and the pilot's seats, for all that new beautifully co-ordinated mechanism was so completely out of place beneath the stone ruin in the middle of the jungle. It stood there in the greenish shade as lonely and as fantastic as a surrealist picture. The ferns and vines, all the rank unconquerable vegetation of the tropics, were already creeping up to it and it was already stained by the weather.

Bob's eye took in the line and the details of the construction. He was fitting those details into classifications based on his own experience. In a combat plane, of course, the accent was always on speed—speed in flight and speed in climbing. Such a machine would live or die by its margin of speed and maneuverability over its opponent. The plane looked fast, very fast, and yet there seemed to be nothing revolutionary or radical about the general design and nothing which he could see that was unusual about its method of construction. In fact, now that he looked at it, he had a puzzled sense of disappointment, for he had seen other models which were as good or better. Very little of the stressed duralumin skin was flash riveted, just the nose section and the entering edge of the wings, and the split trailing edge flaps were mounted in the old-style manner. There was nothing in the body design worth worrying about, but the motor hidden beneath the tarpaulin might tell a different story.

The weight of the suitcase dragging on his arm reminded him that he was still holding it and he set it down. When he did so, he saw that Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman were both watching him as though they hoped to read something revealing in his expression.

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "what do you think of her, Bob?"

"Just standing here," Bob Bolles answered, "I don't see anything new. She's good, but not too good."

Mr. Kingman nodded and Mr. Moto bobbed his head.

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. "It so confirms Mr. Kingman's first impression. I think as we are as far as this we may as well consult Mrs. Kingman now, please."

Mr. Kingman nodded again and Mr. Moto bowed.

"If I may ask Mrs. Kingman, please," he said, "Mr. Kingman tells me that she has withheld her information up to this point, which is very, very right, but I hope so very much you will feel free to tell us now, without our making any trouble, Mrs. Kingman. We must know definitely now what new part it is, I think."

Mrs. Kingman sighed, as though she did not like the question. "Do you want me to tell now, Mac?" she asked. "It seems to me—" She stopped and looked at Mr. Moto.

"My dear," Mr. Kingman said, "I know Mr. Moto's being here is embarrassing, but we have to get the—the thing, whatever it is. We shall manage the other details later."

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "later."

"You can't keep it to yourself any longer, my dear," Mr. Kingman said soothingly. "You understand that—don't you? We must know—right now."

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said, and then she laughed.

"Please," Mr. Moto asked her, "what is so amusing?"

"It's only amusing," Mrs. Kingman answered, "because none of you are fools. You must have had your own ideas all this time. It's on the motor, of course, a type of turbo supercharger. Get it off, and you can leave the rest of it."

MR. MOTO and Mr. Kingman listened, their attention completely absorbed by what she said, and the pause which followed when she had finished showed that they both had learned what they wished to know. It made an end of all the mystery. It placed all the cards upon the table. Somehow out there by the ruined sugar mill that modern jargon sounded strangely out of place. The words somehow contained an element of anticlimax and it seemed to Bob that a little of the anticlimax was reflected in Mr. Kingman's voice, although he could not be entirely sure.

"So that's it, is it?" Mr. Kingman said. "Something new in turbos?"

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman answered, "a new design."

Mr. Moto said nothing, but his glance traveled back again to the plane, and Bob Bolles saw that he was looking at the pilot's seat.

"Low octane gas, I suppose," Mr. Kingman said.

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman answered, "very low," and Mr. Kingman nodded.

"Pretty soon we'll be burning kerosene. Well, that's exactly what we need, what, Moto?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered carefully, "a variation of the Root invention, I suppose. Very, very interesting. The old superchargers are so difficult, I think."

Bob Bolles was thinking that the

words were complicated, but not the principle behind the words, for all principles were simple. They were talking of a device for forcing a mixture of gasoline and air into the cylinders of an internal-combustion engine, a device to increase the efficiency of the explosive mixture which made the engine go. Yet out of that simplicity came an enormous complication. It took you through a labyrinth of theories on which new engines were based. It meant the margin of speed, it meant the margin of climbing power, and the efficient use of low-grade fuel, for which the flying world was always struggling. Given a new design, it might mean almost anything. It was one of those secrets which, if known in time, might give a warring nation command of the air.

"ALL right," said Mr. Kingman, and he looked up at the sky through the trees. "Let's get over with this—this jawing. We've got some work ahead of us and it's getting late. Open up that suitcase, Bob. Here's where you come in." Bob Bolles turned his head from the plane.

"Where do I come in?" he asked.

"It's an idea of ours," Mr. Kingman said, "a—a cracking good idea." Mr. Moto coughed behind his hand.

"It is this way, please, Mr. Bolles," he said. "Mr. Kingman and I are both so suspicious." Mr. Moto paused to laugh politely. "I am so afraid Mr. Kingman would perhaps make some very serious mistake with the motor if he worked upon it and Mr. Kingman is so very much afraid that while he is working hard on the motor I might be tempted to—ah—liquidate the situation. Excuse me. It is so very funny."

"You said that before," Mr. Kingman said, and Bob Bolles noticed that his voice was growing edgy.

Mr. Moto placed his hand before his mouth and coughed again. "I have one little suggestion to make, please," he said. "We are getting so very near the end of our—ah—association and I have been so very, very tempted, so sorry several times that I have made the agreement. I have counted at least four opportunities when I might have ended matters."

"Don't be so sure," Mr. Kingman said. "Would you like to try it now?"

Mr. Moto's hand dropped carelessly into the right-hand pocket of his soiled white coat.

"It would be so foolish, don't you think," he said, "until we have finished the business here? I only suggest we get what we are looking for and walk back to the house upon the hill. Now if we should see a vessel coming—it is a matter which still worries me, please, for I am still not sure about Mr. Bolles—we may have to co-operate further."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Kingman. "Go ahead."

"But if everything is clear," Mr. Moto went on, "as I hope so very much it will be—" He paused and nodded at Mr. Kingman.

"Then the—the sky's the limit. Is that what you mean?" Mr. Kingman asked. "That's all right with me—when we get to the mainland."

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. "I only wished that we understand everything so very clearly. Now, Mr. Bolles, you are to work on the plane. Take out the—ah—supercharger, please, and listen to me carefully: Mr. Kingman and I will watch everything you do. We will be so very interested. You must break nothing, make no mistake."

"He won't," Mr. Kingman said. "I know how to take a motor down. You understand, do you, Bob?"

Bob Bolles squared his shoulders.

"So sorry for you if you do not," Mr. Moto said before Bob could speak.

"I'll get it off for you," Bob Bolles said, "if you'll get that trained seal of yours to put down his gun and give me some help."

"Seal?" said Mr. Kingman. "What trained seal?"

"Oscar," Bob Bolles said. "He can do everything but balance a ball on his nose."

"You shut your damned mouth," Oscar said, and Mr. Kingman gave a shout of laughter.

"You're a—a good egg, Bob," he said. "Oscar, get the cover off that engine and do everything that Mr. Bolles says. I'll be watching. Get moving, Oscar."

"Trained seal," Mr. Moto said half to himself. "Why is he like a seal? I do not understand."

"I'll take Oscar's rifle, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said. It seemed to Bob Bolles that a shade of perplexity crossed Mr. Kingman's face.

"What?" he said. "What's that, Helen?"

"I just said I could hold Oscar's rifle, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said.

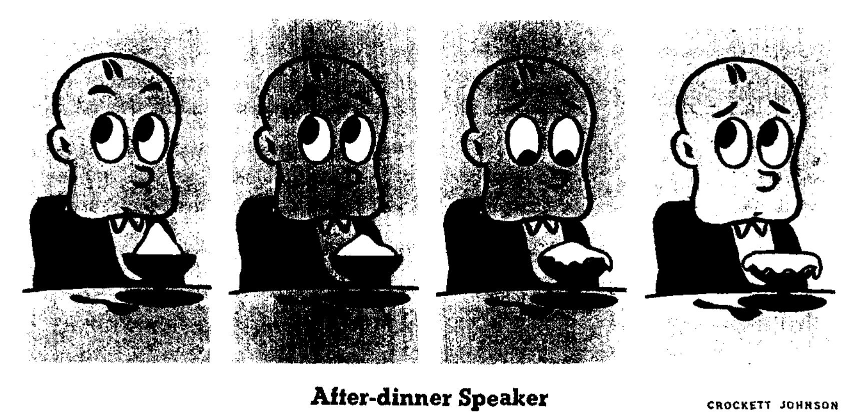
"Why, of course, my dear," Mr. Kingman answered. "Unload it, Oscar, and give it to Mrs. Kingman. I mean nothing personal, oh, no, of course not. It's just in case you might do something you'd be sorry for. Get the cover off, Oscar. Open up those tools, Bob."

Bob Bolles opened the case. It was beautifully fitted with a set of tools: socket wrenches of all sizes, a kit that any ground mechanic would have been proud of.

"Hello," Bob said. "It's made in Germany!"

"Don't talk," Mr. Kingman told him. "Get to work."

OSCAR had ripped the tarpaulin off the engine and Bob picked up the tools. He was familiar enough with the business, for he had been through it often and he had seen it done by others many times. While he and Oscar dragged up some stones from which to make a platform on which to work, and when he asked Oscar for a hammer and handed Oscar another screw or nut, most of his actions were mechanical. After he had unfastened the quick, detachable latches and had opened the engine-compartment cowling, the whole



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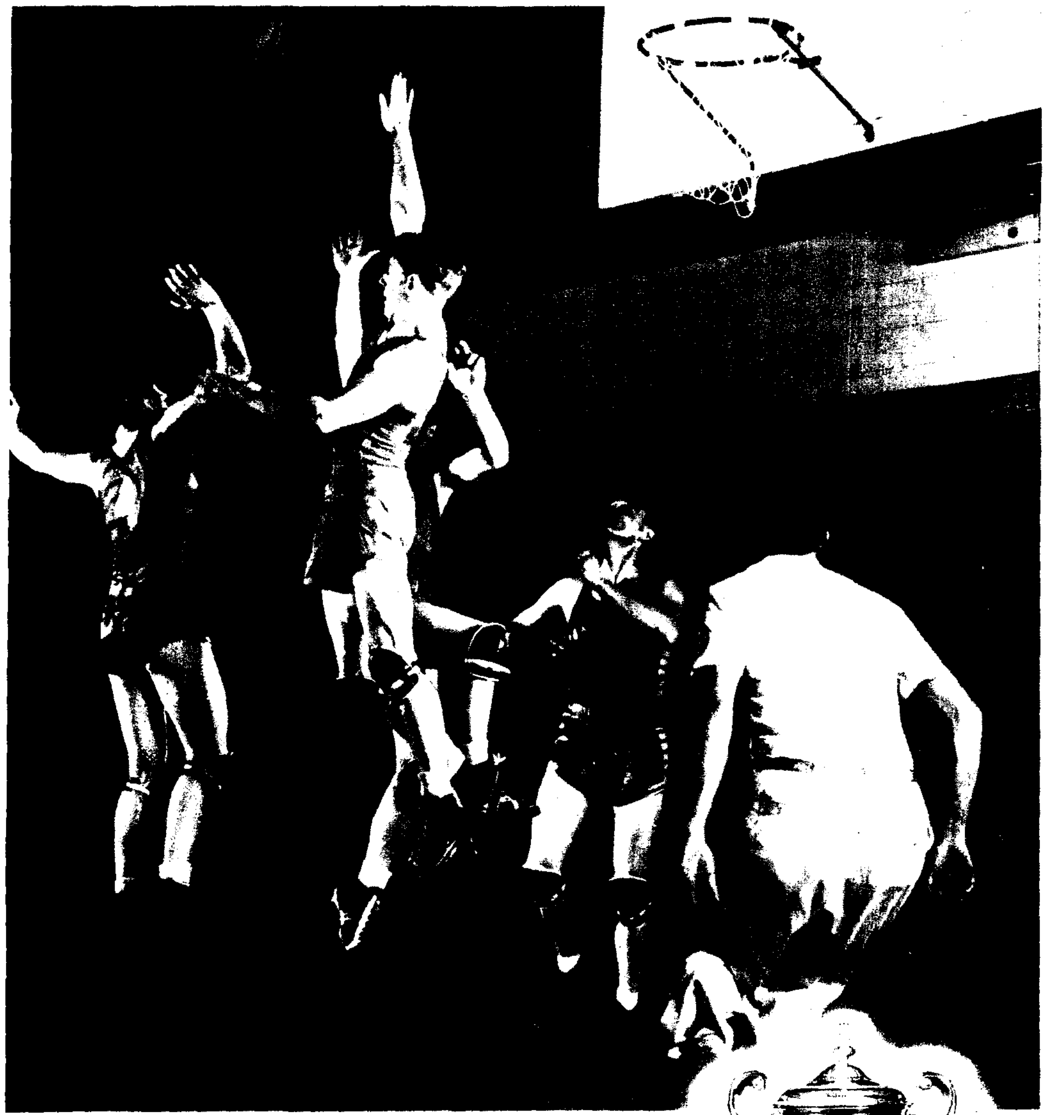

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maze of mechanism was exposed behind the cylinders. The whole space up to the fire wall, protecting the pilot's compartment, was crisscrossed with braces, wiring, piping, fuel pumps and generators. He began dismantling these obstructions, groping through the center of the mass for the turbo supercharger. It was not an easy job, for the tools in that German kit were in metric sizes, always a little too tight or too loose. He looked down once at Mr. Kingman from where he was standing.

"Too bad you didn't bring American tools," he said.

"There was every reason why this engine should be metric," Mr. Kingman answered. "The plane was for the French. These confounded English inches—some day the whole world will be on the metric system."

"I suppose it will," Bob said, "if boys like you run it," and he searched among the tools for a ratchet-head, socket end wrench.

"Just get it out," said Mr. Kingman. "Get it out."

PERSPIRATION was streaming into Bob Bolles' eyes and his face and shirt were smeared with grease.

"He does well, I think," he heard Mr. Moto say.

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "he knows his job. I do not like liquid cooling."

"Fetch that hammer, Oscar," Bob Bolles called, and if they said anything further he did not hear it for a while. The pipes and the wires were cleared and the turbo supercharger was in front of him.

He did not hear their voices, because he was too much concerned with a dull, bewildered surprise of his own. It was modern, but he had seen the whole thing before. It was all like a book or a picture he had known; that piece of mechanism which they wanted had already been shipped across the water in hundreds of other engines. There was something wrong somewhere. He knew it, because he had examined the very type before. There it was—heavy and bulky, about the size of a man's hatbox. He could see the outlines of the twin housing and the intercooler. The finish was already scorched and chipped and scaling from the heat of the test runs. If they wanted that supercharger, they were mistaken. He knew they were mistaken. If they wanted it, he was face to face with a secret he must keep. There was something else in that plane—certainly something else. Still holding the wrench, Bob looked down at Mr. Kingman and rubbed the perspiration from his eyes.

"Well, there it is," he said. "Do you want to see it?"

"We'll see it when it's off," Mr. Kingman said.

Bob looked down at the octagonal bolts which were holding it. There was certainly something else and it was not there in the engine. There was something they did not know about. He turned his head away from them, hoping they would not see any change in his expression.

"This end wrench keeps slipping," he said. "Do you mind if I look in the cockpit for a minute?"

"What for? What is it you want?" Mr. Kingman asked.

"There ought to be some tools," Bob Bolles said. "If I could get an end wrench that fits—"

"Very well," Mr. Kingman said, "but hurry, you understand?"

Bob Bolles climbed slowly into the cockpit. He knew that they were watching him and he could not stay there long. His legs felt weak and watery. Since it was not in the engine, it would be on the instrument board, as sure as fate. He would only have a minute to look at the complexity of the dials, just a minute, as he peered down inside, but it did not take a minute to see it. His eye was trained so that he saw it almost instantly. He made an effort to keep his face immobile and not to stare too hard. Right there in the cockpit was the end of everything, a secret that was worth dying for, and they must not know it. It was there by the radio, something which he had heard talk of, but which he did not know existed. When he saw it, his mind was saying:

"That's it. Don't let them know."

If he had had a hammer, he could have smashed it, but he did not have a hammer. If he could get his hands on something— His mind was still speaking to him. The words were inside his head, just as though someone else were speaking:

"Night combat. Beam 21 A."

That plane could fight by night as well as it could by daylight. You did not need eyes to point its guns. Its eyes were in front of him, right there on the panel.

"Never mind that wrench," Mr. Kingman said. "Do what you can with the one you've got. It's getting late."

"Just give me a minute, won't you?" Bob Bolles asked. It was there—right in front of him. He could have smashed it, if he had only had a hammer.

"No," Mr. Kingman said, "get out of there. It's getting late."

"Wait," Mr. Moto said. "Perhaps Mr. Bolles has found something."

"Yes, I have," Bob answered, and he picked up a piece of cotton waste and wiped his face with it. "This is something I've been wanting."

"Come on," Mr. Kingman said. "Get out of there. We're waiting."

Then he was back at the engine again, straining at the bolts, and he remembered that Mr. Kingman was telling him to hurry. He could understand their impatience, because the blue of the sky was growing deeper and the shadows were growing longer. They wanted to be finished before the quick black curtain of the tropical night should come down on them. But nothing mattered, so long as no one understood the meaning of those dials in the cockpit. He was thinking of all the talk about a fighting plane which could follow every motion of the enemy in the dark. He had heard of it—and now he had seen it. It would make night bombing as dangerous as day bombing. He had heard of it, without believing it.

"All right," he said. "Give me a hand, Oscar."

THE turbo was heavy. He and Oscar carried it down between them and set it carefully on the ground—a chunky, unimpressive object, which no one unfamiliar with engines could have identified.

They stood in a little group looking at it, while Bob Bolles wiped the grease from his face and hands. He thought they would have known, but apparently they did not, for both Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman seemed entirely satisfied, and all their attention was focused upon the thing on the ground.

"Very nice," said Mr. Moto. "Thank you so much, Mr. Bolles."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "most ingenious, entirely a new design. Well, there's no use waiting any longer."

"No," said Mr. Moto, "none at all."

Then Bob's eyes met Mrs. Kingman's. It occurred to him that he must be looking very badly—his shirt nothing more than a wet rag, his face a smear of grease.

"Oscar," Mr. Kingman said, "cut up the tarpaulin and swing that thing in it. Mr. Bolles can carry it." And a minute or two later Bob had the thing, in a rude sack over his shoulder.

"It is so necessary to get back," Mr.

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Moto said. "I should like to see if the horizon is clear."

"All right," said Mr. Kingman. "We can leave the tools here. Come ahead, Bob."

But Mr. Moto still hesitated as though something careless in their haste disturbed his conscientious sense of order and his hesitation seemed to annoy Mr. Kingman.

"What is it now?" Mr. Kingman asked impatiently. "You said we ought to hurry."

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said. "Are you so very sure we have everything?"

Mr. Kingman's voice was hearty and positive. "There isn't another damned thing here," he said, "that isn't on any other ship. That's so, isn't it, Helen?"

"Do you think we'd come away out here and leave what we want?" Mrs. Kingman asked Mr. Moto. "Of course we have everything."

"But the controls, please," Mr. Moto said, "the instruments."

"Really, Mr. Moto," Mrs. Kingman told him, "you're not being very sensible. Our intelligence has been over every specification."

"It was only a question," Mr. Moto said. "So glad to take your word. Do you agree with them, Mr. Bolles?"

"Yes," Bob Bolles said, "absolutely. There's nothing novel about the design or the equipment. And now I'd like to ask, since you've got the supercharger, what else do you want with me?"

His question appeared to make them forget the plane. It met with a moment's embarrassed sort of silence.

"Keep—keep your shirt on," Mr. Kingman said. "You're going back with us to the house. We'll take up the matter of the boat next."

IT WAS the beginning of sunset when they reached the old avenue again. They walked back in the same order as before, except that Mrs. Kingman walked beside him. Bob Bolles glanced over his shoulder. Oscar was just behind them, his rifle ready, and some paces farther back came Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto. The sky was growing red with the setting sun and there were purple colors in the hills, now that the bright glare of the day was going.

"Look at the sky," Mrs. Kingman said. "It's growing pink like wine and water. When I was a little girl—"

"You lived on Park Avenue, didn't you?" Bob Bolles said.

"No," Mrs. Kingman answered, "perhaps I'll tell you sometime. When I was a little girl my father would put a spoonful of wine in my water glass. The color was just like the sky. Bob—"

"What?" Bob Bolles said, because she seemed to be waiting for him to say something.

"You should learn to live in the present, always in the present, like the rest of us. Just the moment—nothing more."

"I've got a good deal to think about," Bob Bolles said.

"Don't," she told him. "Think about the sky."

He was trying to hear what Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto were saying.

"Heigh-ho," he heard Mr. Kingman humming, "home from work we go."

They were nearly at the top of the rising ground. The walls of the ruined manor house, stark against the sky in front of them, were also changing color with the sunset, and then the sea and the harbor lay below them. There was nothing in the harbor, nothing on the horizon.

"Very well," Mr. Moto said. "I am so very much relieved. I do not think that we will be disturbed until tomorrow."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman slowly, "it looks all—hunky-dory. It's about time that we—we simplified matters, isn't it, Moto?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto softly, "I agree to that."

"All right," Mr. Kingman said. "Oscar, light up a little fire inside there and put some coffee on. We'll all do better with a little wine and coffee and chicken."

Oscar looked at Mr. Kingman questioningly and Mr. Kingman nodded.

"It's all right, Oscar," he said. "Bob, you can set that thing down now, gently, very gently. It's too heavy to be stolen. It will be safe right here."

Oscar crossed the terrace and disappeared through one of the gaping windows inside the house and Bob Bolles set down the canvas bundle he had been carrying. Although the weight was off his shoulders, his muscles still ached and his back was still bent and all at once he felt deathly tired. He could see that the sun was dropping fast. There would be a few minutes of twilight and then it would be dark.

"Now," Mr. Kingman said, and Mr. Kingman did not look tired at all, "it looks as though we must begin to simplify matters. You had your chance to talk to Bob, Helen. Did you get any satisfaction out of him?"

There was no doubt what Mr. Kingman meant, although his voice did not show it, but there was no doubt that Mrs. Kingman understood, because she looked deathly ill.

"Answer me, Helen," Mr. Kingman said. "Can he get the boat back?"

But Mr. Moto answered before she could speak and his voice was as smooth as silk.

"There is no need for Mrs. Kingman to answer, please," he said. "We no longer have necessity for Mr. Bolles, I am so very much afraid. So sorry, when he has been so helpful. Yes, the boat will come back, when a fire has been built upon the beach."

Something seemed to catch Bob Bolles by the throat. He never thought that it was fear as much as blank astonishment that Mr. Moto seemed to know almost everything. He could not imagine how Mr. Moto could have guessed it.

"What the devil!" Mr. Kingman said. "Did he tell you, Moto?"

Mr. Moto looked childishly pleased and he gave one of his short artificial laughs.

"Oh, no, please," he said. "When your little boat came in I was so interested to watch. I saw a black man slide from her into the water and swim to land. It did not seem to me correct. When he came to shore I stopped him. That was all. It was not necessary to be rough with him. He was so very much afraid. He told me that he was to take the boat away. Oh, yes, he told me everything."

"Why the devil didn't you tell us sooner?" Mr. Kingman asked.

MR. MOTO'S whole face broke into a happy smile. "So many things, Mr. Kingman," he said, "that I do not tell until necessary. Please, I wish so much to make use of Mr. Bolles as long as possible."

"Well," said Mr. Kingman, "that's about all we need of him, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered, "I am so afraid I really think so."

Mr. Kingman looked troubled and Bob could almost believe that Mr. Kingman did not like any of it. "It's a little—tough," he said. "You—know too much. Anything you want to say, Bob?"

When Bob Bolles thought of it, there seemed to be absolutely nothing. He was thinking of the plane by the sugar mill. He would have liked to have had the chance of getting to the plane again, but there was no chance. They had used him. They had driven him like a horse, until they were finished with him.

"No," he said, "to hell with the whole lot of you!"

(To be concluded next week)

1/2 PRICE SALE

79¢ TRANSPARENT PLASTIC BACK Pro-phy-lac-tic HAIR BRUSH

$1.00 SIZE WILDROOT WITH OIL OR REGULAR FORMULA

89¢

Limited time only!

Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily)...a $1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming *transparent* plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.

PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

This FLEXIBLE INSOLUBLE LEAD solves your COLORED PENCIL PROBLEMS

EAGLE "CHEMI-SEALED" VERITHIN CARMINE RED 745

YEARS of laboratory research have perfected for Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" VERITHIN a lead made with pigments so insoluble that not even running water will wash away its marks! And by patented processes, the lead is interwoven with countless tiny filaments to make it amazingly *flexible* and resistant to breakage.

A Perfect Point Every Time!

VERITHIN's flexible leads do not crumble nor break. You get a needle point in any sharpener every time.

4000 Checks From One Point!

By actual test, one VERITHIN point makes over 4,000 bold check marks before it needs resharpening. Use VERITHIN and save money.

Protects Your Records, Too!

VERITHIN insures your records against water damage. Its marks will not smear nor run under moist hands or accidental wetting.

Made in 30 Brilliant Colors . . .
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE on your business letterhead, naming your dealer, this publication, and the color you desire.

10¢ EACH *less in quantities*

EAGLE "CHEMI-SEALED" (SUPER BONDED) VERITHIN COLORED PENCILS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

Our New Army

Continued from page 17

33D DIV.

whose cotton, fences, watermelons and other fragile possessions were rendered extinct by the 130,000 men ranging over southwestern Arkansas for two weeks before tangling with the 3d Army. But there's at least one claimee who undoubtedly won't be able to collect. What he wants is dough to pay for damage that was done to his house. So many soldiers, he asserted, came to see his daughter that the front steps caved in and the porch fell off.

Claims officers may be in Louisiana until next July 4th discussing dollars with the disgruntled. Into Alexandria, even before the fracas began, strolled a Negro leading a mule, which he tethered at City Hall. In Mayor W. George Bowden's office he reported that a soldier had somehow stabbed the "hard tail" with a bayonet. "Soldier man said yo'all would pay me," the Negro explained. "We," the mayor told him, "don't pay Army claims. Is the mule dead?" The owner wrinkled his brow. "Naw, suh, he ain't daid—but he sho is pow'ful low down."

3D ARMY

MANEUVERS brought manna to small-store owners, most of whom maintained a decent level of prices. Between Alexandria and Winnfield a gang of soldiers literally bought out a grocery store; and, having done so, advised the owner it was against the law to keep a store open when there was nothing in it to sell. The more than slightly flabbergasted merchant allowed maybe it was so, and locked up the place.

32D DIV.

MOST of the troops agree that the real enemy in Louisiana wasn't the 2d or 3d Army (and vice versa) but the chiggers. General Lear himself declared that chiggers—sometimes known as red bugs—were a real menace, causing infections which kept the Medical Corps scrambling. Most widely used antichigger substance was sulphur, either taken internally or dusted on shoes and clothing (Collier's, Aug. 30th). Trouble with the internal treatment—which makes a soldier so nonfragrant that the pests won't have any truck with him—is that it often causes dermatitis, which is worse than a barrel of bugs. No two soldiers seemed to agree on a prepared ointment. A Kentucky lad itched his way into an Alexandria drugstore and asked the clerk what sort of a remedy he had for insect bites. "What kind of insects?" asked the pill roller. "Don't make no difference," groaned the soldier, "I'm bit by 'em all."

34TH DIV.

FARM boys from the cotton belt figured out how to beat chiggers at night. Fifteen minutes after a Mississippi unit had moved into town there wasn't an inch of cotton bagging or plow line, or a hoe handle left in any of the stores; and half an hour later every man had a hammock rigged between trees and above the chigger line.

Unless cold weather discourages them, chiggers will be disturbing the personnel of the 1st, 2d and 6th Army Corps, just starting their chores in the Carolinas. In addition, the boys will have to contend with seed ticks—cute little devils the size of a pinhead and black as the ace of spades. But perhaps by that time the new googus compounded by a St. Louis chemical company and being tried on 10,000 men in the field will prove to be as good as it's said to be, which is plenty.

35TH DIV.

WEARY soldiers raved about Southern hospitality. Half a dozen 35th Division boys are still talking about the elderly couple who turned their house and icebox over to them, then retreated to a relative's home for the night. One lady stood in her front yard and carnival-barked a dinner invitation to whom it might concern. Twenty soldiers responded and the lady was left without a vittle to her name. Getting a bath was often more difficult. One soldier from Camp Jos. T. Robinson took a bath in his raincoat. What he did was dig a hole in the ground and line it with his coat to make a reasonable facsimile of a tub. Sounds pretty unsatisfactory. It is, rather.

38TH DIV.

37TH DIV.

ONE of the saddest men in the whole Army was Pfc. Charles Goulding, of Camp Shelby's Co. A, 102d Antitank Btn. While he was maneuvering in Lake Charles he received a Railway Express notification that a twenty-five-pound package was being forwarded to him from Hattiesburg, Miss. Just before the package reached Lake Charles, Pfc. Goulding marched out into the field. When he returned to Lake Charles the package had been shipped back to Hattiesburg. Next day he got a card from a young lady in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, asking him how he liked the case of beer. As he keeled over Pfc. Goulding informed his parched pals that the name of the donor was a military secret.

36TH DIV.

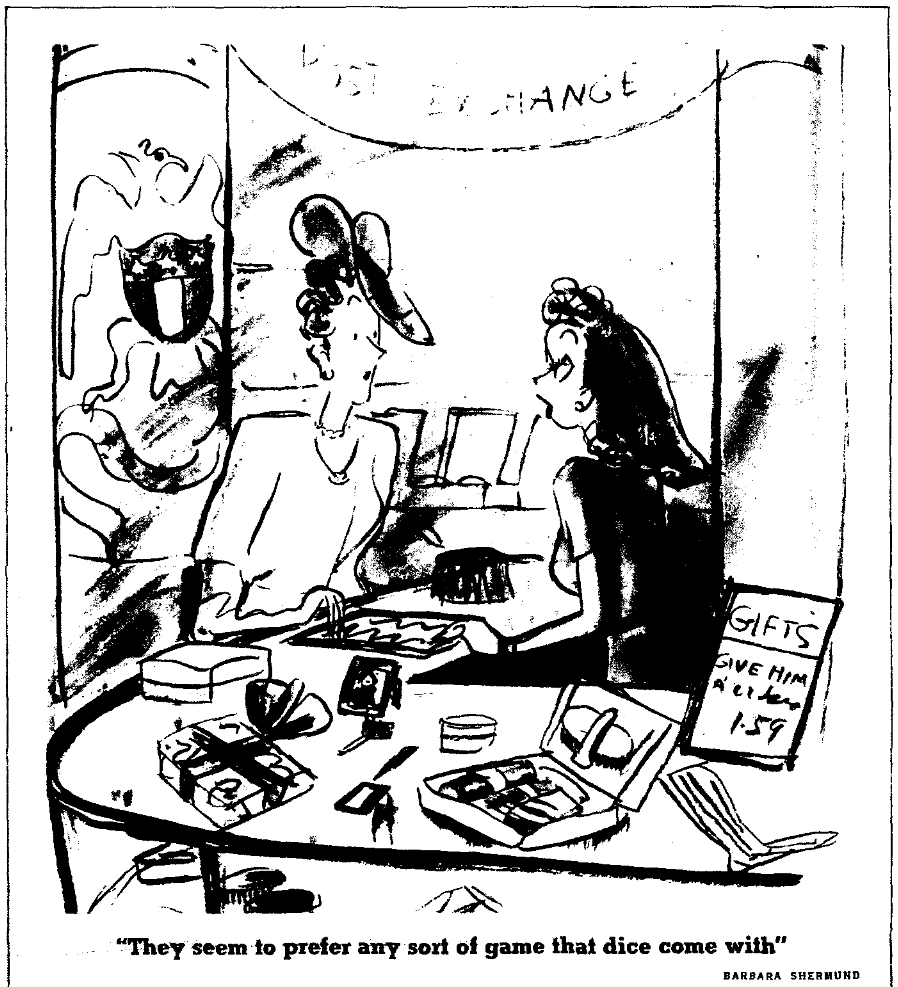
31ST DIV.

IT WAS cute of the Fourth Corps Quartermaster's publicity office to publish mess-hall menus in advance, so that families could eat at home what son Joe was eating at the same time in camp, but the idea went into a dive when the boys in the field read about it in a Louisiana paper. To the paper some days later came a package containing two aged sandwiches wrapped in an unsigned letter. The letter: "It was interesting to read the menu in youre paper of Sept. 2 that was to be serve to the third Army Sept. 4. We are sending you one of our lunches that was served on Sept. 4. There seams to be some mix up in the menu published in youre paper and the one used by the third Army on that date. In case some one there failed to get one of these at the restaurant they may have one free of charge." The package was marked Non Perishable.

43D DIV

"THIS," writes Sgt. Clyde V. Scott, Jr., a Marine at Camp Elliot's Div. HQ, San Diego, "is written in behalf of that not inconsiderable corps of stenographers, clerks and typists who are concerned with answering the innumerable How-Is-My-Boy inquiries. You may assure your readers that their friends, lovers and relatives are perhaps better cared for in the various branches of the service than when under the protective wings of the home folks—thus clearing official desks for more important matters. Field training is not well suited for letter writing, and failure to hear from Dear John does not mean impending disaster. By the same token, there's no sense in John's writing home the details of his last headache. The clearing away of correspondence incurred as a result of such news would relieve many clerks for line duty and other military matters. If a boy is old enough to be drafted or wise enough to enlist, then he's old enough and wise enough to know when to write, how to find the post office, and when to come in out of the rain."

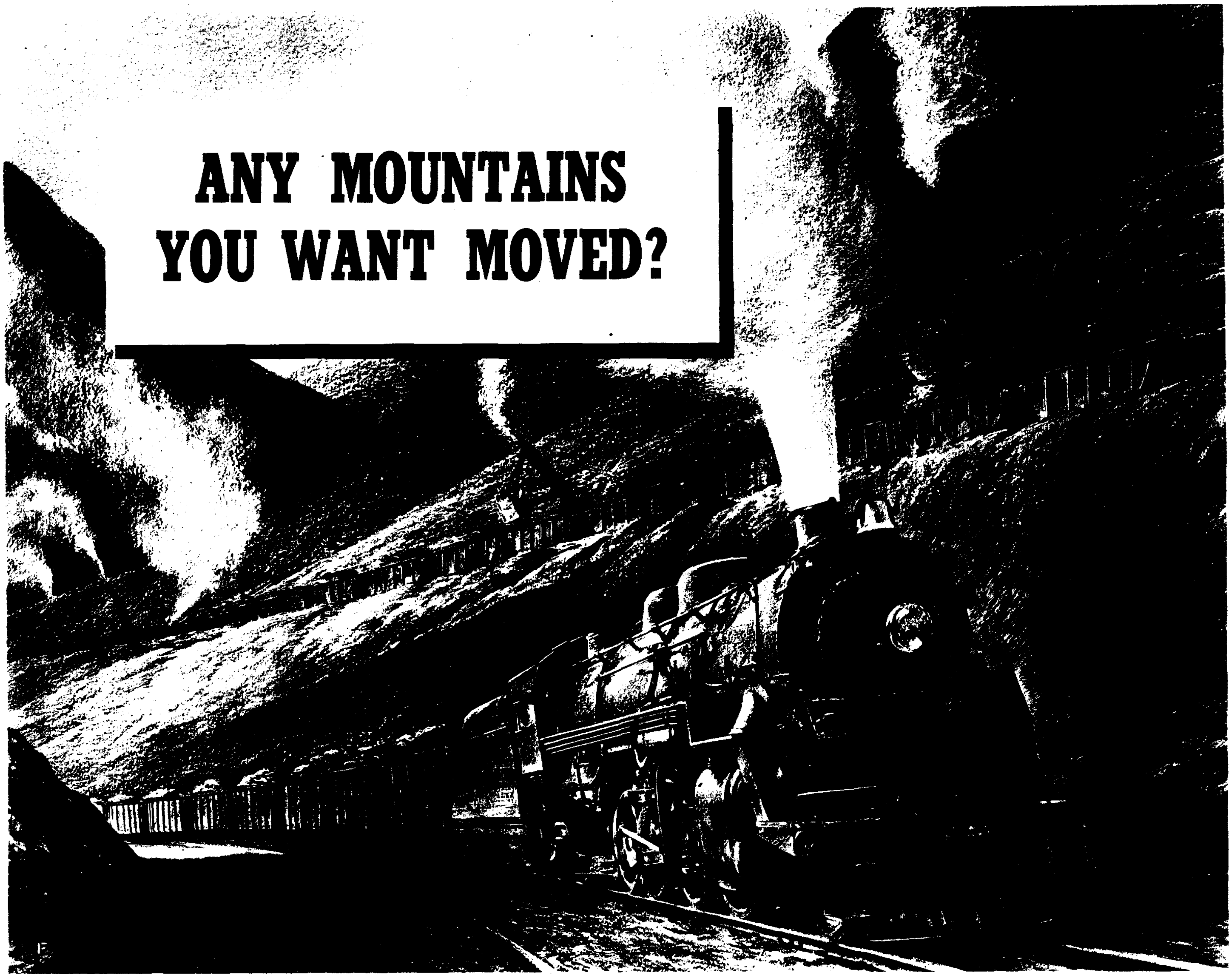
OR GET out into it with a cake of soap. G. W.



"They seem to prefer any sort of game that dice come with"

BARBARA SHERMUND

ANY MOUNTAINS YOU WANT MOVED?



If it's a penny postcard you want to send to a friend in the next town, the railroad carries it.

If it's a mountain you want moved, the railroad moves it.

And for the past year, the railroads have had mountain piled on mountain and still have kept them all moving.

First, the defense program doubled and redoubled far beyond the government's own estimates.

Consumer buying, rising to a ten-year peak, meant a marked increase in traffic.

The demand for ships brought a vast shift of tonnage from water to rail.

The strike dislocated the movement of the vital coal traffic; thousands of coal cars stood idle for weeks and then had to do double duty to catch up.

All these the railroads are moving—without congestion or tie-ups.

Then, on top of it all, came a bumper crop of grain—and all of this for which storage can be found, the railroads are moving.

And the railroads are preparing to move still greater mountains. In the past two years they have put in service nearly 200,000 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 120,000 more in 1942—150,000 more in 1943, if the materials it takes to build them can be obtained.

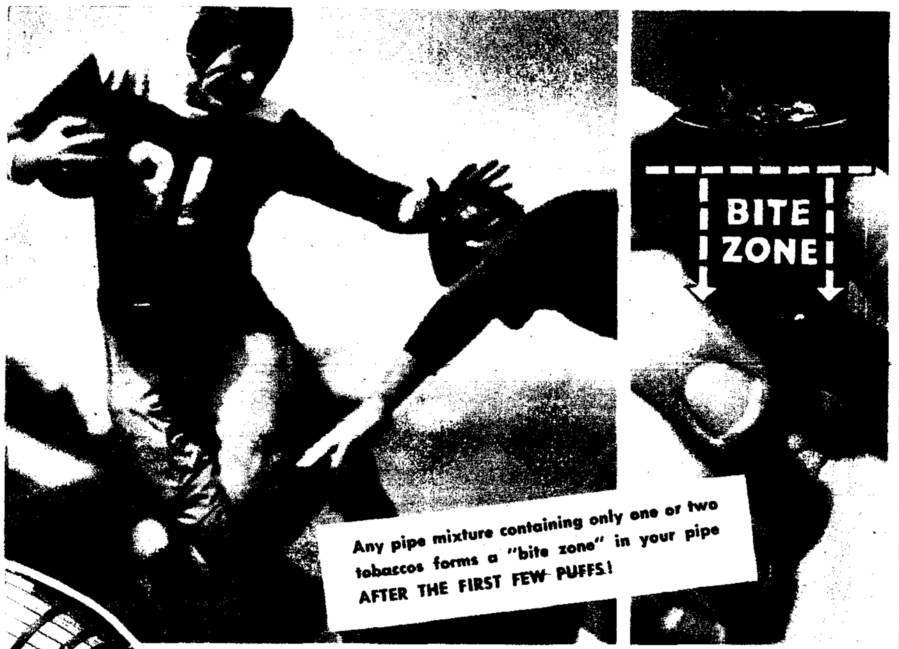
Railroad transportation is one problem this country hasn't needed to worry about in the present emergency. The railroads have been able to handle the job so well for two reasons—one is that they entered the emergency period at the highest state of efficiency in railroad history. The other is that they have had the cooperation of government departments and shippers in making the most effective use of all available equipment.

BIG TRAVEL BARGAIN—$90 coach fare, $135 Pullman ($45 extra for one or two passengers in a lower berth) for Grand Circle Tours of U. S. **Ask your local ticket agent.**

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.

CIRCLES END FOR 80 YARDS!

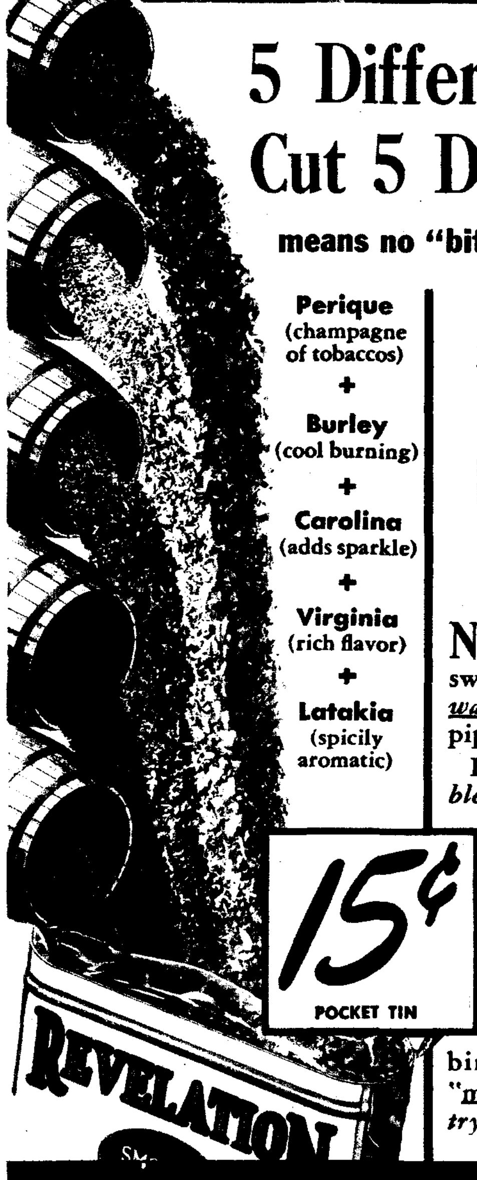
—but couldn't skirt the "bite zone" in his pipe!



Any pipe mixture containing only one or two tobaccos forms a "bite zone" in your pipe AFTER THE FIRST FEW PUFFS!

5 Different Tobaccos Cut 5 Different Ways—

means no "bite-zone" with Revelation!



Perique (champagne of tobaccos)
+
Burley (cool burning)
+
Carolina (adds sparkle)
+
Virginia (rich flavor)
+
Latakia (spicily aromatic)

Ordinary mixture: Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.

Revelation: Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

NO matter how much you smoke, this sweet, cool, no-bite mildness *stays that way* right down to the bottom of your pipe bowl!

FIVE finer tobaccos—a real, balanced *blend*—make REVELATION spicily rich, gloriously *different, infinitely finer!* Each individual tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each is cut its own special way to make ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

15¢ POCKET TIN

For *real smoking comfort* plus *more smoking enjoyment*—a combination straight and near-straight "mixtures" can't possibly duplicate—*try* a tin of REVELATION today!

REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Harold L. Ickes on That Oil Shortage

Continued from page 13

braced ourselves for a deluge of messages demanding the end of "Ickes' Curfew."

Messages came, all right—from the filling-station operators themselves. BUT, of some 700 received the first two days, all but three insisted that the curfew be retained.

"It is the first time that we have been able to live the lives of normal people," they told us.

From the individual stations and from associations representing literally thousands of dealers, the word came. AND, from the Middle West we are now receiving dealers' pleas:

"Why can't we have the 'curfew,' too?"

Anyhow, voluntary curtailment failed. So, on August 15th, we got supplies to filling stations cut 10 per cent under July. Later, this order was extended through September. We did not like to force this reduction, despite the fact that some people love to picture us as demoniacal sadists, thrilled at opportunities to make people unhappy. We sincerely wish that everyone could have brimming tanks. But it just can't be done until we can get more oil. We prefer to be unpopular now, and make sure that nobody who burns oil goes cold this winter.

We Suggested Pipe Lines

But, important as conservation is, the really great task has been to get the oil. If you believe some of the things in the papers, you may think that nothing whatever was done until Senator Maloney and his committee began their oil investigation. Well, I will outline some things that we did before Mr. Maloney and his colleagues even got the hearing-room benches warm.

More than a year ago, the President asked me to survey facilities for transporting oil to the East. I found that, while they were then adequate, an emergency would cause a transportation deficiency. I suggested then that one or two pipe lines be built to the seaboard region.

Shortly after I became Petroleum Co-ordinator, I urged the oil industry to build a pipe line to deliver 250,000 barrels of crude oil daily from Texas to New Jersey—the equivalent of fifty tankers. The suggestion was not unanimously applauded. Several large companies feared that such a huge pipe line would too greatly assist small Southwestern producers to get their competitive products into the rich Eastern market.

Nevertheless, word got out that a big pipe line was being considered. And who do you think immediately popped into the picture? Why, our old acquaintance, the Association of American Railroads—that fabulously financed propaganda and legislation-influencing agency.

The A.A.R. master minds raced onto the scene like cats after a fishcart—lawyers, backslappers, corridor-whisperers and statistical prestidigitators—and they swung into action with everything from dollars to diatribes.

And why? Well, I do not want for a moment to impugn motives carelessly, but may I mention this: A pipe line delivering 250,000 barrels of oil daily from Texas to New Jersey would approximate 25,000 tank cars moving continuously between the same points. That is a lot of railroad business.

Be the motives what they may, the A.A.R.'s $60,000-a-year president, Mr. John J. Pelley, promptly got up a good head of steam—not on oil but about oil. The Battle of the Lobby began.

"Shortage?" Mr. Pelley inquired, in effect. "Tsk-tsk. Why, if the East needs oil, we can haul all you want."

The newspapers and the Maloney committee quickly concluded that Mr. Pelley could solve the problem in fifteen minutes by waving a wand and whipping up 20,000 tank cars—maybe even 30,000. In fact, so unhappy was Mr. Pelley in the thought that somebody wasn't doing right by the East Coast that he hinted the railroads might even go so far as to reduce freight rates on oil below existing exorbitant levels. This, he made plain, would entail great corporate sacrifices, but the railroads would gladly bear the cross, purely as a patriotic action in the public interest.

Oh, well . . . Let's see about this matter of tank cars. To begin with, way back on June 25th I formally urged the oil companies to use any available tank cars, even though such transportation would be about six times as expensive as a tanker movement under rates then existing. We asked tank-car and oil companies for a complete report of cars available. We also asked Mr. Ralph Budd, Commissioner of the Division of Transportation, Office for Emergency Management, for this information.

On August 20th—two months later—Mr. Budd reported to Mr. Ralph K. Davies, Deputy Petroleum Co-ordinator, that some 18,000 cars were "available." Mr. Davies discovered, however, that Mr. Budd had made no actual count of 18,000 actual, idle cars. Rather, the figure was a mathematical computation, highly theoretical. It did not mean that 18,000 *additional cars* were available: it meant that *if* car operations were brought to maximum efficiency by all concerned, the equivalent of the *capacity* of 18,000 additional cars might be achieved, *if* the estimate were right.

Mr. Pelley reached into his hat and pulled out 22,000 idle cars. By "idle," it developed, he meant "idle for twenty-four hours or more." Which means exactly nothing, for a car can be idle that long before it is waiting to be loaded or unloaded, is undergoing repairs, is being steamed out so that it can carry a different product, is being held for call by a company to which it is under contract, or for other reasons.

Estimates Don't Transport Oil

Nevertheless, on August 22d, Mr. Davies telegraphed these estimates to the oil industry and renewed the urgent exhortation that cars be utilized.

Now, the Petroleum Co-ordinator's office cannot give orders. It can only recommend. But this second plea for tank-car use we implemented with authority from the Department of Justice to the industry to form, in effect, a pool, so that the added cost of rail transportation might be fairly spread.

Let us be frank about the results: The oil industry did not respond as extensively as we had hoped. So, Mr. Davies called leading company representatives to Washington on September 4th. They finally gave, in writing, their pledge to use tank cars to the fullest extent possible. Other oil men, meeting with railroad traffic executives, obtained rate reductions for the Texas-New York haul. These cuts brought the freight on crude oil from $2.08 a barrel to $1.37; on gasoline from 5.54 cents per gallon to 4.16 cents.

So, we hope that the railroads are right: That they do have 22,000 idle cars—even though it will cost the oil companies $250,000 more daily to move 200,000 barrels of gasoline from Texas than it would by tanker.

But, it was a little amusing, when we called a showdown with increasing demands for actual cars instead of "estimates," that a tank-car executive groaned:

"We are *dizzy,* looking for cars." Here is the information presented to the Senate committee, together with careful calculations of the additional oil now being delivered daily to the East Coast as the result:

DAILY INCREASES OBTAINED

1. Urged legislation permitting heavier loading of tankers. This, plus new tankers and increased efficiency in operation, means .... 60,000 bbls.
2. Brought about fuller use of existing crude-oil pipe lines .... 20,000 bbls.
3. Obtained greater use of barges for moving oil .... 10,000 bbls.
4. Obtained additional movement of oil by truck .... 15,000 bbls.
5. Encouraged greater and more efficient use of tank cars. By December 31st it is hoped this may produce transportation *capacity* equivalent to 10,000 tank cars .... 73,700 bbls.

Total Gain in Transportation Capacity .... 178,700 bbls.

When our program started, the total transportation deficiency was calculated at 353,200 barrels daily for the balance of this year. Thus, the shortage has been more than halved, and we are utilizing every facility to continue reducing it. Deliveries of 70,000 barrels of oil daily will be made by January by two new pipe lines: The Southeastern, from Port St. Joe, Florida, to Chattanooga; and the Plantation, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to Greensboro, North Carolina. Under consideration is a proposal to extend the latter line to either Norfolk or Hampton Roads—a distance of 250 miles.

The biggest project of all is the proposed $80,000,000 National Defense Pipe Line—the bogeyman of the A.A.R. —running 1,580 miles from eastern Texas to Bayonne, New Jersey. Planned to deliver 250,000 barrels of crude oil daily, it can be stepped up to 350,000 barrels daily. It could be finished in six months if steel were available. It would have an initial capacity of approximately fifty average tankers. As this was being written, eleven oil companies had agreed to build the line at their own expense—and I don't think that they'd spend $80,000,000 if there were no shortage.

Why a Pipe Line Should Be Built

The advantages of such a line are tremendous.

First, it would avoid the hazards we should face, in the event of attack, in moving tankers in convoys over 2,000 miles of open sea between the Gulf and the North Atlantic.

Second, it would avoid the loss of both steel and oil that would occur from further sinking of tankers.

Third, it would avoid burdening other transportation facilities already being taxed at ever-increasing degrees. It is not empty half the time returning for another load.

The most striking comparison of all: The increased transportation rates which oil companies would have to pay to move 200,000 barrels of oil daily from Texas by tank car would just about *pay for the pipe line in one year.*

The proposed line is not a "big company" plot. Any company may participate. The railroads violently opposed this pipe line—just as they confessed to the Senate committee that they have fought the Plantation and Southeastern pipe lines. Who, then, wanted it? The War Department. The Navy Department. The Office of Civilian Supply. The Office of Production Management. The Petroleum Co-ordinator. The President of the United States. All have so gone on record. Most important of all, if the reports reaching my office are true, the people want it, although necessary steel is scarce.

This does not mean we do not want the other facilities also. We do. We are building tankers. We are using barges and railroads and tank trucks. The efficiency of all existing means of transportation has been increased.

Meanwhile, what part can the public play in alleviating the situation? The first thing that the public can do is realize that there *is* a shortage.

Figures are dull, but let me mention just a few as to storage on the East Coast on September 7th the latest figures available as this is written) as compared with September 7, 1940:

Gasoline: Down 2,000,000 bbls.
Light heating oils: Down 1,000,000 bbls.
Heavy fuel oils: Down 3,000,000 bbls.
Crude oil stocks: Down 2,800,000 bbls.
Total decline: Nearly 9,000,000 bbls.

These are the official figures of the American Petroleum Institute and the United States Bureau of Mines.

Here's How You Can Help

In the face of these shrinking reserves, demand for petroleum products during the rest of this year is expected to be up 10 per cent over the same period last year, or 19,000,000 barrels over deliveries. If this deficit were supplied out of reserves, it would mean this to the public:

Gasoline stocks at the end of the year would be about 4,000,000 barrels below normal.

Light heating oils would be about 3,000,000 barrels below the level necessary to assure the heating of homes for the balance of the winter.

Heavy industrial oils would be exhausted before the end of winter.

So to you who drive automobiles I plead again: Minimize unnecessary driving, hasty getaways after stops, racing to stop lights, speeding. Have your engines adjusted to prevent waste. If you in the East, alone, will do these simple things, you can cut gasoline consumption by at least 1,260,000 gallons daily. If all of you will save, we can build up our gasoline reserves and free precious tanker space for the delivery of heating and industrial oils.

You who heat your homes with oil: If you will get your heaters adjusted to maximum efficiency, you can save at least 10,000 barrels of fuel oil daily.

With these voluntary steps by the public, the oil shortage this winter can be alleviated so that, barring further complications, we hope no one will suffer. Otherwise, there is danger of further restrictions.

My job is to make as sure as may be that all essential needs for oil are met. If demands are increased, we must be ready to supply them. We cannot gamble today with our country's security tomorrow. Obviously, this may result in inconvenience—even economic loss—to many people. But every American is willing to make the small sacrifice necessary.

When I became Petroleum Co-ordinator, I knew that my actions would be misrepresented by those who had their reasons for so doing. I knew that I would be criticized, condemned, ridiculed. And I was right. However, in view of all of the circumstances, I have no choice except to conduct my office in conformity with what I believe to be the facts. There is a job to be done. I intend to do it.

SAVE GAS

-and conquer CARBON too!

"I see they are talking about saving gasoline again," said a motorist the other day. "But if everybody did what I'm doing, we wouldn't have to cut out so much driving and still we could save gas, sometimes as much as 10 per cent."

• • •

"What's your secret?" he was asked. This was his answer:

IN 1094
CERTIFIED ROAD TESTS
MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL
increased gasoline mileage an average of 1.3 per gallon!

• • •

Competent automotive engineers will verify the fact that at 40 miles per hour on a level road 50% of the horsepower developed by the engine is used in overcoming internal friction in your motor.

Therefore, any oil that gives you a greater reduction of friction in your motor is bound to give you increased gasoline mileage by delivering more power to your driveshaft. There is nowhere else for this released power to go!

In the tests mentioned, increases as high as 10 per cent were not uncommon. This means, in effect, that if you drive your car 5,000 miles per year you may get with RING-FREE, as high as

500 MILES
OF FREE GASOLINE

More than that, the increased gasoline mileage and the reduction of motor temperatures in your car prove that with RING-FREE there is less wear in your motor, increased acceleration and greater pep—as well as a substantial saving in repairs and maintenance.

RING-FREE
REMOVES
CARBON

The *continued* use of RING-FREE offers ECONOMIES in both Oil and Gasoline Consumption. In the operation of an automobile it is always true that partly consumed gasoline and oils are bound to form carbon. But you are not bound to sit idly by and let it get thicker and thicker.

You turn the tide against carbon when you put in RING-FREE. Its secret refining process—a patented process—retains in the oil a solvent which keeps ahead of the formation of carbon. You conquer carbon!

Almost at once you will find the benefit of RING-FREE—in added acceleration, in greater smoothness of driving, in increased zip and pep. And as you continue to use RING-FREE you will save in added mileage, in wear and tear and in your repair bills. Start using it today!

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

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Macmillan Petroleum Corporation

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to remove carbon, cleanse your motor, save gasoline, reduce wear and repairs. It makes your motor run smoother, reduces friction by thorough lubrication and adds pep and zip. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

• • •

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
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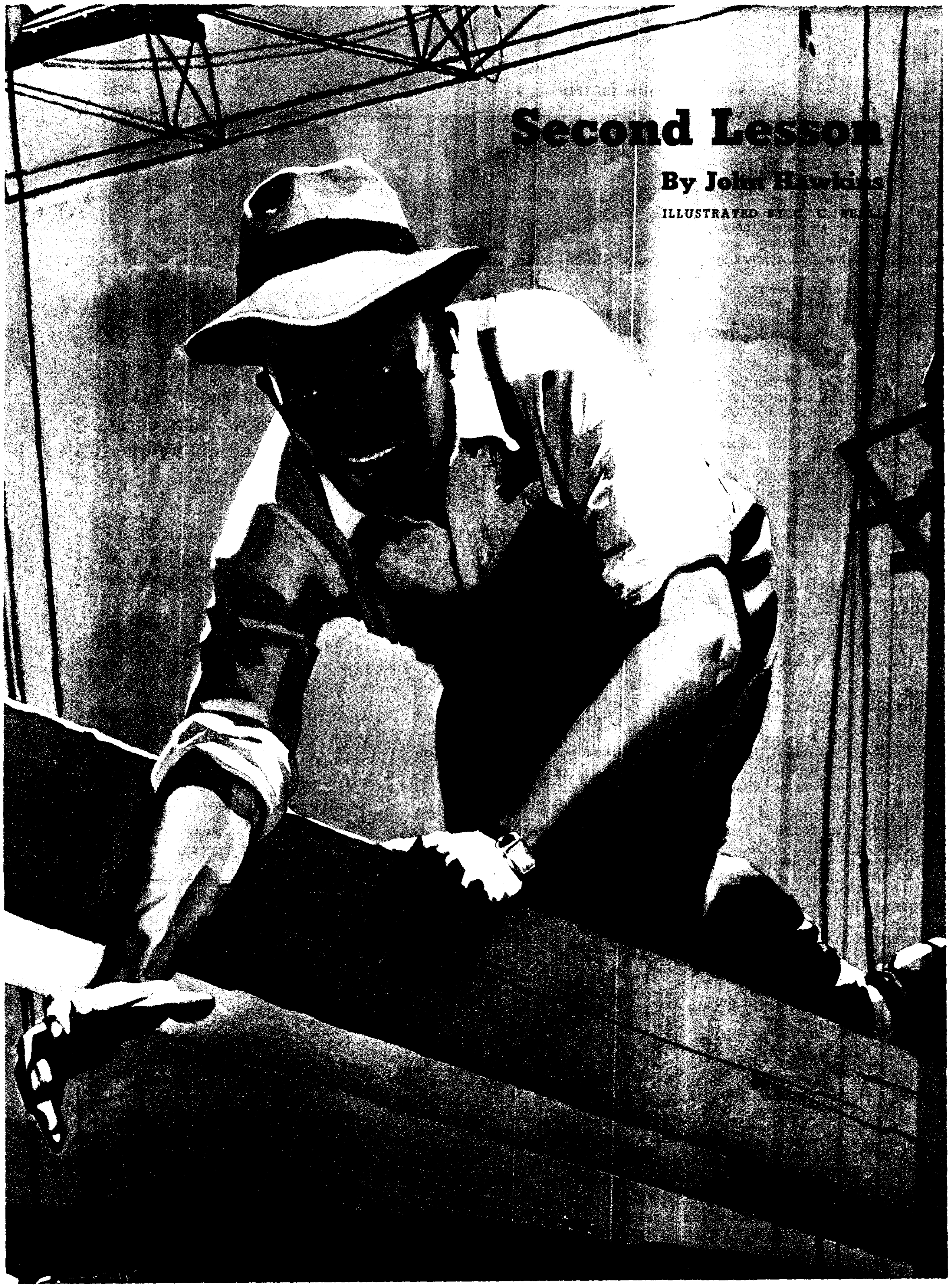
Second Lesson

By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BE[illegible]



Ireland cried, "Coming, Johnny!" He threw himself onto the brace, reaching. Too late! Their fingers brushed—and then Worth was gone

No woman can ever bring two men together unless one of them is honest enough to admit the truth

IT WAS early in January when Hurry-Up McCrinnon came to the Squaw River Dam. "Pile-buck," his ticket said, and if that doesn't mean anything, then, "Wharf Dock, Bridge and Jetty Builder" is the way it reads on the union card. He went out with the swing shift —4 P. M. till midnight—and he met Tommy Ireland on the working deck.

"How'd you get here?" Ireland said.

He knew, of course, for he'd requisitioned a man to fill his shift. And McCrinnon was a man, in spite of his white hair and his fifty years. Big-shouldered and solid, he looked at Ireland, waiting. His mouth was set in a hard grin, but his eyes were cold, watchful.

Ireland said, "I'd rather have a four-year-old kid or a beer-hall blonde around, McCrinnon. But you're here an' you can stay as long's you do your share."

"That's big of you," McCrinnon jeered softly.

They were building trestle, working high. It was something more than a hundred feet from the deck to the bottom of the hole, and that distance would grow with the passing of each day. Wind boomed out of the gorge above the dam, sleet-laden, strong. It was just dusk and already there was a thin coating of ice on the calk-scarred plank of the pile driver.

Hurry-Up McCrinnon went to work. And, as always, the other pile-bucks watched, withholding judgment until they knew the man. McCrinnon did his part and more. He had a deft hand with an inch-and-a-half manila line; he could use a crosscut saw, a top maul. He walked a six-inch stringer without a downward look. When the shift was an hour old, the inspector came to stand beside Ireland.

"That new guy knows his stuff," he said.

"He should," Ireland replied.

"You worked with him before, eh?"

"I have," said Ireland. "And what's it to you?"

"Nuthin'." The lanky inspector colored under Ireland's stare. "I was just makin' a little talk."

Ireland didn't bother to answer; he was watching McCrinnon again. *He's run a hundred jobs,* Ireland thought. *Now he's pile-buckin'. He must need money bad. . . .*

"Ain't that McCrinnon?" the boom-man asked. "Ol' Hurry-Up McCrinnon, the guy that was the big push up at High Dam?" He tipped his head. "That was back in thirty-three, thirty-four. Seems I remember some trouble . . ."

"You remember too damn' much," Ireland said.

But all of it was real again, coming up at him out of the past: The High Dam and Karen. . . . She'd been nineteen then; he'd been twenty-two, the youngest of the rigging bosses. And they'd ridden, on Sunday, up the narrow, winding cliff trail to reach the high plateau. They lunched where a gentle wind made a thigh-deep sea of the grasses. Towering cloud galleons sailed across the hills and out over the awful emptiness of the gorge. Down, far down, was the foam-streaked, glinting river. And thrust into it from the far shore was the stubby finger of the cofferdam. . . .

"It looks unimportant from here," Karen said.

"Ten million bucks went into that. It'll be the biggest of its kind on the face of this man's world."

"Maybe it's too big."

"Hey!" he said. "This's mutiny! Your father's the super down there. You've been around construction since you were knee-high to a jackhammer. You cut your teeth on a faller's glove. You—"

"That's just the trouble."

HE LEANED back, pillowing his head on crossed arms. "I like your hair," he said lazily. "It's red and yet it isn't red. It's dusty fire in the sun." He smiled at her. "You're a lovely little gadget. Let's get married."

"A steel man was killed yesterday."

"I was talking about love. Remember?"

"And I was worrying out loud."

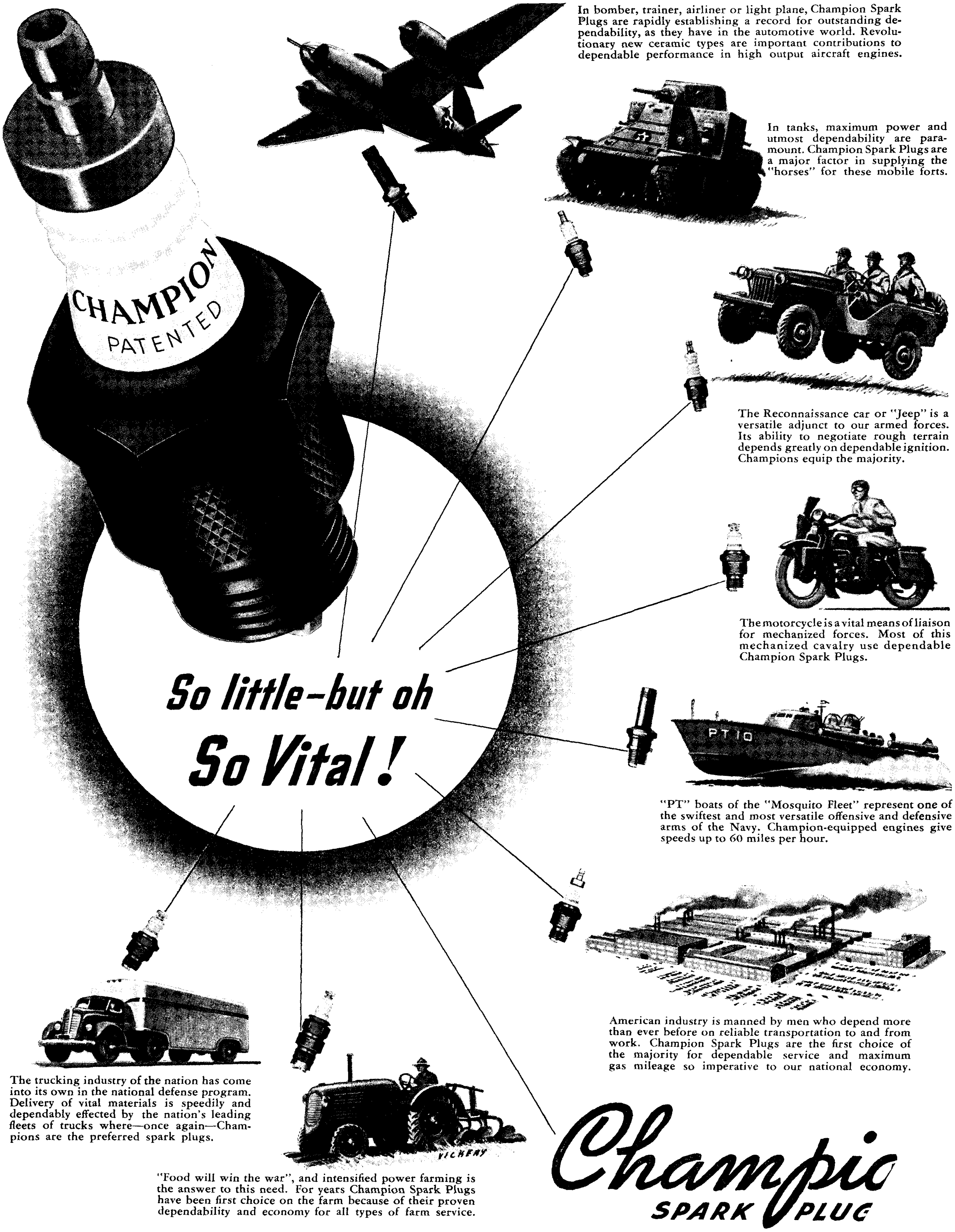
"You're afraid I'll be next." The odd cold was inside him then, drawing at the muscles of his stomach. "Most big jobs are highball, Karen, but this—" He let that thought go, for a frown penciled tiny lines between her eyes. "A man's safe as long as he remembers to spot handholds and footholds in case of trouble."

"You will be careful, Tom?"

He took her hand. "I'm careful. Always. And I've got a good crew. They know high-line work. They'll live forever." . . .

But they didn't. And the screaming whip of that cable was something Tommy Ireland would never forget. He was in the glory hole, where the foundations were being poured, looking up. He saw the main line tighten before it was ready; saw the cliff tower sway with the snap and lunge of it, and crumple as though made of matchwood when the guys let go. And then the riggers fell, shaken loose by the last of that bucking steel. Terror in a single cry, wind-torn and faint. Hurtling bodies, etched black against clear sky, tumbling over and over, arms and legs wide-thrown . . . all the long way from the cliff tower to the bottom of the glory hole. . . .

Ireland didn't move; he couldn't, for the echo of that cry still rang in his head. *That was Shorty,* he thought. *Last*



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'THAT 'STOPPED-UP NOSE YOU HAD YESTERDAY WOULD HAVE FLOORED ME, BETTY. NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE HERE TODAY."
"ME, TOO. BUT I USED MISTOL*"
*MISTOL DROPS
PHEDRINE
WHO
, Stanco Inc.

night we split a beer, and he showed me a picture of his kids.

Shorty Edwards, Mike, the Finn and Cocky Ryan—gone where good riggers go. Not men, but a red mess on the floor of the glory hole. Ireland closed his eyes but that was worse than the other, for then he could see them falling again. . . . Men closed in around him and someone thrust a flask into his hand. "Drink deep, guy! You need it!" The raw whisky burned and stung, but it could have been water for all the help it was.

"That damn' operator—" a mucker began.

"He jumped the gun," Ireland said, and with the clear shock of awakening anger he knew exactly what had happened. "He's like everybody else on his highball madhouse—afraid he'll be fired if there's a shutdown. He thought the main line was ready, but he didn't dare take time to make sure. He opened the throttle."

The mucker said, "An' now he will get canned!"

"Sure." A hard-bitten foreman cleared his throat: "But that ain't goin' to help them riggers. Irish's got the right slant. This's a haywire job. It's highball, an' God help the man that gets in the way."

Ireland said, "Front-office trouble."

"An' it ain't goin' to change."

"Maybe it will," Ireland said. "Maybe—"

He placed the flask on the jut of a near-by form and carefully wiped his palms on his faded shirt. The men were silent, held so by the pallor of Ireland's face, the harsh set of his mouth. They watched him turn away.

"Mad!" the mucker said. "An' nine feet tall!"

The pink-and-white clerk guarding the office of superintendent of construction felt the same way. His head jerked up at the crisp, biting sound of calks in polished wood. He yelled, "Hey! You can't—" and then hoped Ireland hadn't heard. He sat quite still until Ireland had passed.

ONE wall of the room held a bank of windows. In front of these McCrinnon stood, the wash of sunlight falling across the brown mask of his face. Solid and tough, about forty, he had the shoulders and chest of a hard-rock miner.

"Irish," he said. "I'm glad you weren't on that tower. I saw it all from here. I—"

"You killed my men!"

"Are you crazy?" McCrinnon asked.

"Crazy?" Ireland's voice was cold, bitter: "You're the one who's crazy! No sane man would drive a job the way you do. You howl for speed and more speed, and to hell with what happens to the men!"

"I'm just the super, Irish. I take orders—"

"Nobody with guts would do what you've done."

"Go on. Get it out of your system." Ireland said, "Come away from that wall!"

"You're going at it wrong." A muscle jerked in McCrinnon's cheek. "You—" He stopped then, for Ireland was moving in, fists cocked, mouth thin and savage. "I'm coming," McCrinnon said.

The pink-and-white clerk brought armed watchmen, but they came too late. The hurricane had struck and passed on. McCrinnon sprawled face-down in the wreckage of a table; and Ireland stood against the wall, his battered hands limp at his sides. Slowly, he turned his head to look at the gun in the watchman's fist.

"You won't need that," he said.

The watchman said, "You sure played hell!"

Ireland moved past him to the door. He met Karen there—a breathless Karen, whose eyes were wide.

"Karen." His voice broke on harshness. "He got what he rated. He killed my men with his crazy driving!"

"You didn't—" She was looking past him at the inner room. The blood went out of her face.

"I won't work for him," Ireland said. "Not ever. I'm leaving, Karen. You can come with me, or you—"

"Let me by!" she cried.

Heavily, he said, "You know what you want. . . ."

That was the last the High Dam saw of Tommy Ireland. He shied away from construction, knowing his name would be written large on a hundred blacklists. He worked the woods until one of the big guns of building passed that way; he shipped as a deckhand on a harbor tug. And he changed, growing taciturn. He seldom smiled.

He was twenty-eight . . . twenty-nine. The headlines screamed of National Defense. Shipyards sprouted up like mushrooms along the river. Every pile-buck, rigger and bridge man on the coast was working. Tommy Ireland went out to Squaw River to push a gang of pile-bucks, to build trestle. . . .

THE swing shift was three hours old when Jensen, one of the engineers, came out along the catwalk. Giving Ireland a cheerful grin, he said, "Some view you got from up here, baby."

"If you like views," Ireland said.

Floodlights spilled white glare down into the ragged pit, a hundred feet below the trestle deck. Power shovels, cats and drillers worked there, cutting into the belly of the island, going deep into bedrock for the foundations of the No. 2 powerhouse.

"I talked to the chief," Jensen said. "No soap."

"Did you show him how the rock crumbled?"

"I did everything but sprinkle it on his head. He says you're full of balloon juice, and I think he's right." Jensen smiled. "How come you're short a man tonight?"

"I'm working a full crew."

"Not by my count," Jensen said.

McCrinnon was missing. Ireland found him, after a ten-minute search, on the floor of the hole, standing by one of the big shovels. He lifted his head at Ireland's call.

"What're you doin' here?" Ireland demanded.

"Nothing very important."

A grease smudge lay across McCrinnon's mouth, looking oddly like a purple fist bruise. Memory stirred in Ireland, and with it came tired anger. *He's too old to be working high,* Ireland thought. *I ought to fire him now an' get it over.*

"I'll get back on the job," McCrinnon said.

"An' stay there," Ireland snapped. "You're paid to build trestle. Do your loafing on your own time."

McCrinnon smiled faintly, nodded and turned away. Ireland stared after the man. "He knows," Ireland whispered. "The old goat knows I'll keep him around as long as there's a chance that I'll see Karen. . . ."

Through the following nights, McCrinnon was never away from the trestle during shift time. Even when things were slack he was there, making a point of it, the ghost of a grin haunting his hard mouth. But the lunch hour was his own; he spent it prowling the glory hole.

Nor was that all. Jake Grosset, a chunky, smiling rubber ball of a man who captained the night guards, and who was "Joe College" to every bullneck on the job, came to Ireland. "That old guy hangs around after shift," he said. "I thought I better check with you about him."

"What does he do?" Ireland asked.

"Nothing—that's what gets me. He just watches the men down in the hole.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sometimes he's here till pretty near morning. The office's afraid of sabotage, and I—"

"McCrinnon's no spy, Jake."

"Okay. But I'll keep an eye on him."

THE day was just another day until Ireland had finished breakfast—swing-shift men rise late—and went into the hotel lobby. The girl was standing at the desk while the clerk explained that the westbound bus had gone, that there wouldn't be another until evening.

"I have to be back before then," she protested.

Ireland said, "I run a bus."

The girl turned to look at him. "You do?" she said, as though to fill the silence. A thoughtful shadow passed across her eyes. For perhaps ten seconds she hesitated. Then: "I'll ride with you, if there's room."

"There'll be just the two of us."

Coolly, she replied, "How clubby!"

And that was all she said until Squaw River was far behind. Ireland drove fast and well.

"Karen," he said, at last. "Why did you come?"

"I missed the bus, Tom. Why else?"

"So did I," he said, "the bus, the boat and the turn in the road. When I miss I really go first-class. Remember, Karen, I—"

"That's over and done, Tom."

"Sure," he said jerkily. "Yesterday's gone, and I can't change that. But there's still today and all the tomorrows. Why can't we start over from here? From now?"

"We might try," she said soberly.

"Thanks, Karen."

The road climbed steeply to the hills and he swung wide to pass a laboring truck, a blue-and-white bus. Somehow the tension and the strain were gone. She was looking up at him, smiling.

"You've got new freckles. Six of them."

"You haven't changed, have you, Tom?"

"Not where you're concerned."

"But what about Dad?" she asked, grave again. "I want you two to be friends. You were wrong about that—thing at the High Dam."

"That accident was your father's fault," he said raggedly. "I can't change my mind about it. Sorry."

Fiercely she cried, "Stop this car!"

Hot color burned in her cheeks, and her eyes were blazing. He touched the brake, halting the heavy coupé.

"It would never work," she said. "You can run from everything but the past." She fumbled with her purse, and then opened the door. "We passed the bus on the hill; it will be along in a minute."

"I'll take you on into town."

"No, Tom. And we want no loose ends. Here"—silver coins spilled from her hand to the seat—"is my fare. One way. I'm paying for my ride!"

THE days went on. A dozen bents were added to the trestle—spidery legs striding far into the deepening glory hole. Storms howled out of the gorge and the sullen river climbed to its winter level.

"Another pump," Ireland said. "A big one."

"There's always some seepage, Irish."

An inspector stood beside Ireland on the catwalk, body slanted against the gusty strength of the wind. Far below, half obscured by the driving rain, a labor gang skidded a heavy pump in place against the north wall.

"The carpenters move in tomorrow, Irish."

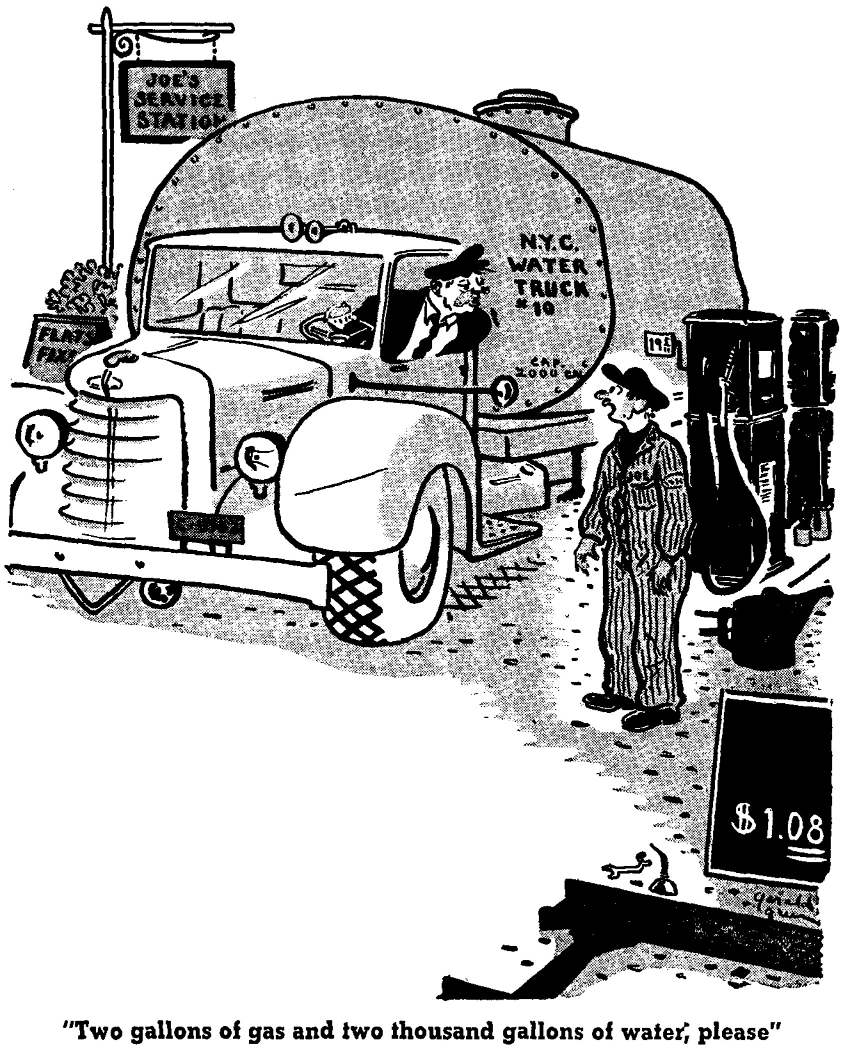
"Yeah? An' I've got a guy to see."

Ireland headed inshore. He had gone but a little way when Johnny Worth, a pile-buck, hailed him: "We're out of sixty-penny spikes, Irish."

"Send for more." Ireland's voice was harsh: "An' don't sit around till they come. Find something to do."

Quietly, Worth said, "We'll keep her movin'."

Afterward, Ireland remembered that



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matter-of-fact promise. He was on the catwalk again. Directly below, McCrinnon and Johnny Worth crossed a needle beam. They were halfway between bents—walking the narrow edge of a three-by-twelve, a hundred feet in the air—when it happened. Ireland saw Worth's up-turned face twisted by swift, awful fear. He saw the beam tremble; saw one end pull slowly away from the piling to which it was nailed. . . .

"Back," he shouted. "Go back!"

They tried, and death was but a breath away. Carefully they pivoted. Carefully!—for a jerky move would kick the beam end free. Ireland scrambled back and down to meet them. McCrinnon was nearest the still solid end. Tools slipped out of his hands, hurtled down through light and shadow. A metallic clang came up from below. And the needle beam fell. . . .

Both men jumped. McCrinnon caught the sash brace, his hands slapping the wood almost at Ireland's feet. Worth caught it too, but the inward swing of his body slammed him hard against a piling. One hand slipped off the brace, and he hung there clawing for a new hold, his whole weight dragging at the grip of the remaining hand. Ireland had dropped to straddle the brace. He leaned out to grab McCrinnon's forearms in an iron grasp. Savagely, he heaved the man up.

"Get him!" McCrinnon gasped. "Get—"

Ireland cried, "Coming, Johnny!"

Hs threw himself onto the brace, reaching. Too late! Their fingers brushed—it was that close—and then Worth was gone. Horror on his brown face; his mouth open in a silent scream. . . .

"Oh!" Ireland whispered. "Oh, oh!"

McCrinnon said, "Why'd you pick me?"

"You were closest. I couldn't get to him."

THERE was a space marked "Cause of Accident" on the blue form, and here Ireland wrote: "Piling had rotten patch beneath outer shell where it could not be seen. The nails used were not long enough to go through rot to solid wood. . . ."

The timekeeper said, "Finished, Irish?"

Ireland signed the form and pushed it across the counter. "They were out of sixty-penny spikes. They used thirties instead. I should—"

The timekeeper said, "Tough!"

Raw wind met Ireland at the office door. The graveyard shift had taken over. Another crew was building trestle. From the glory hole came the deep muttering of many engines.

"Irish." It was Jake Grosset, the guard, stocky and square in a rain-streaked slicker. Troubled lines framed his mouth. "I was wonderin' if you—"

Ireland said, "Not now, Jake."

He went past the man, moving toward the glory hole. Johnny Worth was gone, killed by the same drive that had taken the four at High Dam. The highball pattern had repeated. It was something a man could control—that was the hellish part!—but you forgot. The pressure came all down the line, from the contractor, the engineers, the super, the bridge boss. Gradually, you were caught in the quickening pace, driving your men. Nine times out of ten thirty-penny nails would have held. But that was the margin of safety, and you'd thrown it away. You'd used up your luck, and Johnny Worth's.

"Ireland," a flat voice said. "Hello."

That was McCrinnon, coming out of the deep shadow. For a long ten seconds he faced Ireland, hostility in the set of his mouth, bitter judgment in his eyes. "So you never highball a job," he said bleakly. "What do you call it when you won't let your men wait for proper gear?"

"Take a sock at me. I rate it."

"That won't bring Johnny back."

"No. But it'll even things up a little."

McCrinnon's mouth jerked. "What makes you think I want to even things up with you? I learned the hard way. Now it's your turn to sweat blood. I'm goin' to watch." His hand came up. "Maybe you'd like to know there's goin' to be more hell around here. An' soon!"

"You mean the cofferdam?"

Surprise showed in the flick of McCrinnon's eyes. "Yes. I worked a mine up here, years back. You can't trust this rock; the seepage proves it. First they had one pump. Then two. Now they got six, an' still they can't handle the water. The sheet piling ain't deep enough to hold. The dam's goin' to go!"

"How long have you—" Ireland stopped, for he knew, suddenly, the answer to his own question. "You weren't hiding out that first night," he said. "You were checking seepage. And that's why you've been hangin' around after shift."

"Maybe," said McCrinnon. "So what?"

WIND plucked at Ireland's slicker; rain stung his lifted face. He could hear the suck and snarl of water along the island shore, where it eddied before plunging down the intakes of the No. 1 powerhouse. Here—where the powerhouse butted against the island—there was but a narrow strip between the sheet-piling walls of the hole and the river. A twenty-foot strip of strange gray rock. . . .

Ireland wheeled to look down into the glory hole. It was a sheer drop of a hundred and eighty feet to the bottom now. In the morning, carpenters and steel men would move in to build forms on the floor of the pit. . . . And if the *north cofferdam gave, it would go suddenly.*

"There'll be five hundred men in the hole," said Ireland. "Maybe six. They'll be working three shifts."

"Not for long."

The words got to Ireland with the impact of a savage fist. It was like hearing a surgeon say, "Cancer," in a dry and quiet voice.

"This rock crumbles under long pressure," McCrinnon said. "And the river's undercut the bank here."

There was no hope of getting an order for work on the cofferdam. Ireland had tired, nagged by doubt born of experience, of watching the seepage grow from day to day. He'd talked to a dozen of the engineering staff, and, finally, to the chief engineer. That frowning man had listened—impatient, restless, harassed by the constant ringing of his phone. "We'll spend no more money for piling," he'd said. "Our tests show that rock's all right. You're a foreman, Ireland, not an engineer. It might be wise to remember that. . . ."

"The contractor," Ireland said. "He might—"

McCrinnon shook his head. "I talked to him. He's scared stiff, but he can't do a thing without an order."

And so the old, old pattern was repeating again. Another man was caught in the rush and drive of the work, in the pressure to get things done. Routine tests showed the rock to be good. Why bother to check its endurance under sustained pressure? Sheet piling had held at that depth before, it would again. . . . Thus, unknowing, he cut corners, and threw away the margin of safety. He used up his luck, the luck of the men who would be deep in the hole, trapped there, when the river came bursting through.

"We've got to stop this," Ireland said.

"Go ahead." McCrinnon's eyes held a bleak challenge. "I'm just a pile-buck. I don't carry any weight around here.

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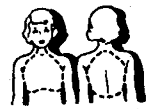

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Anyway, I seem to remember you sayin' a man with guts could stop this kind of thing."

"I was right."

"Okay," said McCrinnon harshly. "I'll watch you talk the engineer around. Or maybe you want to be the boy with his finger in the dike!"

"I'll make a stab at it. I need somebody to read signal and do a simple job." Ireland's voice was a whip, thin, cutting: "There's danger—enough so that I need a man with nerve. I'm wonderin' if you're all talk, or if you've got guts enough to go through—"

Swift, blind rage darkened McCrinnon's face. "I ought to take a swing at you. I will—when this's over!"

"Are you cutting yourself in?"

McCrinnon said, "Try an' keep me out!"

THREE A. M. Ireland left the ramp and moved west along the floor of the hole. The white eye of a flashlight winked toward him, and Ireland slipped into the shadow of a lumber pile, crouching there, until Jake Grosset passed. The guard's head was bent to the driving rain; he looked neither to the right nor left.

Ireland crossed the pump platform. He lifted one hand in brief signal, and a coil of thin wire spilled down the sheer face of the cofferdam, unreeling as it came. From inside his slicker, Ireland drew two sticks of dynamite, a pair of wooden-jawed pliers, tape and a square of oiled silk. . . .

He found McCrinnon waiting where the thin wire topped the cofferdam. "Come on," he said. "It's done." Together they left the rim, following the course of the wire toward the center of the island and high ground.

McCrinnon said, "The box's alongside this rock."

"Okay. You can start for the other side now."

McCrinnon's hand closed on Ireland's arm. "What if somethin' goes wrong. There's plenty of men in the hole. You could kill—"

"I'll worry about that."

"You better!"

McCrinnon strode abruptly away. Ireland crouched on his heels in the dark, waiting. Below him, the land fell steeply to the rim where floodlights sent white glare down into the hole. Ireland watched the dip and swing of shovel booms, thinking of what lay ahead—

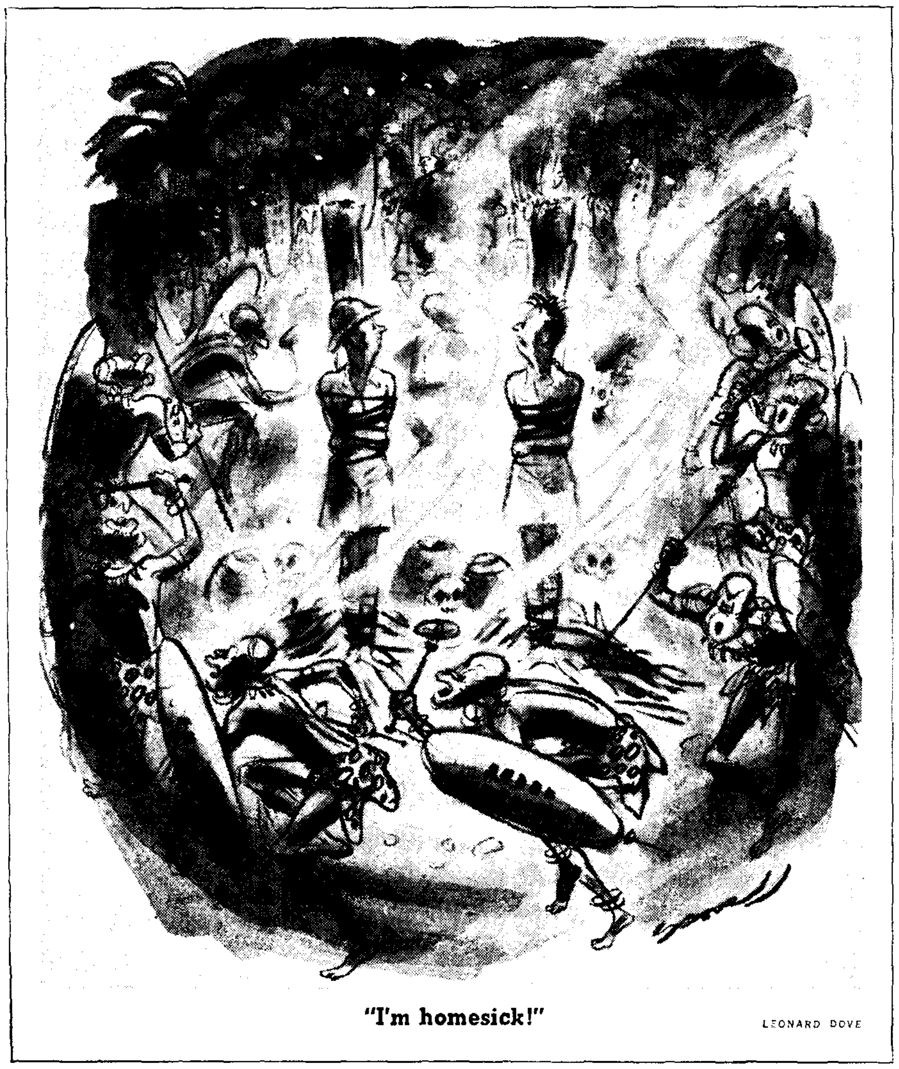
The compressor-house whistle squalled suddenly—not in a series of short pipings normally used to tell of a blast, but in a long-drawn, warning howl. "He tied her down!" Ireland whispered, and something inside him drew up tight and cold. Down in the hole, men were shouting, running. And Ireland counted. One operator and an oiler for each shovel, a driver for every truck, one man for every jackhammer. . . .

Streaming away from the equipment, they sought the truck ramps, harried by that tireless scream. The first of them gained the far rim, clustering there. Ireland knew that guards must have reached the compressor house; that soon they'd comb the rim, seeking a reason for the alarm; and still he waited, his restless gaze searching the hole. The ramps were empty when, at last, he reached for the firing battery.

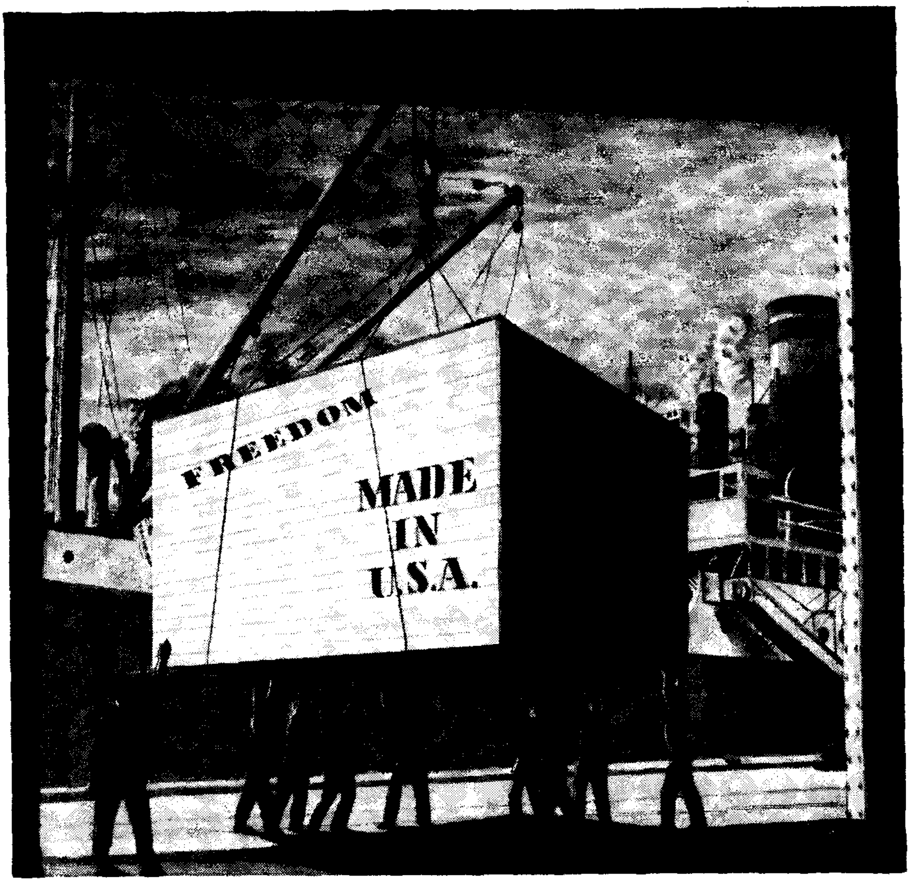
"Now!" he whispered.

The blast was faint and muffled—a vague thumping, felt as much as heard. Aching silence came as the whistle choked off; and, dimly, voices rode down the wind. A moment passed. Another . . . And then Ireland saw the first rush of water on the floor of the hole. Swiftly it leaped away from the north wall, foaming and white. Lumber piles burst apart at its touch; went tumbling away. A truck vanished in the flood. The ground trembled. Then the cofferdam ripped open, and the thunder of its crumpling shook the night. . . .

QUIET had come again. The glory hole was a plank-strewn lake when McCrinnon picked his way along the rim, back of the lights. Ireland rolled the last of the black wire into a tight


"I'm homesick!"

LEONARD DOVE



ON THE WHARVES of Liverpool and Singapore, in a freighter's hold halfway across the Atlantic, in a truck on the Burma Road, you will find them—three words stenciled on a thousand boxes and bales: "Made in U.S.A."

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To keep this great flood of goods moving is the most important job in the world today. Wherever it moves, General Electric helps to provide motors and propulsion equipment to keep it moving. In trains hauling ore to America's factories; in factories building guns and tanks and planes; in ships carrying oil to Britain and food to China; in destroyers and cruisers and battleships—the words "General Electric" stand beside "Made in U.S.A." *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York, U.S.A.*

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ball; shoved it into his slicker pocket.

"The men . . ." he began.

"All safe, Irish. What about the battery?"

"It's back in the powder house."

"Good." McCrinnon let his breath go in a relieved sigh. "Look at her, Irish. Two sticks of powder made that mud puddle. Two sticks! Hell, man, if that dam'd been right, two cases wouldn't have touched her."

"It's time you went home," Ireland said.

McCrinnon's head came up; his voice roughened: "You ain't fool enough to stick your neck out and tell 'em what happened? You ain't—"

Ireland said, "Go home, man."

"You would!" McCrinnon swore bitterly. "We did a job here—a good job. Just because somebody might get canned, you're goin' to get yourself in trouble. What if one or two guards do get bounced? Ain't that better than havin' a whole shift go to hell? That dam wouldn've lasted another day, an' you know it!"

Ireland said, "Quiet! Here's company!"

The flashlight ray found them then, held steady. Gravel crunched under booted feet. McCrinnon's breathing was suddenly loud as the shadowy figure approached.

"Jake," he said. "Jake Grosset!"

"That's right." The flashlight shone on Ireland's face, McCrinnon's, and blinked out. "We've got trouble to burn around here tonight. Did you see the dam go?"

"I did," Ireland answered.

"A mess." Thoughtfully, Grosset paused. "But it's not as bad as it looks. Once they get new sheet piling in, they can pump the hole dry. The cofferdam's gone, some lumber, some time—that's the size of the damage. Next time they'll build a dam that'll hold."

McCrinnon said, "Nobody was killed."

"I've been afraid of that dam," Grosset went on, softly. "I'm a geology major. I'm working here to get money for my last year. When the seepage got out of hand I sent samples of the rock down to school." He switched the flashlight on, tucking it under his arm so that the wash of light struck upward across his face. "I tried to tell you about that tonight, Irish."

Steadily, Ireland said, "Did you?"

"I knew the dam would go. I was afraid the men wouldn't be able to get out ahead of the water. I sweat considerable blood, worrying." Grosset's lips stirred with the hint of a grin; he looked squarely at Ireland. "The chief engineer's over on the other side now—the big shot himself. He had the shakes till I told him the men were safe. I told him I saw it comin' and got to the whistle in time."

McCrinnon swallowed. "A good thing."

"Without that warning, not a man would have gotten out of the hole alive." Grosset paused again, smiling. "The chief engineer says the new piling will go halfway to China. I thought you might like to know. Good night, you two. . . ."

Softly, Ireland said, "'Night, Jake."

McCrinnon said, "Yeah. Now we can both go home."

THEY walked in silence up the long hill and past the offices, where lighted windows were squares of yellow in the night. A guard said, "That was really something, wasn't it?" and stood aside to let them through the gate.

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow," Ireland said.

"I generally have coffee an' a bite to eat before I turn in," McCrinnon said. "You might's well come along."

"Thanks, Mac. I—"

"Dad!" Swift footsteps rang on the frosty walk, and Karen was there, faint pallor beneath the golden tan of her face. "I heard there was trouble. I came—" She paused and surprise made her voice husky: "Tom!"

"Hello, Karen."

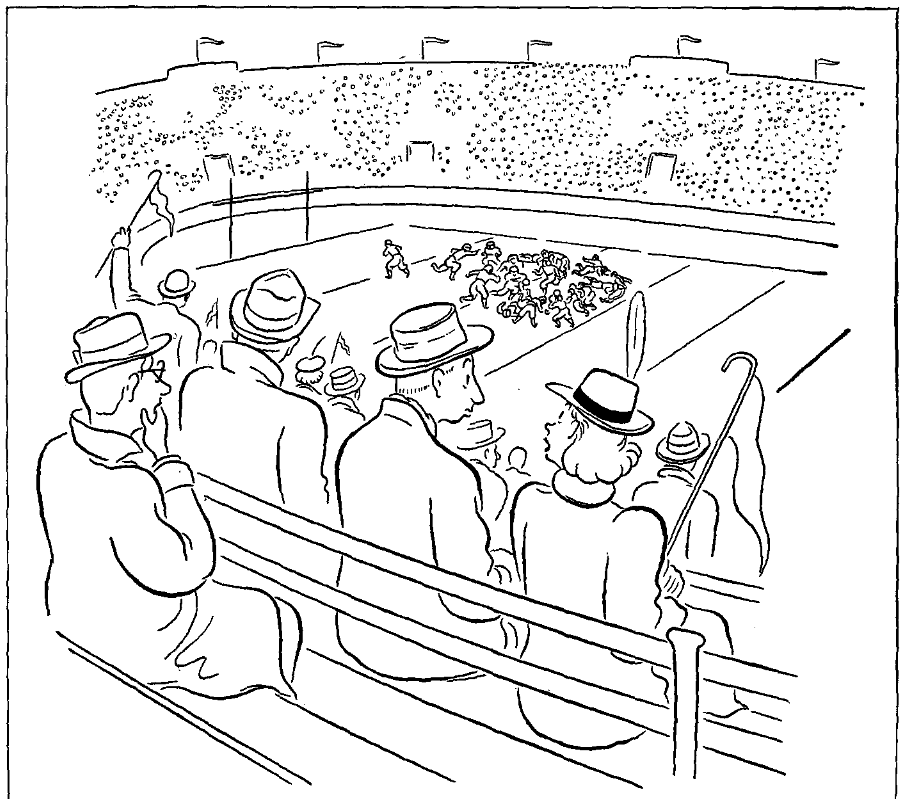
"There was some grief," McCrinnon said. "But we took care of it. Me and Irish." He looked at her; his shrewd eyes bright beneath lowered brows. "We was just comin' up for coffee an' a snack."

"If you've room for company," Ireland said.

"Of course we've got room."

"He's a big lug," McCrinnon growled. "He's got a pine knot for a head. But he'll make a hand one of these days. He'll do to take along." He slanted a fierce glance at Ireland. "I still got a sock at you comin'. Remember? The first time I catch you highballin' I'm goin' to collect. With a top maul."

Karen laughed and came between them, taking an arm of each. "Come on, you two. Coffee's waiting. . . ."


"Darling, didn't we see this last year?"

'Tis agreed!

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1941. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management *(and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication* for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and treasurer are: Publisher, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Md.; *Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City,* N. J.; E. T. *Sanders, Jersey City,* N. J.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or *other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publi*cation sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is——— (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1941. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

U. S. GOVERNMENT ADVISES INSULATION OF HOMES AS NATIONAL DEFENSE MEASURE TO SAVE FUEL

U. S. BUREAU OF MINES ISSUES OFFICIAL BULLETIN INFORMING HOME OWNERS THEY CAN SAVE UP TO ONE-THIRD ON FUEL WITH PROPER MINERAL-WOOL INSULATION

Snow on the roof tells the insulation story. The house on the left is *wasting* fuel, but the house on the right is saving it.

You can see that the heat has "leaked" through the roof on the left to melt the snow, while on the house next door the heat has been kept *in* . . . away from the snow. Fuel bills? Well, if your roof leaks enough to melt the snow on a cold day you're paying out money for heat that you're not enjoying . . . and that now you have no *right* to waste. But a house like that on the right, insulated with "J-M" "Blown" Rock Wool 3⅝ inches thick, has protection equal in insulating efficiency to a wall of concrete *eleven feet thick!*

But expert *installation* of the Mineral Wool is important, too—and only Johns-Manville can offer you the practical experience gained through insulating more than *half a million* homes.

IT'S ACTUALLY TRUE that you can save up to one-third on fuel bills, enjoy year-round comfort . . . and help the National Defense Program at the same time. This new U. S. Bureau of Mines Bulletin tells you how this can be done by insulating your home now with Mineral Wool.

And this is the very type of Home Insulation that Johns-Manville has pioneered for more than twelve years—not only to improve constantly the insulating efficiency of the Rock (Mineral) Wool itself, but also to develop and perfect the methods used to install it economically.

For the Rock Wool is actually "blown" into the spaces between the walls and in the attic of your home, blown in by expert crews Johns-Manville trained, to seal up *every* place where heat could "leak"—leak *out* in winter, leak *in* in summer—places which less experienced insulators might easily overlook.

The Bureau of Mines Bulletin, a reprint of which is yours for the asking, tells of fuel savings up to one third, a very welcome saving in your fuel bill, as you'll agree. But now also a *needed* saving. For while there is no shortage of fuel itself, the *transportation* of fuel will be a very real problem this winter, as defense authorities have warned.

There are other benefits, too, from Rock Wool Insulation, as *half a million* owners of "J-M" insulated homes can testify . . . in summer, rooms are made up to 15° cooler on hottest days. In winter, warmer more comfortable rooms . . . less discomfort from drafts, less wear and tear on furnace equipment—and a real, added protection against the hazards of fire.

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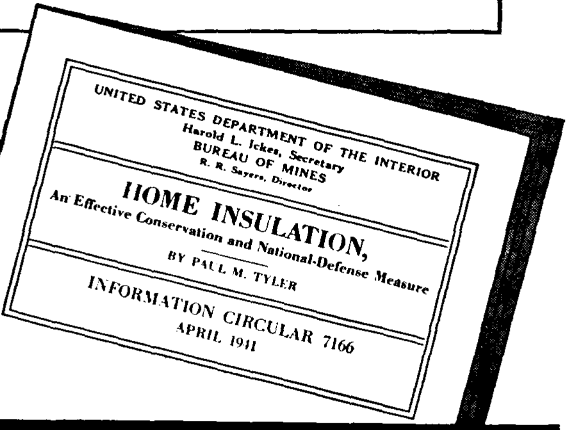
SEND FOR THIS FREE OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT BULLETIN ON HOME INSULATION

Here's what it says about costs: "The tests proved that insulation, in this case Mineral Wool, does not cost the house owner a cent. It begins to pay for itself the day it is installed and continues to do so as long as the house is occupied."



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Harold L. Ickes, Secretary
BUREAU OF MINES
R. R. Sayers, Director

HOME INSULATION,
An Effective Conservation and National-Defense Measure
BY PAUL M. TYLER

INFORMATION CIRCULAR 7166
APRIL 1941

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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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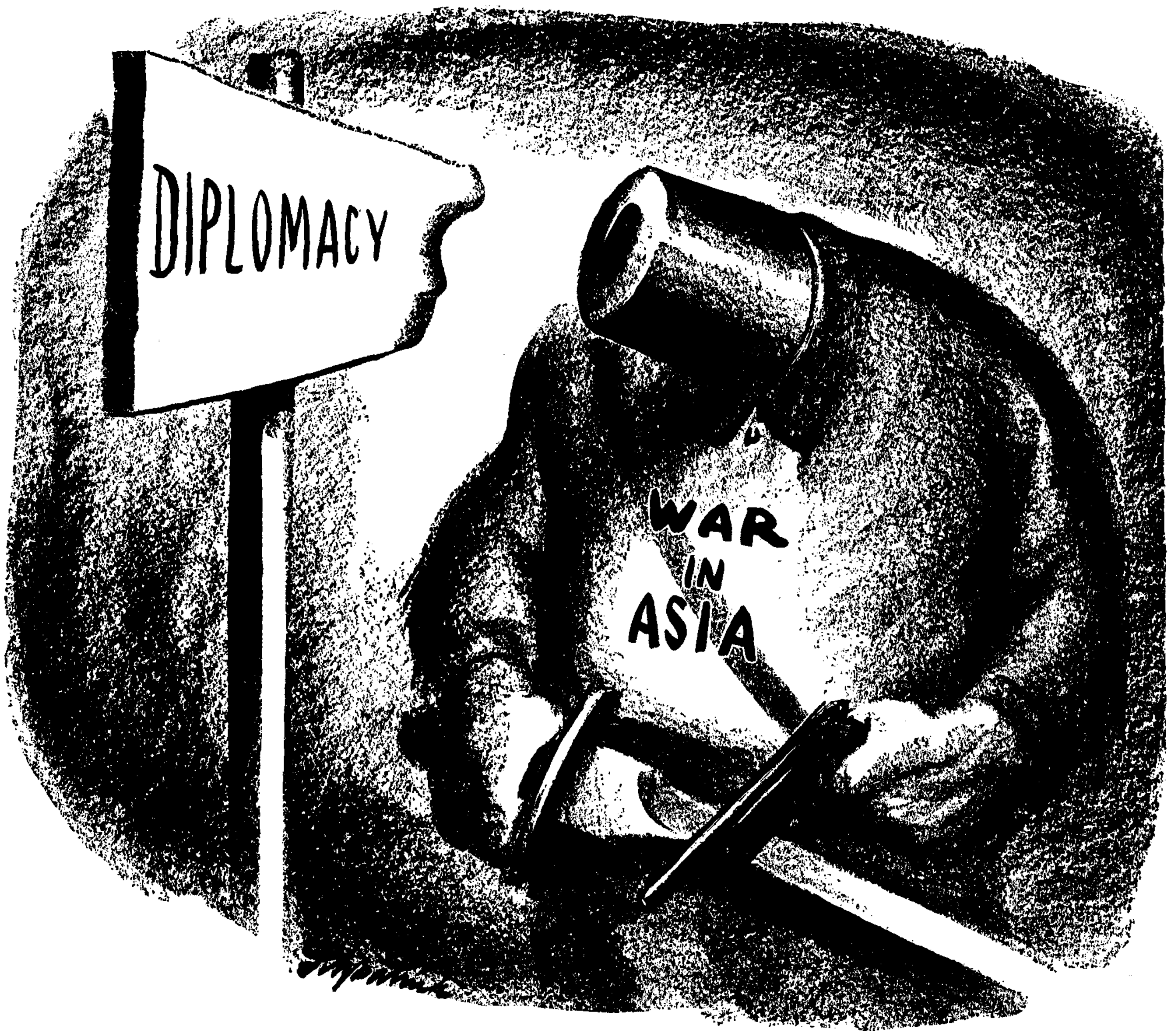
Open Letter to Georgians

DEAR Citizens of Georgia: You haven't asked us for our opinion; but just the same, our opinion is that your Gov. Eugene Talmadge is doing your great state no good and much harm. Remember what a black eye the Scopes monkey trial gave Tennessee? Well, Mr. Talmadge is doing your commonwealth a similar disfavor.

Intelligent educators in Georgia advocate improved educational opportunities for colored youngsters. They do *not* advocate social equality between Southern whites and Southern blacks. Talmadge accuses them of advocating social equality, and proceeds to hound as many of them out of their jobs as he can. He uses every time-dishonored appeal to race prejudice and passion that has been invented since the War Between the States.

This chicanery hurts you in every conceivable way. It postpones solution of your racial problems—real problems and very tough ones, for all the airy dismissals of them by some Northern intellectuals. It takes your poorer white people's minds off improvement of their own economic condition, and inflames them with profitless hatreds. It diverts much of the mental energy of your intelligent white people (of whom you have plenty) into unproductive channels.

To add insult to injury, Talmadge hasn't even the picturesque full-bloodedness of the late Huey Long. Huey was an economic screwball and a potential American Hitler, but at least he had magnetism and vitality, and made good newspaper and newsreel copy. Talmadge is an unattractive little sourpuss who is making you and your great state look foolish without giving you a run for your money.



Can't We Talk It Over?

WHEN the first American tanker reached Vladivostok with high-octane gasoline for Russia, having passed unmolested through Japanese waters to get there, it was taken as a sign that Japan was lowering its gun sights on the United States and Great Britain. Japan may re-elevate those sights; we may find ourselves in a Pacific naval war yet.

But at this writing Admiral Nomura, Japanese ambassador to the United States and reputedly a splendid fellow, is doing everything he can to detour such a clash; the fire-eating Matsuoka is out of power in Tokyo; and other signs indicate a Japanese desire to talk things over.

How are the chances? The Tokyo pivot of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis is notoriously the least enthusiastic and sickest of the three just now. Is it possible for the Washington-London Axis, so to speak, to win the Tokyo pivot away from its pals without banging off any guns?

Having put on our head and shin protectors against dornicks from both the interventionists and the isolationists, we proceed to state that we think it would be a great thing if that could be accomplished.

For the interventionists' comfort, we'll say we don't think London and Washington could agree to a physical Japanese taking of the Dutch East Indies, or to a Japanese penetration of Thailand, or to an extension of Manchukuo down into China. It seems inescapable as well as right that China must be secure from molestation as a nation. More than that, China must have an audible and equal voice in any settlement.

For the consolation of the isolationists, we'll say that Japan's geographical position would have to be given its proper weight in any such agreement. After all, Japan is in the far Pacific; we aren't. The Japanese are a vigorous, enterprising, mechanized, manufacturing, overcrowded people. They are entitled to utilize all their political influence in that part of th world, we believe, and to keep their islands adequatel defended. They ought to let other nations go afte trade in that area on a fair-competition basis.

To come to a workable arrangement will not b easy for either side. It will be chiefly a matter of face saving all around—which seldom is without its hitche and embarrassments.

The Japanese would have to find some way t damper the ambitions of their military and nava cliques. Britain might have to relax if not relinquis some of its extraterritorial rights on the Asiatic mainland. And above all, both the act and the appearanc of selling China down the river would have to b avoided if an enduring Far East peace were to b achieved.

For all these difficulties, we have a hunch that th Japanese would be willing to dicker at this time. The are badly bogged down in China. The Russians hav a large army and a powerful air force parked withi easy invading distance of Manchukuo and within eas bombing range of Japan's house-of-cards citie American and British sea and air forces in the Pacifi are strong, while Singapore's muscles are growing visibly by the day.

Is it the highest statesmanship to squeeze th screws any tighter than necessary on Japan, and thu risk a war which may ruin for years to come the natio which for decades past has been our best Far Eas customer?

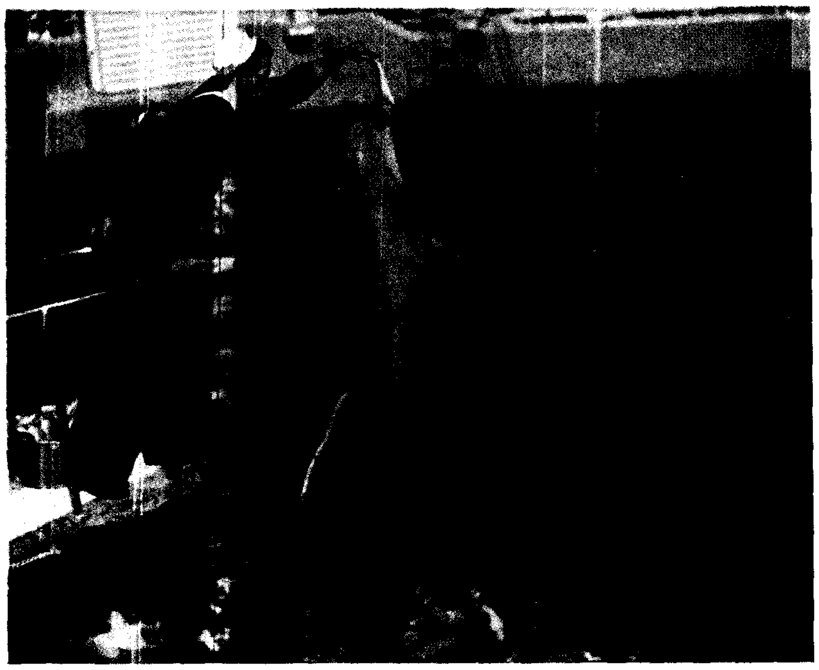
We think it would be far higher statesmanship t try out every hope of wooing Japan away fron Berlin and Rome, and that it would be a tremendou achievement if American and British statesmanshi could succeed in so doing. We cannot see what goo can come of unnecessarily spreading the war in a worl already tormented with war or the fear of war ove most of its civilized land area.

Ad [illegible] MALAY?

No, this is Florida, U.S.A.!

1. "D*on't ever bet* with a Floridian," cautions a world traveler. "A friend of mine bet me he could duplicate right here in Florida every thrill of a jungle expedition—without the discomfort of snakes, swamps, or savages. He started by taking me to the famous Parrot Jungle just outside Miami. Dozens of giant macaws, in blinding colors, came screeching down on our arms and shoulders. Then—

2. "W*e went* on a hunting trip into the Everglades. Talk about tropic country—moss-hung cypresses, buzzards wheeling overhead, alligators, even a variety of orchid—we saw 'em all! I was convinced, but he wouldn't stop there—



3. "O*ur next call* was Marineland, which topped anything I've ever seen in my travels. In the undersea tanks was every kind of tropical fish imaginable. Playful dolphins, tame as puppies, leaped to take food from their keeper's hand.

4. "A*nd for a* first-hand impression of how a deep-sea diver feels, we watched him feed and pet them under water. 'Now for a thrill you never enjoyed in Malay,' said my friend—

5. "T*his turned out* to be a Canadian Club in the attractive little bar. 'What do you mean?' I demanded. 'I've enjoyed that unique flavor in every country I've ever visited.' "

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Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof
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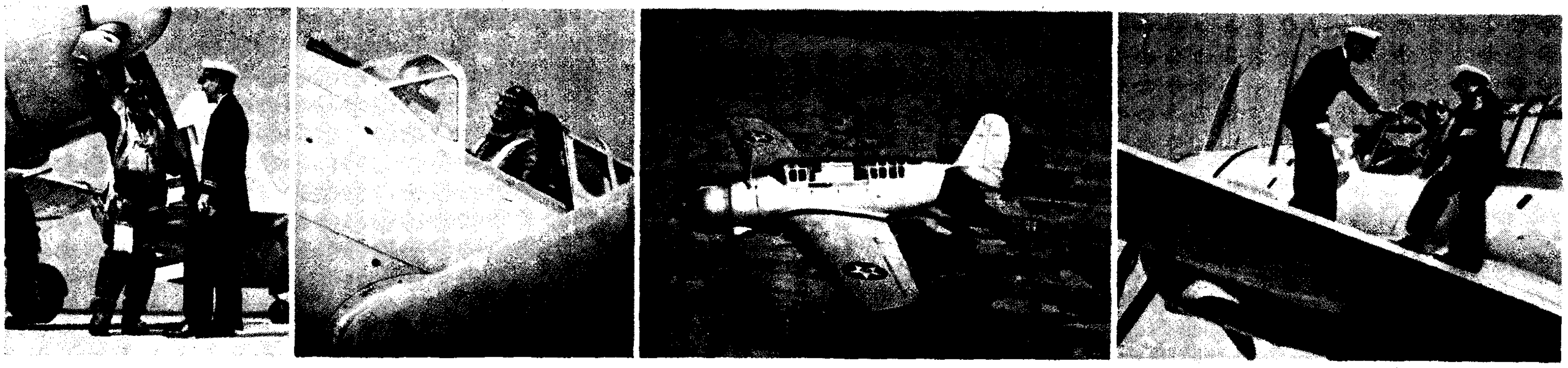
XSB2C-1 —It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick



HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive *straight down* from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill *(left, above)* smoking his *(and the Navy man's)* favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

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Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos... Camel

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in *lots of ways*. That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service* . . . with the millions behind them . . . it's Camels. *(*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)*